THE

TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVENTH

ANNUAL RECORD

OF THE

1884-1885.

SERMON

By Rev. WILLIAM LAWRENCE,

OF CAMBRIDGE.

BOSTON:
ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS,
24 Franklin Street.
1885.

THE

TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVENTH

ANNUAL RECORD

OF THE

1884-1885.

SERMON

By Rev. WILLIAM LAWRENCE,

OF CAMBRIDGE.

BOSTON:
ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS,
24 Franklin Street.
1885.

COMMITTEE ON PUBLICATION.

AUGUSTUS WHITTEMORE. JAMES P. FROST.
GEO. H. ALLEN. A. A. FOLSOM.
JOHN L. STEVENSON.

THE TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVENTH

ANNUAL RECORD

OF THE

Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company

OF MASSACHUSETTS,

1884-85.

RECEPTION AT THE CENTRAL CLUB.

THE OLD GUARD ENTERTAINED, FEASTED, AND WINED: AN EVENING OF SOCIAL PLEASURE.

On receipt of the intelligence that the Ancients were to be honored with a visit from the Old Guard of New York, on their Two Hundred and Forty-sixth Anniversary, a genuine outburst of welcome, spontaneous in its nature, came from the citizens of Boston, to that honored corps. All sought to do them honor, and attentions were showered upon them at every hand. Among the most notable was the action of the Central Club, composed of many of the most influential business and professional gentlemen of the city. Through its president, Col. Chas. H. Taylor, the club extended to the Old Guard and its entertainers the freedom of its elegant club house on Boylston Street, during the sojourn of the corps in the city. After participating in the Ancients' anniversary parade, banquet, and election ceremonies on the Common, the Old Guard was escorted to Young's Hotel, where the dust of the day was quickly removed from uniforms and equipments, and after a short rest, all were in readiness for the evening's festivities. Breaking up into small squads, the Old Guard, each piloted by an Ancient, made a brief tour of the theatres, which, through courtesy of their managers, were open to members of both organizations, and then reported at the Central Club. By 9 P. M. a large delegation from each corps was in attendance. Capt. Whittemore and his officers personally escorted Major McLean and staff to the reception-room, where they were received by Col. Taylor, and in behalf of the club welcomed to its rooms and invited to partake of

its magnificent hospitality. Besides the officers and members of the Old Guard, there were present Capt Whittemore, Lieutenants Blasland and Gibson, and Adjutant Frost; Past Commanders Carpenter, Follett, Martin, Wilder, Stevens, Cundy, Mack, and Merrill, and many well-known citizens. An elegant collation was served in the billiard-room, and Reeves' American Band furnished excellent music during the evening. At 10.30, after an evening of unalloyed pleasure, Major McLean sought Col. Taylor and after thanking him in behalf of the Old Guard, withdrew with his officers. Members of the corps however remained, and an hour was passed in renewing the acquaintances of the day, reminiscences, and vocal selections. Prior to midnight the rooms were vacant, and the reception was an event of the past.

AN EXCURSION IN BOSTON HARBOR.

"The difference between the Old Guard and the Ancients," said Major, then Commander, Merrill, in New York, in 1883, at the reception given the Ancients by the Old Guard, "is, that the Old Guard 'die, but never surrender'; while the Ancients sometimes surrender, but never die. This time, we surrender to you; but we hope soon, in our turn, to take you in hand and capture you all."

Tuesday morning, June 3, the Ancients attempted this "capture," and the visitors admitted that it was complete. Finer weather could not have been desired than was vouchsafed for these final exercises of the fraternal reception, consisting of a trip down the harbor on the steamer "Twilight."

The Ancients assembled at their armory, in Faneuil Hall, shortly after 9 A. M., and line was quickly formed under the direction of the adjutant. Line of march was taken up through South Market, Commercial, and State Streets, to Washington Street, the company was brought into line with the right resting at Milk Street, and everything was in readiness for the reception of the Old Guard, who were waiting in Court Street. There was no delay, for soon the music of Gilmore's gigantic band was heard, and the Old Guard was seen wheeling from Court into Washington Street. The proper salute was given by the Ancients, and after the visitors had passed and formed line, the company broke into column of companies to the right, and in turn passed the Old Guard, giving handsome salutes as each one of its twelve commands passed. The route of march was up Washington Street, down Summer and through High Streets and Fort Hill Square to Rowe's Wharf, where the steamer "Twilight" was in waiting. The members of the Old Guard this time appeared in their blue fatigue uniform, with dark blue heavy overcoats, and again as they marched through the streets, the long lines of spectators gave them a hearty ovation. The "Twilight" steamed around the harbor, making a short run by the Charlestown Navy Yard, stopping twice to allow an enterprising

photographer, who had perched himself and instrument upon the stern deck of another steamer, to photograph the excursion boat and her passengers, and then drew up at Deer Island dock.

THE VISIT AT DEER ISLAND.

The city institution was inspected and the guests treated to an entertainment by the young inmates, in the way of a vocal and instrumental concert. Then Hon. Albert T. Whiting, president of the Board of Directors, welcomed the visitors in the following speech: —

PRESIDENT WHITING'S ADDRESS.

Gentlemen of the Old Guard of New York, and Members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, — On behalf of the Board of Directors of Public Institutions of our city, I bid you a hearty holiday welcome here. We have been pleased to have you come here to see us, for many reasons. The variety of our programme usually is not very extensive. We like to have visitors come and see our girls and our boys, and see what they can do. Although they are not so old in the military drill as the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company [*laughter*], we are in hopes that they will become as proficient as the Ancients. But, certainly, I think that yesterday's parade, which I witnessed, was a most creditable one, and the corps is one which commends itself to all.

Should you, gentlemen of the Old Guard, have occasion to come to Boston again, I hope you may favor us with a visit. I am going to ask your Commander to say a few words to the girls and boys, because I think that perhaps the advice he may give them will be beneficial to them. Boys and girls, I have the pleasure of introducing to you Major McLean, of the Old Guard of New York. [*Applause.*]

MAJOR GEORGE W. MCLEAN'S ADDRESS.

Mr. President, Girls and Boys of the Reformatory Institution of Boston, — Of all the kind hospitalities that have been bestowed upon us by our hosts, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, none have been more interesting, none more heartily received, than that which we have just witnessed in this room. Your skill and perfection in discipline warrant the bestowal of great credit upon you and upon your superintendent, as well as upon those who are higher in the management of the institution.

I speak heartily and feelingly on this occasion, because the institutions similar to this in our city of New York are those in which I have always taken the deepest interest. I once was charged, sir, with treachery to my party, because through me was disclosed the most outrageous extravagance and bad government that a people ever suffered from in our institutions of charity. I went to our Legislature in 1859, undismayed by the threats from my party and from others who were interested and profited by mismanagement of the institutions, and I determined, sir, if possible, by the aid of the Legislature, to overcome them. And through the aid of the party in power, we did overcome them. The board of governors was legislated out of power, and our present very excellent system, the Board of Charities, was substituted in their stead. The most determined and villanous opposition was made to the measure, and it was only on the last day of

the session, sir, at the morning session of the Senate, that the bill was passed. In the afternoon of the preceding day I interviewed the Speaker of the House (Mr. Middleton), and a gentleman who ran the floor of the House, whom I have the honor to have as a member of my staff, but who was unable to accompany us on this visit to Boston, Gen. McLean, and they promised me that the bill should pass and become a law before the Legislature adjourned. Eleven o'clock was the hour named for the adjournment of the Legislature. The bill had not been reached in the House. The determined opposition of those who had made up their minds that the bill should not pass, and felt sure that it would not, made factious opposition to every movement to bring the bill forward ; until, finally, it became necessary to send a message to the Senate asking their consent to extend the session for half an hour. It was done, and then probably the most exciting legislation that ever took place in that Legislature commenced, — the Speaker in the chair announcing to the opposition that any factious opposition to the bill was useless, and that the bill must pass and become a law ; and just as the clock was on the hour of adjournment the vote was taken (it might have been a minute after the hour, but it was a good minute, and the Speaker said nothing). The governor's messenger was at the door all ready to take the bill to the governor for his approval, and when he came back and announced a message from the governor, approving the bill, it was a law.

Why, sir, they went so far that they brought some rowdies up from Staten Island and the city to make a disturbance, and just as the Speaker was about to have the roll called, they pelted the Speaker's chair with oranges and other missiles, and shouted and yelled and made a noise generally. Then a gentleman rose up and insisted on the culprits being brought to the floor of the House for punishment; the object being to bring them on to the floor of the House and have them examined, and to prolong the examination until beyond the hour of adjournment, and then the Legislature would have to adjourn, the bill would be killed, and the investigation would amount to nothing

Well, the sergeant-at-arms was ordered to look for the culprit, and he went into the gallery, and, as he entered, a fellow jostled up against him, and said he was the man that threw the oranges; and the sergeant at-arms said, " You are not the man I want, sir " ; and then he came back, and announced to the Speaker that he could not find him, and the Speaker went on and called the roll, and the bill was passed and became a law. Now, gentlemen, it is an old saying that you may profit by the treachery, but that you may despise the man. The people of New York have certainly profited by the treachery, and I do not think that the traitor, in this instance, has ever been despised for that act. [*Applause.*]

Now, I must say to the boys and girls that I have always taken a great interest in their welfare, and it was more on their account than for any other reason that I took upon my shoulders this reformation of our charitable and reform institutions.

Now, there are two old flags on Randall's Island that are carried to-day. They are guidons. I had the honor of presenting them to the children, I think, in 1854, — to the Randall's Island Light Guard ; and one of Boston's distinguished citizens, Gen. Edmunds, did me honor to be present at the exercises with which we were presenting the flags.

I very much regret that Lieut. Brennan did not come down from the city with us ; but, for some reason, he did not come down. I know he would have been highly interested in your exhibition.

I congratulate you, sir, upon the perfection of the institution ; and when you come to New York, I should be most happy to receive you, and go with you to some of our institutions of a similar nature to this ; and, while you may not learn anything, I know you will be interested. Boys and girls, God bless you ! [*Applause.*] If you receive and appreciate all the blessings that He has already bestowed upon you and has still in store for you, you will make good citizens, and there may be, and undoubtedly will be, a rich reward for you in the future. [*Applause.*]

President Whiting. — Boys and girls, I notice with the gentlemen who are here, an old friend, — one whom I have listened to many times with pleasure, but whom I have not heard for many and many a day ; and, in coming here, I ask him if he would not be so kind as to favor us with a speech of his own kind, — I refer to my old friend, Mr. P. S. Gilmore. [*Applause.*]

Mr. Gilmore responded to this call with selections played by his band, including the " Star-Spangled Banner," which elicited great cheers, as also did " Yankee Doodle."

This was followed by more singing by the children, and exhibitions of calisthenics.

President Whiting then said: —

I notice one other among the guests present here to-day whom I know the children will be very happy to hear from, — Mr. H. C. Barnabee. [*Applause.*]

Mr. Barnabee, so well and favorably known in connection with the Boston Ideal Opera Company, and an Ancient, then came forward, and said: —

Gentlemen of the Old Guard, Ancients, and Children, — They tell me that solemnity of any kind is liable to spoil a good thing ; and I realize that when one knows that he is liable to be called upon at any moment, he is liable to feel solemn. Well, that is just my case ; and up to this moment I have not had a bit of a good time. [*Laughter.*] I am very happy to know that, whatever of duty I may have to perform, I may discharge it in this pleasant way. I am all the more ready to do it, for I think that we have had a very pleasant time here, and I am not without hope that they may give us more of the same kind.

Mr. Barnabee then sang the comic song, " The Cork Leg," and in response to the continued applause and laughter of the audience, recited an alleged trial recitation of the famous soliloquy from Shakespeare's Richard III., " Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this son of York," by three would-be actors. The piece caused boundless merriment among those present, the Yankee's rendition of the first line, " The winter of our discontent, made glorious summer by this yere sun over New York," being particularly applauded by the members of the Old Guard of New York.

This ended the entertainment at Deer Island, and as the visitors filed out, the boys' brass band of the institution played a very fine march. All seem well pleased with the visit to Deer Island. At one o'clock the party again boarded the steamer " Twilight," partaking of lunch as the steamer proceeded to Fort Warren.

WELCOMED AT FORT WARREN.

On arriving at Fort Warren, the visitors were received by Col. Mendenhall, the commandant, and cordially welcomed; and every nook and corner of the works was inspected, — the ramparts, the barracks, the gun-rooms, and even the dark and underground passages to the magazines, whilst the surrounding views from the fort were seen and admired by all. An open-air concert was given by the bands, members of the Old Guard and of the Ancients engaged in a "break-down," on the parade ground, whilst others took part in games of base-ball and other diversions. All seeemed to enjoy themselves heartily, and the soldiers at the fort did all in their power to make the call pleasant for their visitors. After a pleasant half-hour had been spent here, the company re-embarked, each and every one resolved not soon to forget the good time enjoyed at Fort Warren.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Shortly after the "Twilight" had started on the return trip, the excursionists were summoned to the forward part of the lower deck. At 2.45 they were called to attention by Commander Whittemore, who said: —

COMMANDER WHITTEMORE'S ADDRESS.

Attention, gentlemen. I suppose you would like to hear from our guests. As I am not prepared, and my voice is in no condition for a speech, I have asked Major Charles W. Stevens, past commander, and poet of the Ancients, to deliver an address of welcome to the Guards. Gentlemen, I will now present to you Major Charles W. Stevens.

Major Stevens was greeted with great cheers, upon the subsidence of which he read the following lines, amid repeated applause: —

A WELCOME TO THE OLD GUARD.

"A goodly land," Captain Smith well said,
When in sixteen hundred he sailed this bay,
And named it Charles River, as, past Marblehead,
He steered for the Isles of Shoals away.

"A goodly realm," said Winthrop, when from Bunker's height
He gazed o'er Beacon to the sea,
"Fit for the dwellers of Old England's might,
And Heaven and our stout hearts shall make it free."

"A famous land, and by the Holy Rood!
Worth fighting for," quoth that quaint Pilgrim soldier,
Doughty Miles, when prone upon the top he stood
Of far-famed Captain's Hill a stern beholder.
As looking down its rough and rugged side
He saw the "Mayflower" rocking with the tide.

Worth dying for, thought Warren, when he fell,
A blood-crowned martyr, on yon sacred height;
"Worth all, worth having," ever loudly swell
The words of Prescott, battling for the right.

Standing beneath the branches of that tree
Which shadows now, as then, fair Harvard's hall,
The father of his country soon to be,
Great Washington, obedient to a nation's call,
Forth from its willing sheath his sword he draws,
And dedicates its blade to freedom's cause:
"Oh! noble heritage! Oh! Liberty, in THY name
I take command, in thy hopes rest our fame."

Fought is the fight, the hero's work is done,
The son has finished what his sire begun.

Honor and love for the sainted dead,
With reverend breath let their names be read:
Hancock and Adams and Paul Revere,
Sullivan, Stark, the bold mountaineer;
Brooks, of our own, and Lincoln and Bell;
Broad is the scroll, as you know full well,
Of men as valiant, and brave, and true
As ever a country's history knew.

And I, a comrade in this ancient corps,
Which fought the Indian, — long years before
King George the Third could with faint vision see
These sparkling waters dotted with his tea, —
Have been asked to welcome with words of cheer,
To this fair land and its memories dear,
You, knights of the sabre, the parlor, and mart,
The pride of Manhattan, most dear to her heart;
To bid you welcome, guardsmen, to this shore,
Kissed by the same old ocean as of yore,
When Bradford, Winthrop, Standish, in their day
Saw virgin forests crown our peaceful bay.

Thrice, doubly thrice, and three times three,
Is the Ancients' greeting given to thee,
And with beaker brimful and running o'er,
We will add three cheers and "one cheer more."

Oh! would that the heart could the brain supply
A wealth of thought for this pleasing task,
But the grasp of the hand and the sparkling eye
Are better than words and all that you ask.

Deep stored in memory's magic cell,
Most fondly cherished, will forever dwell
Those many happy hours we 've 'joyed together,
In rain and shine, through wind and weather,

When the April buds were swelling with spring,
Or the roses of June are blossoming;
Whether tramping down Broadway in mud and rain
In chill November, and striving in vain
To keep the wet out by a cold whet within,
And buttoning our overcoats up to the chin;
Or tripping the light fantastic toe,
To the tune of "Whether You Would or No,"
With handsome Jack to lead the march,
And the Guard with their guests, as stiff as starch;
While my lady fair awaits with zest,
To be clasped so close to a warrior's breast.

Or the famous feast with Delmonico
Crowns martial music with glittering show,
Where wisdom and wit incessantly flow,
And the viands rare and foaming wine,
Make even the dullest Yankee to shine,
And such a charming old Major as you
Put on the gay bearing of youth anew,
And sparkle and glow with the joys of the hour,
Like rainbow tints after summer shower,
While the pearls from your president's eloquent throat,
Recall the rapt splendors of Webster and Choate:
Then to soften the headache which might us befall
You give us, not wormwood, but such a sweet Gaul,
That a wondering muse might question whether
Those pungent words should be yoked together,
While McMurray and Belton are doing their best,
With Faris and others, to give to each guest
Not moments of pleasure, but scenes to recall,
When the last word is spoken and darkness shrouds all.

Kind fate has blessed me in no small degree
In passing many such fond hours with thee;
And when my heart beats with ecstatic strain,
Hope whispers, I may share such joys again;
And for your wealth of kindness to us all
On march, at service, or at feast or ball,
There's not an Ancient, within sound or call,
But thanks his stars, as does your modest bard,
For this our glad reunion with the Guard.
A passing word of welcome must be mine
To one whose lustre claimed, alike with thine,
The plaudits of the throng that yesterday
Greeted your presence on your conquering way,
And fondly wished that he had come to stay.
To Gilmore, honored and loved, each Ancient's heart
Joys, while it sorrows that too soon we part.
Hail and farewell! dear Major, ever thine,
The time is precious, take a glass of wine. [*Great applause.*]

When Major Stevens had finished reading his poem, and the applause had ceased, Mr. P. S. Gilmore, recognizing the complimentary mention of his name in the poem, played "Auld Lang Syne."

Commander Whittemore then introduced Major George W. McLean, of the Old Guard, who was received enthusiastically. He said: —

MAJOR McLEAN'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Commander, and Comrades of the Ancients, — The heart is illy represented in the voice on this occasion. I would to God that I could express myself and express the sentiments of my heart just now. I cannot do it. I will have to, as you did, Mr. Commander, find a substitute, though there is not one, probably, who feels as deeply all that I do. That, my dear friend Major Stevens, has expressed on this and upon many previous occasions. No man can represent me, because I have known you longer, known you better, and appreciate you more fully, than any of those who are present.

I trust that every member of the Old Guard will, if he has not already done so, take a lesson from me, and that he will listen and be impressed with the many reminiscences that I have got from dear old Boston and dear old Boston associations. These, personally, go back for over forty years come the 17th of this month, when I first had the pleasure of meeting Boston soldiery and receiving their hospitalities. We came to attend the dedication of the Monument over yonder on Bunker Hill, in 1843. There I listened to the words of the godlike Daniel, with which I was very deeply impressed; but I was more deeply impressed with the reception that the Old Light Guard received from the Boston Tigers. [*Applause.*] There, gentlemen, just as you are doing it to-day, was hospitality extended, not by the bottle, not by the demijohn; but I remember the great white washtubs of punch with which we were welcomed [*laughter*], and the high pyramids of sandwiches, reaching almost as high as Bunker Hill itself.

Why, gentlemen, on that occasion President Tyler and his Cabinet came on to be present at the dedication, and we arrived about an hour after, and as we passed to our headquarters, we had to go in the immediate vicinity of where the President and his Cabinet were; and when the crowds saw us, they deserted the President and his Cabinet and went along with us, and the cheers reached heaven from the crowds. The crowds not only cheered us, but they followed us, and it was a very meagre escort indeed that the President had to his headquarters.

Now, gentlemen, I must close with these few remarks; but there are other gentlemen here who will address you. Is Gen. Woodward here?

GEN WOODWARD. — Yes.

MAJOR McLEAN. — Well, I commission you to say what I would say upon this occasion. Commander, I grasp your hand [*three cheers and a tiger for Major McLean*]; and taking your hand I grasp the hand of every member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and of all those various organizations who have done us so great honors, and to the citizens of Boston and all others, I extend to them all our most hearty and cordial appreciation of the many kindnesses to the Old Guard. I trust that this is not the last occasion upon which we shall meet, and I know it is not. God is a good God, and he don't mean to stop this right here. I am coming to stop with you again in Boston; and I hope and trust that I may have the very great pleasure of welcoming you

all in New York erelong. I trust, gentlemen, that you may all live to command this the most honorable and ancient corps in the country, — the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. [*Three cheers and a tiger were then given.*]

Gen. John B. Woodward, first captain of the Old Guard, was next introduced. He said: —

GEN. WOODWARD'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Commander and Gentlemen, Members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, — I regret very much that I know but one language, and that very imperfectly, and that I am not able to express fully the thoughts which crowd upon me. I remember reading, when a boy, in one of the fairy-books, of some one who got lost in a forest, and who had the foresight to carry a piece of string and cut it, and, on his way into the forest, he spread it along the way in order that he might find his way out again.

When I have come to Boston, your tortuous streets have sometimes puzzled me, and caused me to get astray; but when I wish to find my way back again to the hotel surely, I always find the first landmark, — old Faneuil Hall, where we went yesterday, — and from that, as a starting-point, all Boston is clear to me.

I also wish that, mentally, I had that piece of string now to guide my thoughts through all the pleasant circumstances and incidents which have crowded around us since we came to your city Sunday evening last. Surely no body of men have ever been more heartily and cordially received, and no body of men have ever been received whose hearts go out to their receivers with more earnestness than ours to you. You have our sincerest thanks, and our hearts are in our thanks. You have done all that men could do to make our visit pleasant. As I was passing through the streets yesterday with your company, and saw the great crowds of citizens that lined the streets, and as anxious, apparently, as you to do honor to us, I thought of the circumstance of a poor fellow who lost a member of his family, — a little child, — and who gathered his friends and neighbors for the funeral. When the time arrived for the funeral to take place, he was astonished to see that so many had gathered to do honor to the occasion, and the magnitude of the demonstration so impressed itself upon his mind that, as he bore the little coffin out to the hearse, he apologized to those present for the small size of the corpse he had. [*Laughter.*] Now, gentlemen, when I saw those crowds of people upon the streets, I thought, Surely, our Major ought to apologize for our little corps. However, as it is, let me say in one word, that no member of the Old Guard can ever in future think of the Ancients without the kindest feelings, and when he meets you without, his heart will leap to his hand. It is thirty years this month since I became a member of the Old Guard, and during those thirty years, of course, there are many interesting remembrances; but let me say to you right here, of all the red-letter days in that time the days of June 2 and 3, 1884, are the reddest-lettered days of them all. [*Tremendous applause.*]

COMMANDER WHITTEMORE. — Gentlemen, I will now introduce to you one of the most eloquent members of the Old Guard, Col. Edward L. Gaul.

COLONEL GAUL'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Commander and Gentlemen, — Having received notice that I was expected to reply to a little sentiment on this occasion, I had prepared myself for a larger audience [*laughter*]; but, the audience being somewhat curtailed, you will pardon me for not reading that speech, and I know you will receive the good of it, for the reason that I shall curtail the remarks that I shall say at this time.

A VOICE. — Don't; they 'll all get into the book. [*Laughter.*]

COL. GAUL. — It has been remarked, gentlemen, that Boston is a cold city; but I tell you that on this occasion you have made it red-hot. [*Laughter, and cries of "Good."*]

Gentlemen, at a business meeting of the Old Guard, before our coming to your old city, it was discussed as to what ribbon would best distinguish the Old Guard to the general public, and it was decided to wear the blue ribbon; so, gentlemen, we are here to-day as "a blue-ribbon brigade." [*Laughter.*] And in looking upon the color of your corps, I have felt that in everything you have done you have painted it red. [*Laughter, and cries of "Good."*]

We are happy to be with you on this occasion. It is pleasant, always, for soldiers to meet; but I know of no pleasanter occasion possible than for the Old Guard to receive an Ancient and Honorable welcome from your old and distinguished organization.

But, throwing levity aside, I was particularly struck in listening to the remarks that fell yesterday from your honored governor [*cries of "Hear," "Hear"*] I was particularly struck with one remark of his, and that was in regard to the duty that was owed by the citizen to the State, and that the best citizen always made the best soldier. [*Great applause.*] While we give all honor to the soldier, — to the man who has pledged his life to the security of the Republic, — the Republic demands for its citizens men of equal patriotism to that which is demanded from the soldier. We want men for citizens who are brave in conviction and brave in action; men who are not only suitable and able to command, but men who are able to obey; men who, when the country calls, will shake off the citizenship and put on the garb of the soldier. It is these men who, when peril threatens our institutions and the Republic, sustain them and it and win the victory; and it is to the citizen that the Republic to-day owes the perpetuity of the institutions which we all honor and revere.

And I was again struck with a remark that fell from your Commander who has just so beautifully resigned his office, Major Merrill [*three cheers for Major Merrill were given and then a tiger*], when he said in those beautiful remarks of his, "that it was the church, with its spire pointing to heaven, and the schoolhouse, that educated the citizens of the Republic." [*Applause.*] And that speech was followed by the chaplain of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company and by the chaplain of the Old Guard, — both men that were not only soldiers in the war, but were also soldiers in the army of Christ, — and I would add one remark to that, make one addition to the remark that was made by the governor, that, while the Republic demands soldiers and good citizens, when it is founded upon religion, the Republic will live forever. [*Prolonged applause and cries of "Good."*]

And now, Mr. Commander, allow me to thank you for the truly courteous and hospitable reception that you have tendered to the Old Guard of New York. While we are citizens of the Empire State we recognize the loyalty, the patriot-

ism, and the old-time deeds of the old Bay State; yet we feel a pride in the great Empire State from which we come. [*Applause.*] And I know, Mr Commander; that you will acknowledge with me that when the country calls, Massachusetts depends on New York, depends on our State, standing side by side with you to support the old flag and the Republic which we love. [*Prolonged applause, and cries of "Good."*] We are joined to-day, my friends, as two (I think I may say it without egotism), as two of the proudest citizen organizations which exist in our country to-day. May the same friendship which exists between us now on this 3d of June, 1884, continue; and may our children and our children's children cement the unity which now exists between us. [*Tremendous applause.*]

Upon the conclusion of the foregoing speech and after the applause had subsided, there was a general call for Past Commander George S. Merrill. Commander Whittemore commanded "Order," and said: "What is so rare as a day in June," when the Ancients and Old Guard meet? I will now call upon Major Merrill to come foward here. [*Laughter.*]

Obedience to orders being an Ancient's first duty, Major Merrill responded with alacrity to this command. He spoke as follows: —

PAST COMMANDER MERRILL'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Commander, and Comrades of the Ancients and of the Old Guard, — I would protest, only that I know that the protest of a private in the ranks is of no sort of account when the order of the commander is issued; I would protest that you had had a sufficiency in listening to me yesterday, without my repeating or adding anything to-day. My friend Col. Gaul suggested that he was surprised at the limited size of the audience. I can explain it to him. After the Commander had invited him to speak, he incautiously allowed it to leak out among the comrades that Col. Gaul and myself were to speak, and that sufficiently accounts for the limited number of the audience. [*Laughter.*]

There are friends, and there are friends. Every man in his lifetime, amid the circle that he loves to call friends, is to be pitied who has not some friend more dear and near than any other, whose heart beats more perfectly in unison with his heart, and into which, from heart to heart, there can be poured in unison the feelings and the friendship of each other. So is it with the Ancients; while we have our wide circle of friends, between us and the Old Guard of New York there exists that intimacy of union which makes them seem as if the very life-blood from the veins of the one was being poured into the life-blood of the other in one common sentiment of humanity. [*Applause.*]

I do not propose, my comrades, to make a speech at this time. At the next anniversay of the Ancients I shall have a speech prepared and in readiness to address you all. [*A voice, "There won't be any audience."*] But I am not going to allow the Commander to speak of it.

Col. Gaul has quoted a remark of his Excellency the governor, "That the best citizens made the best soldiers. So it is true of the converse of that proposition. It has often been said that war is demoralizing." So war is demoralizing to the men who remain at home, and, through fat contracts, make fortunes at the expense of the man in the field. ["*Good, good.*"] But in a free land like ours, where our army is composed of men fighting in defence of our liberties

from inspirations of loyalty to country and patriotism, to those men war is not demoralizing, but they return from the field as that great army of two million men returned (wellnigh twenty years ago) and melt into the avocations of peace. They come home to their families, and to the arts of peace, better citizens for having been good soldiers of the Republic in her time of need. [*Tremendous applause, and cries of "Good."*] And I trust that the day may never come while the Old Guard and the Ancients exist, and I hope that they may exist so long as the starry banner of our country floats on high as the emblem of our nationality, that the day may never come in our history when there shall not be the same cordial sentiment of earnestness and love that exists between the Old Guard and the Ancients to-day. [*Prolonged applause.*]

Mr. Commander, I have one little duty to perform. Every man knows, who has been in the position that I have occupied during the past year, that the success of the year's administration, and the good report and good name of the company, depend more upon one appointed officer than upon any other, even, perhaps, to the commander himself; and, during this year past, we have had one official, elected by the Ancients, unlike the position in other military organizations generally, who has so admirably and well fulfilled the duties of the position for us, and who has not only kept himself on duty by day, but always on guard by night [*laughter*], ready to awaken us at any hour we desired, and at many hours that we did n't desire. [*Laughter.*] He, whose efficiency has been so marked throughout the year, is, and I have been commissioned by members to present at this time to Past Adjutant, now private, William H. Jones this badge as a testimonial of their regard and of their appreciation of his efforts while in office, and of their best wishes for his welfare in all the years to come. [*Great cheers.*]

Major Merrill then presented to Past Adjutant Jones a splendid gold badge, suitably inscribed.

Then there was a general cry for a speech. Adjutant Jones spoke as follows: —

PAST ADJUTANT JONES'S SPEECH.

Private Merrill [laughter] *and Comrades of the Ancients,* — Even with your eloquence, I should think you would be at sea on an occasion like this.

MAJOR MERRILL. — Yes, we are all at sea.

ADJUTANT JONES. — I hardly know that I deserve any such testimonial of esteem as that which you have just presented to me from members of the company. I have nothing to apologize for, unless it has been a lack of ability to perform my duty; because I have had the good of the company at heart. I have truly and honestly tried to do my duty, as it was expected of me by the members who elected me to my position.

A VOICE. — That 's good.

ADJUTANT JONES. — I will say that this badge will always be worn honorably by me. [*Great applause, and cries of "Good."*]

By this time the "Twilight" was again at the pier. Arrived in Boston, they found the Boston Light Infantry, Company K, First Regiment, drawn up in line on Broad Street, ready to escort them to the depot. The column consisting of the Tigers, Ancients, and Old

Guard, with their drum corps and bands, passed up Broad and State Streets, along Washington, School, Tremont, Summer, and Lincoln Streets to the Boston and Albany Railroad station, where the Old Guard took the 4.30 P. M. train for New York. Then the Boston companies returned to Faneuil Hall, where, after a formal vote of thanks to the Tigers, the Ancients were briefly addressed by Commander Whittemore and then dismissed. Thus ended the memorable trip of the Old Guard to Boston, and their reception by the Ancients.

The Committee of Arrangements for the entertainment of the Old Guard was as follows: —

MAJOR D. H. FOLLETT,
CAPT. JOHN L. STEVENSON,
CAPT. A. A. FOLSOM,
LIEUT. J. HENRY TAYLOR,
COL. HENRY WALKER,

And the Commissioned Officers of the Company.

ROLL OF OFFICERS AND MEMBERS

PARADING ON TUESDAY, JUNE 3, 1884, AS PREPARED BY THE ADJUTANT.

Capt. AUGUSTUS WHITTEMORE, *Commander.*

Lieut.-Col. E. B. BLASLAND	*First Lieutenant.*
Lieut. GEO. H. GIBSON	*Second Lieutenant.*
Lieut. JAMES P. FROST	*Adjutant.*

STAFF.

Lieut. JOHN SULLIVAN, *Surgeon.*
Lieut. THOMAS RESTIEAUX, JR., *Assistant Surgeon.*
Sergt. VINCENT LAFORME, *Paymaster.*
Lieut. GEORGE H. ALLEN, *Assistant Paymaster.*
Sergt. GEORGE P. MAY, *Quartermaster.*
Lieut. N. A. THOMPSON, *Sergeant Major.*
Sergt. JOHN H. PEAK, *Quartermaster Sergeant.*
Sergt. JAMES H. SMITH, *Commissary Sergeant.*
Sergt. A. S. DINSMORE, *Hospital Steward.*

HONORARY STAFF.

Capt. WILLIAM H. CUNDY, *Chief of Staff.*

Capt. JAMES A. FOX.	Lieut. W. D. HOLBROOK.
Col. EDWARD WYMAN.	Col. HENRY WALKER.
Major GEO. S. MERRILL.	Lieut. J. HENRY TAYLOR.
Capt. PETER E. DOLLIVER.	Capt. JOSHUA M. CUSHING.
Sergt. GEO. D. RUSSELL.	Gen. SAMUEL H. LEONARD.
Sergt. D. W. FARQUHAR.	Com. RALPH CHANDLER, U. S. N.
Lieut. HORATIO N. CRANE.	Major G. A. ROBINSON, U. S. A.
Major D. H. FOLLETT	Capt. J. F. WESTON, U. S. A.
Capt. JOHN L. STEVENSON.	Major JOHN MCDONOUGH.
Capt. A. A. FOLSOM.	Major H. G. JORDAN.
Major CHAS. W. STEVENS.	Major CHAS. G. DAVIS.
Col. E. J. TRULL.	Col. A. C. EDDY, of Providence.
Lieut. WM. H. JONES.	Gen. W. W. DOUGLASS, of Providence.

ON DETAIL.

Major GEO. H MAYNARD, Sergt. ISAAC D. DANA,	*Flankers to the Commander.*
Capt. GEORGE E HALL	*Marker.*
Capt. GEO. O. NOYES	*Marker.*
Sergt. WILLIAM C. PFAFF . . .	*Band Guide.*

FIRST COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Brig.-Gen. J. N. Patterson, *Sergeant.*

A. C Wellington, *R. Guide.*
A. N. Proctor, *L. Guide.*
William Parker Jones.
Henry N. Cass.
Lyman S. Hapgood.
Frederick H. Adams, of Waltham.
George B. Martis.
Samuel Hichborn.
George O. Noyes.
H. J. Byrne.

SECOND COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Sergt. Henry F. Wade, *Sergeant.*

Edward E. Wells, *R. Guide.*
Jacob Bensemoil, *L. Guide.*
Thomas H. Harding.
E. A. Holton.
Edward Goggins.
Ferdinand M. Trifet.
J. B. Smith.
Capt. Samuel H. Babcock.
A. J. Hathaway.
William H. Marsh.

THIRD COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. Charles W. Knapp, *Sergeant.*

Edward E. Allen, *R. Guide.*
Frederick G. King, *L. Guide.*
Charles H. Betteley.
J. Owen Littlefield.
Isaac Riley.
William A. Hardy.
J. H. Ammon.
George W. Spaulding.
J. Payson Bradley.
David L. Jewell.

FOURTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. George A. Keeler, *Sergeant.*

George H. Washburn, *R. Guide.*
Emman R. Ellis, *L. Guide.*
D. O. Clark.
George H. Jones.
W. F. Hall.
F. D. Gallupe.
Foster Shores.
J. Fred. Sampson.
A. C. Betterley.
Charles R. Brown.

FIFTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. William H. Russ, *Sergeant.*

J. L. R. Eaton, *R. Guide,*
L. C. Durkee, *L. Guide.*
William J. Smith.
E. Herbert Whitney.
William M. Maynard.
George B. Spaulding.
Isaac Watts.
John M. Call.
N. N. Noyes.
J. C. Crafts.

SIXTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. David W. Lewis, *Sergeant.*

Wesley Bigelow, *R. Guide.*
Daniel E. Poor, *L. Guide.*
M. C. Grant.
J. H. Kelley.
Charles Parker, of Gloucester.
Henry A. Thorndike.
Christopher Kirmes.
A. J. Simpson.
Arthur Fuller.
Edwin Warner.
George L. Hurll.

SEVENTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Sergt. F. J. Hutchinson, *Sergeant*

A. N. Proctor, *R. Guide.*
Marshall Lincoln, *L. Guide.*
Theo. H. Prentiss.
J. H. Baguley.
I W. Moody.
William F. Bacon, } *Color Bearers.*
H. B. Emerson, }
Thomas L. Churchill.
A. E. Proctor.

FIRST COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Sergt. Thomas Savage, *Sergeant.*

J. B. Hathaway, *R. Guide.*
Jacob Fottler, *L. Guide.*
W. H. Pattee.
J. Alba Davis.
Leone S. Quimby.
H. C. Barnabee.
C. E. Smith.
George G. Stratton.
William Tyner.
Albert Webster.

SECOND COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Sergt. Sidney M. Hedges, *Sergeant.*

James M. Gleason, *R. Guide.*
Jacob Silloway, Jr., *L. Guide.*
Henry H. Litchfield.
Albert H. Stearns.
John Galvin.
Charles H. Dunham
Daniel H. Lane.
George W. Mills.
John D. Dwyer.
Walter Russell.

THIRD COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Sergt. Frank H. Mudge, *Sergeant.*

W. C. Babcock, *R Guide.*
C. H. Glover, *L. Guide.*
George W. Bowker.
Frank E. Merriman.
James H. Harlow.
A. B. Babcock.
W. H. Mitchell.
Wolf Jackson.
Francis M. Howe.
E. H. Grover.

FOURTH COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Sergt. Edwin E. Snow, *Sergeant.*

Abijah Thompson, *R. Guide.*
Charles W. Woodward, *L. Guide.*
Thomas Emerson.
A. C. Richardson.
M. J. Grodjinski.
J. L. Burdett.
Edwin S. Barrett.
Robert J. Bath.
J. Charles Smith.
William H. Ford.

FIFTH COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Sergt. Charles T. Hough, *Sergeant.*

W. W. Sias, *R. Guide.*
Oliver G. Pearson, *L. Guide.*
Charles Mann.
Horace Partridge.
William S. Brazier.
Asahel Wheeler.
Benjamin F. Hunt, Jr.
Winslow B. Lucas.
Albert F. Coake.

247TH ANNUAL FALL FIELD DAY

OF THE

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY.

THE two hundred and forty-seventh fall field day of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company was especially noticeable as establishing the precedent of a one-day parade. It had been generally felt that but one day could be devote l to the trip, and the Committee on Arrangements, therefore, selected New Bedford as the base of the day's operations. Arrangements were made for a special train each way. The New Bedford City Guard, Co. E. First Regiment M. V. M., Captain W. B. Topham, commanding, generously proffered their escort; and the First Regiment Drum and Fife Corps, which had engaged to play for the City Guards, volunteered their services to play the company from the armory to the depot. Reeves' American Band, of Providence, was engaged for the occasion.

The members of the company had been notified to assemble in the armory at Faneuil Hall, on the sixth day of October, that being the first Monday in the month. At an early hour, the advance guard of the corps began to arrive, and proceeded to lay aside the civilian suits for the regimentals. At 8 o'clock the several companies commenced to form, the infantry in the armory, and the artillery in Faneuil Hall. The past commanders, and others, who had been invited to parade upon the honorary staff of Commander Whittemore, reported in the library-room to Major Charles W. Stevens, the chief of staff. About 8.45 the corps filed down stairs, and headed by a platoon of police and by the American Band of Providence, D. W. Reeves, leader, and the First Regiment drum and fife corps, Drum Major J. F. Clark, marched to South Market Street, and was there drawn up in line. Immediately afterwards, the order was given, and the company marched via South Market, Commercial, State, Washington, School, Tremont, Winter, Summer, and South Streets to the Old Colony Depot, where a special train for New Bedford was taken. The train consisted of six cars, four being occupied by uniformed members, and one by members who preferred not to take their places in the ranks of the company, but to appear in civilian clothes, while the sixth and rear car was empty. The run to New Bedford was devoid of features of special interest. But one stop was made, at Quincy, where a number

of the corps boarded the train New Bedford was reached at 11.17, after a run of one hour and twenty-two minutes, and the corps at once disembarked.

The Ancients were received at the depot by Captain William Lewis and David A. Snell, of New Bedford, members of the company, and by Captain W. B. Topham, commanding the New Bedford City Guards, Co. E, First Regiment, with his company. The company formed line, and marched past the City Guard, who were waiting them on Purchase Street, and then the Guards passed to the right and took the company in escort. Just as the order to march was given, rain began to fall. The shower lasted for about five minutes, and was sufficiently heavy to dampen the uniforms though not the courage of the Ancients. A member of twenty years' standing subsequently stated that during his membership the corps had never held its annual parade without a fall of rain at some time during the day. The following route for the parade through the city had been mapped out: Purchase, Union, Cottage, Arnold, Orchard, and Hawthorn Streets, to the residence of E. D. Mandell, Esq., countermarching through Hawthorn, County, Middle, Sixth, William, Water, Union, and Purchase Streets to the Parker House. Out of respect, however, to the family of Leander Plummer, who had died shortly before, the route was somewhat modified. The march to the residence of Mr. Mandell was abandoned, and the procession turned east on Hawthorn Street from Orchard Street instead of west. All along the line of march, the streets were thronged with crowds of enthusiastic sight-seers. The citizens of New Bedford, determined to give the visitors a reception worthy of the city's reputation for hospitality, had greatly exerted themselves. The local professional decorators, as well as the amateurs, had been busily at work for some days before, and the result was that the city presented a gala appearance. Many of the streets were decorated with flags and bunting. A large number of business houses, particularly those on Union Street, showed a wealth of color and ingenuity of blending very pleasing to the eye. American flags were to be seen at almost every point. The Central Engine House had the front covered with a mass of flags and streamers, with a central piece bearing the device of cannons and a drum, while lines of small flags were thrown across the street. The flag on the Custom House was hoisted. The armory of the City Guards was adorned with the State arms, flanked with flags on the front, and a large and handsome flag was flying from the flag-pole. Many private residences were also handsomely decorated. In honor of the visit of the Ancients, several large manufacturing establishments shut down at 11 o'clock for the remainder of the forenoon, to give the employees an opportunity to witness the procession, and the public schools had a short recess. Large numbers of people from the surrounding country were in the city. The Parker House was reached at 12.40. Here, too,

extensive decorations were to be seen. The front of the porch was beautifully decorated; draped from the second story were American, British, Swedish, New Granadian, Venezuelan, and Guatemalan flags; the upper railing was covered with red bunting, dotted with white stars; the pillars were wound with bunting, and shields were placed at various points.

STREET DECORATIONS.

Beginning with decorations on Union Street, just west of Water, the clothing store of J. H. J. Doane displayed a large American ensign. A. G. Jourdain, barber, displayed the national colors, while Driscoll, Church & Hall had a large American flag displayed from the flag-staff on the top of their building and two others on a staff across the street. From the *Standard* office a large American flag was shown. Simeon Doane & Co., auctioneers and clothiers, Nos. 73, 75, and 83, displayed flags front of their stores, on their business wagon, and had a line thrown across the street. F. P. Bliss, fruit dealer, under the Mansion House, had the front of his store nicely decorated with flags, and a creditable display was made by Joseph Goulet, next west in the same building, while the hotel showed the stars and stripes. The *Mercury* office had a large American flag hung out of the window of the upper story. From Major Edwin Dews's periodical store two lines of flags were thrown across the street, the upper line bearing two large flags, and the lower one ten smaller ones of different colors. J. & W. R. Wing & Co. displayed a large flag, and the clothing store of Gifford & Co., next west, had flags draped across the front and had six others on staffs hung out of their windows. Taber, Read & Gardner, clothiers, at the northeast corner of Union Street and Acushnet Avenue, had three large flags draped on the front of their building and a line bearing several flags stretched diagonally across Union Street to the southwest corner of the avenue. David B. Folger & Co., grocers, on the southeast corner of the street and avenue, made a good showing of the national colors. The store of Bliss & Nye, on the northwest corner, had six flags draped across the front, and Sullings, Kingman & Co.'s store was tastefully decorated; while the Bancroft House (Mine Host Higgins, proprietor) had stretched a party-colored ribbon across Union Street, and the front on that thoroughfare was finely and elaborately decorated. Francis & Swain had the front of their cigar store twined with bunting supporting a shield over the top. Joseph S. Cunha (Cheap John) draped the front of his cigar store with flags, twined the lamp-post with bunting, had the Brazilian and another flag pendent from the top, and displayed on the street front of the post a large French horn, with a mirror in the coil. M. C. Swift & Son, clothing dealers, swung a line of flags across the street and draped the front of their building. A. E. Lucas, the shoeist, made a fine display; from the flag-staff were shown two ensigns with

lines of small flags extending to the roof on each side; on the front, from a horizontal pole to the building, were also two lines of flags, and other parts were decorated. The Eddy building made the finest display on the street or in the city. The stars and stripes were shown from the staff on the roof and from each window in the front, while long lines of red, white, and blue extended from the roof to the doors of the clothing store in the first story. C. D. Flint, fruit dealer, also made a display of flags on Union Street.

Mrs. William H. Allen, eighty-eight years old, whose father (Mr. Sumner) was a member in former years of the Ancients, hung out two flags from the windows of her residence on Union Street.

Almy & Hitch corner of Union and Purchase Streets, displayed a large American flag, and the stars and stripes were shown at the city stables, High Street.

On Purchase Street, the first noticeable place north of Union Street, was the building occupied by B. H. Waite & Co., which had the front from the flag-staff to the awning draped in red, white, and blue bunting, the front of the awning ornamented by a fringe, and the words "Wait(e) Here" shown in front. William Logan Rodman Post, G. A. R., threw out its colors, and the extensive dry-goods store of Haskell & Tripp displayed the stars and stripes in each door and window. J. D. Roberts, druggist, put out flags. The dry-goods store of Hon. W. T. Soule was elaborately draped in front with bunting, and the store above was very nicely trimmed. Poisson & Roy showed the national colors in front of their dry-goods store. Stephen P. Sawyer had a line of flags thrown across the street from his hardware store. Stephen Gifford and Dr. Hazeltine united in a line of flags across the street. From the house of Southward Potter, 2d, was shown a large ensign. Henry H. Fisher, baker, put out a line of flags and bunting. The grocery store of Haile R. Luther, the furniture store of R. G. Bennett, residence of Henry Powers, Swift's grocery and house, and the stores of William Hindle and C. S. Davis were more or less elaborately trimmed with flags.

On William Street, east of Purchase, E. T. Chapman, cigar dealer, had a line of flags across the thoroughfare, Silvester's billiard-rooms and the cracker manufactory of D. A. Snell showed the national colors; while the flag on the Custom House greeted the procession.

On Water Street the Merchants' Bank threw out "Old Glory," the Board of Trade decorated their building with flags hung from their windows and draped in the doorway, and Charles Taber & Co. had a large flag out.

The best decorations in the west part of the city were at the residences of Hon. Jonathan Bourne, where flags were draped from the third story to the ground, and Heny Taber, where the entrance was finely festooned with flags, both on Orchard Street. The national colors were also displayed at the residences of John P. Knowles, 2d,

Orchard Street; William Watkins, Alfred Thornton, and Charles S. Kelley, Union Street; Thomas Wilcox, Middle Streets; Mrs. Hannah N. Hall, County Street; Mrs. Amy H. Fisher, Hawthorn Street; and George F. Kingman, Cottage Street; and fine displays were made by the Wamsutta Club, S. P. Richmond & Co., and John W. Macomber, Union Street; and Loum Snow, Jr., and Edward D. Mandell, Hawthorn Street. The City Guards' armory was adorned with the State arms flanked with flags on the front, and another large and handsome flag on the flag-pole. Mr. William H. Bartlett, though off the route of the procession, exhibited his usual public spirit by displaying a beautiful flag at his residence. The smooth lawns at most of the residences were as clean as wax, everybody's gardener having been busy in the morning raking off the dead brown leaves.

Arrived at the Parker House, the tired Ancients lost no time in laying aside their arms and accoutrements, and for some time the bootblacks in and near the hotel did a rushing business. Lunch was ready when the company reached the hotel, and was done full justice to by every one. As soon as refreshed, the visitors dispersed, to assemble at 2.30 for the march to City Hall. Some spent the interval in the hotel, resting after the long march. A large delegation of the old soldiers of the corps paid a visit to Comrade Bartel of the Manhattan House, and inspected his armory of war relics. His surgeon's case was an object of especial interest. Others were driven around the city, the wharves and the engine-houses being the principal points of attraction. At 2.45, the assembly sounded, and the line was at once formed, and the company, taking the invited guests in escort, marched to City Hall, where Holder M. Brownell, proprietor of the Parker House, and a member of the company, had prepared a banquet for three hundred and fifty persons. The list of invited guests was as follows: Hon. George Wilson, mayor of New Bedford; Alderman A. B. Hathaway, Jr.; Alderman James C. Stafford; Alderman Stephen W. Hayes; Alderman Robert W. Taber; Alderman John P. Taylor; Isaac B. Tompkins, Jr., president of the common council; Messrs. Edmund Wood, Henry Howard, and Seth W. Godfrey, of the committee on city property; Capt. William T. Soule, ex-mayor of the city; Dr. F. H. Hooper; Brig.-Gen. James D. Thomson; Thomas M. Stetson; Capt. Frederick Macy, chief of the fire department; Hon. W. W. Crapo; Isaac B. Tompkins, chief of police; Hon. Jonathan Bourne; Hon. Charles S. Randall; Col. C. B. H. Fessenden; Frederick H. Swift; Francis B. Greene; Alexander H. Seabury; Col. John A. P. Allen, collector of the port; Charles W. Clifford; Wendell H. Cobb; J. R. Kendrick; Otis A. Sisson; Fred. S. Gifford; Major Edwin Dews; Killey E. Terry; Capt. William B. Topham and Lieuts. Alfred Ellis and Frank C. Barrows, of the City Guards. Mayor Wilson's health would not permit of his attendance. Hon. Jonathan Bourne, Senator Randall, General Thompson, Hon. W. W. Crapo, and several others of the above, were not present. The hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Each of the windows had double hangings composed of the flags of a number of nations, parted and draped at each side; around the border of the auditorium was a wide stripe of red and white bunting caught by rosettes; from the centre of the ceiling long streamers of blue bunting with white stars were caught at the upper ends around the coat-of-arms of the Ancients, and draped away to the pillars and corners; from the pillars were pendent shields, embracing the colors of the United States and various State and military emblems. On the platform a picture of Washington was flanked by double stands of the stars and stripes. The platform was widened and lengthened, and upon it were the tables for the staff and the invited guests. The other tables ran lengthwise of the hall and were very attractively laid.

Commander Whittemore rapped the assemblage to order, and asked the Rev. Alonzo H. Quint, chaplain of the corps, to offer prayer, which he did in the following words: —

We pray Thee, Almighty God, to bless our country and our State to Thy name. And as for ourselves, we beseech Thee to hallow the memories of the past, bless the entertainment of the present, and ennoble the prophecy of the future. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The dinner was excellently served, and Mr. Brownell was warmly complimented by many of the Ancients. During its progress, and between the speeches that followed, the band entertained the assemblage with national and other airs, the solos of Mr. Church evoking the heartiest applause. Following is the

MENU.

Consommé en tasse.
Scalloped Oysters.
Celery. Chow Chow.

COLD MEATS.

Roast Spring Chicken.
Roast Beef. Beef Tongue.
Country Cured Ham. Corned Beef.
Saddle of Spring Lamb.

VEGETABLES.

Baked Sweet Potatoes. Green Peas.
Sliced Tomatoes.
Lobster Salad.

PASTRY.

Cold Rice Pudding.
Apple Pie. Washington Pie.

DESSERT.

Charlotte Russe. Frozen Pudding.
English Fruit Cake. Punch Cake.
Brighton Biscuit. Sponge Drops.
Bartlett Pears. Concord Grapes.
Catawba Grapes. Apples.

French Coffee.

After the cigars had been passed, Commander Whittemore called the company to order, and said: —

Gentlemen, I should deem myself fortunate in being here as commander, presiding over this elegant and successful banquet, had I the graces of oratory and the mellifluous speech of so many of our past commanders. But knowing well my deficiencies in that respect, I shall not inflict upon you a formal address. I think our company particularly fortunate in having selected New Bedford as the basis of our fall field day operations. [*Applause.*] We have been cordially received by the citizens, and the day has been all that we could have wished. [*A voice*, "*Except the shower*," *and applause.*] And here let me not forget to thank the city government for their kind and generous offer of the free use of this noble hall. [*Applause.*] I desire to thank Captain Topham, and through him, his command, for their elegant escort and the cordial manner in which they received us. [*Cheers.*] I also desire to thank the committee of arrangements for their efficient management and their earnest efforts to make this banquet and this parade a success, inaugurating as it does a new departure, a one day's parade. [*Applause.*] Allow me to express to each and every member of this company my hearty appreciation of their kindest manifestations of interest in the success of my commandership, and their personal efforts to make it successful, and to make my duties easy and agreeable. [*Applause.*] But, gentlemen, our time is short, and I will not detain you. I now have the pleasure of introducing one whom the citizens of New Bedford delight to honor, a chip of the old block, who bears an honored name, — Charles W. Clifford, Esq.

Mr. Clifford on rising was greeted with applause and cheers. He said: —

Mr. Commander, and Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, — I hardly know what reply to make to your kind introduction. I had thought that I had escaped ever representing New Bedford in any official capacity. [*Laughter.*] But it seems that I have been drafted to fill the place which should have been filled by another. [*Mayor Wilson.*] That puts me in a very bad plight, because when I was told that I was expected to say a few words here I prepared my spreech on another topic, and now that you ask me to respond for New Bedford, I am all afloat. [*Laughter.*] Although somewhat confused as you see I am [*A voice*, "*Yes*," *and laughter*], still I will try and say a few words, for when New Bedford calls upon me for any duty, I am there. [*Applause.*] I am confused at my surroundings. [*A voice*, "*We will stand by you.*"] This hall is very familiar to me. I have seen it when it was rocked with turbulent and excited as well as serious and deliberative assemblies. I have seen it when it was filled as with the sanctity of a church, when fire and flood abroad had called our citizens to charitable deeds. And I have seen it when these tables were laden with enormous uncooked pumpkins and squashes [*laughter*], the wonderful product that skill and perseverance wring from our rocky sea-girt shores. [*Laughter.*] But I never saw a dinner here before. [*Laughter.*] Now, gentlemen, I know that you will not be surprised when I tell you that I was dismayed when I was told that I was to address the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company after dinner. [*Laughter and applause.*] But there is to me a kind of sweet vengeance in all this. I have you now where you must listen to me for a moment. I am going to wreak a little revenge, and I will tell you why. The Company, unintentionally and without its knowledge, once did me a great wrong. I will tell you how it came about. One of your New Bedford members retained me to try an important case which he had in the United States District Court. We spent some time in preparation, and finally the case was set down for trial and we went down to Boston to try it. All went well, we went on with our witnesses, and we got to the noon recess. I was to argue the case in the afternoon, when this member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company came to me and said, in the flattest way, "Mr. Clifford, I am very desirous of hearing your argument. I know it will be eloquent, learned, and all that I could wish. But the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company dine to-day, and I would rather lose your argument, yes, lose this case, than miss that dinner." [*Great laughter and applause.*] Well, now, gentlemen, you can see what position I was placed in. I went on, I argued the case, I argued it as well as I could, but I lost it. [*Laughter.*] Then, of course, feeling rather blue, the next time I met my client, Capt. Lewis, — oh! I won't use any names on second thought [*laughter*], — instead of finding fault with me, he told me what a splendid time he had at that dinner. [*Laughter.*] And so, having seen and participated in an Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company dinner, I can understand his action, and I entirely agree with him. [*Applause.*] But, Mr. Commander, you called upon me to respond for New Bedford, and for this ancient and honorable city I greet this widely respected corps accordingly. [*Applause.*] I am sure that I may call our city ancient, if not from its own life, at least from the length of the lives of its citizens. Whether it is atmospheric or not I do not know, but we don't grow old here very quickly. In fact, it takes us a good while to mature. We go on, say, and mature about sixty or seventy, and then we hold our own on to one hundred. [*Laughter.*] Now, in proof of that, I buried my grandfather a year ago, at the age of ninety-seven, active to the last. I served as co-trustee with one of the brightest men New Bedford has ever had, up to his death at ninety-seven. Active with me, two of the directors in my bank to-day, daily at every meeting, are nearly ninety. Our leading scientist is very near to that. The president — and but one illustration more — the president of our largest industrial enterprise here, the Wamsutta Mills, every day at his office controlling and directing its management, will be ninety-six next month [*Loud applause*] Don't you think, gentlemen, I may fairly call this, if not an ancient city, at least a city of the ancients [*laughter*], and not less truly honorable. [*Cheers.*] Founded by the Quakers, more beautifully, more truthfully called the "Friends," it grew to manhood under the influence of their rich philosophy, the flower of its time. It welcomed to its hospitality and charity the fugitives from the South, from slavery, so that it used to be said that the Southern negro (before the war) knew the names of only two Northern cities, — Philadelphia and New Bedford. Notwithstanding its marvellous commercial prosperity, it never forgot the home duties of benevolence and charity. [*Applause.*] Over yonder, in that building across the street, — not in that building of course, the library which now occupies that building, — was founded the first free public library in the world. [*Applause.*] And it established a system of public schools. When the commissioners were seeking over this Common-

wealth, the pride of education, for a representative at the Centennial Exposition, New Bedford had that place. [*Applause.*] With marvellous energy, sending its ships into every sea, it made the names of Point Barrow in the Arctic, North Bluff in Hudson Bay, Honolulu in the Sandwich Islands, Mauritius in the Indian Ocean, household names to every one in New Bedford. Then, when it was forced to largely surrender that industry to which it had been dedicated, instead of letting the grass grow in our streets and becoming simply a residence suburb of Boston, to which you gentlemen might flee for the rest you cannot find there, it turned that same old energy into new channels of manufacture and industry, and to-day New Bedford stands the third city in spindles in the Commonwealth. [*Applause.*] The houses of the world are ornamented with the product of our workshops; and no American gallery is complete that does not contain a Bierstadt, a Bradford, or a Gifford. [*Applause.*] It furnishes the drills which are used in machinery to all the world; and to-day, its cotton goods, its boots and shoes, its guano, its glass, its silver plate, hold first-class rank in the markets of the world. [*Applause.*] And to maintain and move all these, its banks to-day hold nearly $20,000,000 of capital and surplus, which, I believe, cannot be stated of any other city in the world of 30,000 inhabitants. [*Applause.*] But I forget that I am speaking to soldiers, and not to business men. [*Laughter.*] New Bedford's record in the war needs no comment from me. Why, almost the very first, if not the first, to send her men to the front; from this very hall, that company which did escort duty for you to-day, if not the same men, marched forth to the war [*cheers and applause*], and that under the mayoralty of one of those "Friends," whose patriotism recognized the necessity which his faith regretted. May we not then say, Mr. Commander and gentlemen, that this ancient and honorable city may greet, as it does to-day, this Ancient and Honorable Corps with outstretched arms and uplifted head? [*Applause and cheers.*]

Commander Whittemore. — Gentlemen, our past commanders are with us to-day. The discipline of our corps has helped to make them useful and honored citizens. I shall now call upon one whom you always are glad to hear, my chief of staff, Major Charles W. Stevens.

Past Commander Stevens was enthusiastically received. He said: —

Mr. Commander, and Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. — In the year 1761 Rev. Samuel West, preacher of our anniversary sermon in 1794, was pastor of the first church and society at that part of the old township of Dartmouth known as Acushnet, now the city of New Bedford. Dr. West was a man of superior ability and education, rather eccentric, and withal a wit. His wife, whose name was Experience, was very tall, and the doctor used to remark to his friends that he had "learned by long experience [*laughter*] what it was to have a good wife." Had he lived in our day and generation and been a diner out at public banquets, he would not have needed a "long experience" to convince him that short after-dinner speeches are the most happily received, brevity being the soul of wit. One Sunday the doctor, who was also somewhat absent-minded, found when he got into the pulpit that he had left his sermon at home. After prayer, and reading of the Scriptures, he gave out a long-metre hymn with seventeen verses, and deliberately walked out of the church to his house, a quarter of a mile away, procured the missing document and returned in time to deliver the sermon. [*Laughter.*] Considering the charming music with which our friend Reeves has entertained us to-day, I question, Mr. Commander, if it might not be wise for some of us speakers to imitate the doctor's example, take a little walk, and let the band play. [*Laughter.*] But now a few words more about Dr. West, our preacher, for he was certainly a man of note in his time. In 1765, the country then being in a state of great excitement owing to the difficulties with the mother country, the doctor, as do many divines in our day, turned his attention to politics and became one of the shining lights of the Whig party, and was a member of the convention for framing the constitution of Massachusetts and the United States. He deciphered the famous letter of his old classmate at Harvard, Dr. Church, surgeon general of the army, who was suspected of a treacherous correspondence with the enemy, which proved to be the case, as he was afterward arrested and imprisoned. Dr. West was an honorary member of the Academy of Sciences at Philadelphia and Boston. He published two ordination sermons, one artillery election sermon, one delivered at the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims in 1777, and others. He died at Tiverton, R. I., in 1807, and is buried in this city in the church-yard connected with his old meeting-house, one of the oldest burial-grounds in the State.

An after-dinner speech, Mr. Commander, in this "salty" city would hardly be complete without some allusion to that daring and adventurous industry, which in the early days of New England was here so energetically and successfully developed, — the whale fishery. The first ship built in your town was launched in 1767, and her first voyage was made to London with a cargo of whale oil. Her name was the "Dartmouth," and she was one of the vessels that carried the tea into Boston Harbor which was thrown overboard. From that period to the present time, volumes have been written descriptive of this exciting and hazardous occupation. That its participants were not altogether deprived of the comforts of life is shown by some verses written by Dr. John Osborn, a graduate of Harvard College, about the year 1750; there are something like twenty stanzas, and they are called "A Whaling Song." I will read you the first two verses, which will certainly show that the learned doctor was not a prohibitionist, and not much of a poet: —

"When spring returns with western gales,
And gentle breezes sweep
The ruffling seas, we spread our sails,
To plough the watery deep.

"For killing northern whales prepared,
Our nimble boats on board,
With craft and rum (our chief regard)
And good provisions stored." [*Laughter.*]

So it would seem that our old New England beverage had comforted the Arctic explorer while seeking "more light," long before the days of Franklin, Kane, or Greely. I think, Mr. Commander, that these old whalers must have nursed their love of the profession with their mother's milk. You remember the anecdote of the New Bedford boy who, while his grandmother, busily engaged in knitting his stocking, was telling him a sailor story, fastened a fork to a bight of the old lady's yarn, and, watching his opportunity, harpooned the cat as she lay quietly snoozing on the hearth; as smarting with pain, Tabby sprang through the case-

ment, the youthful whaler, clapping his hands with glee, shouted, "Pay out, granny, pay out, there she goes through the winder." [*Laughter and applause.*]

But, gentlemen, while I would speak more at length of the antecedents and improvements of this beautiful and prosperous city, I am reminded that I must not further trespass upon your time or keep you in waiting for the eloquence to follow. But, sir, I must not forget in your presence and that of my comrades with whom I have stood shoulder to shoulder, that we, here to-day upon our peaceful mission, represent in our persons the oldest military organization in America. [*Applause.*] Almost coexistent with the birth of our country, we have grown in numbers as we have in years. The streets of nearly every city in New England have in times past re-echoed with the tramp of your footsteps and the beating of your drums, till finding her limits too confining for your martial spirit, upon your last fall field day you crossed its boundaries and invaded that great metropolis of the North, our sister city of New York. [*Loud applause.*]

COMMANDER WHITTEMORE. — Our chaplain has graced us to-day. His line is to speak words of truth and soberness; hear him, the Rev. Alonzo H. Quint. [*Applause.*]

The Rev. Alonzo H. Quint was very warmly received, he said: —

Mr. Commander, Comrades, and Citizens and Soldiers of New Bedford, — I will take away from you one apprehension to begin with. I am chaplain for this year of this ancient corps, and I esteem it one of the honors of my life. Fortunately, we received during this year the Old Guard of New York. Fortunately, in this year we come down to this city of New Bedford; and fortunately, I trust, I shall have the honor of being the chaplain when we go to Washington. [*Laughter and applause.*] But there is one point of breakage. One time a minister came to Abraham Lincoln, in the war time, and was introduced to him. The President, used to that kind of visit, sat back and said, "Well, I'm ready to hear you." "Why," said the minister, — "why, Mr. President, I did n't come to talk. I only came to shake hands and say, 'God bless you.'" "Oh," said the President, as he got up, "shake hands then, I thought you were going to preach me a sermon." [*Laughter.*] Now, I am not going to preach you a sermon, if I am chaplain of this occasion and of the corps. It is n't a very good time. [*Applause.*] Not exactly. [*Laughter.*] When I preach to you I want to get you where you have got to keep still and can't answer back, and I can have the entire charge. That is what I want. Now, in coming back to New Bedford to-day, there is one little thing left out. There was to have preceded me, to have come between Major Stevens, the chief of staff, and myself, a New Bedford man. He is not here. Now, I should like to know what position I am in? Do I represent New Bedford, or do I represent the Ancients? [*Cries of "The Ancients!" "New Bedford!" and applause.*] All right, I will do both, and I will tell you how I can do both. After the war time, I lived here, and preached the gospel eleven years [*applause*], and I have come back with you to-day to my old city. Here is the first lieutenant of the City Guards; he told me to-day that he got his first aspiration for military life hearing me talk in my study. See what I've done. [*Laughter.*] There is another thing; there is the distinguished gentleman who first spoke after the Commander. When he left college, and was here at home — and I thought he was a pretty bright boy — I said to him, "Charles, there 's only one thing against your succeeding in life, and that is the fact that you 've got a father." [*Laughter.*] I tell you, it was hard work for that young man — or for any young man — to grow up in a community where he had to rival in public opinion and in great and enduring ability such a man as he whom I had the honor to own for a friend, John H. Clifford, of New Bedford. [*Loud applause.*] I think I did good in New Bedford at that time, for I have no doubt I frightened him so as to make him work till you can see to-day that he is a chip of the old block. [*Laughter.*] There is another thing that was done at New Bedford. I was chaplain here for four years of the Third Massachusetts Volunteer Militia after the war [*applause*], and in that regiment — we used to go into camp regularly — was this New Bedford City Guard, Company E [*applause*], one of the very best companies that ever existed in Massachusetts. [*Cries of "Good," and applause.*] Give them a cheer. [*Cheers*] I preached, of course, to them more or less, and you see the result again over there. [*Laughter and applause.*] I am going to speak about New Bedford a little, coming back here. If you were to come up the harbor and see this beautiful city almost enshrouded in its trees; and if you were to go to Clark's Point and see the view there, or were to take one of the beautiful drives round about upon the shore, you would think it was one of the most beautiful cities in the United States; and if you were to live here a good many years, as I did, you would say there were in this very city some of the finest people that ever lived. [*Laughter.*] It seems to me that there is another thing that you lacked when you went down towards Clark's Point. What your souls wanted, comrades, was a regular New Bedford clam-bake, and you would not have ever hungered any more. Oh! among other things, these officers here, in talking, alluded to the matter of our fisheries. Well, I liked to have got into a strait, preaching down here at one time. I was talking away about the duty of watchfulness, being on your guard. I won't say anything to any of you to-day about that, perhaps it is not necessary [*laughter*], but I will give the illustration under which it was. I said, I was on the Sound on a steamer a few weeks before. I went out in the morning, and went forward. There was a mist there, and there was a man there, the mate, not the man that cooks the "mate," but the mate. [*Laughter.*] He suddenly shouted, "Why don't you mind the helm, there?" and there was a schooner drifting down, which had broken loose. I said, while I was watching for it to strike the steamer, he cried out; but it struck the steamer. I thought, well, it struck the steamer, and there were those old shipmasters down there looking on. [*Laughter.*] Well, I said, I can tell you, — some of you will understand it, — it struck the steamer obliquely on the right flank. [*Laughter.*] When I came down from the pulpit afterwards, good old Captain Daniel Wood, one of the noblest men that ever lived [*applause*], said to me, "Mr. Quint, I know what you meant by that 'obliquely on the right flank.' It is your military idea It struck the steamer on the starboard quarter." I told him that at some time I would explain that in New Bedford, and I never have to this day. [*Laughter.*] Now, I want to tell you about this, any of you who heard me then and have not forgotten it. It is on the starboard quarter. Now a word or two more. This matter of the Quakers, — real honest people, they had an awful hard job in the war time; it was terribly tough on them. It is narrated of one of the good old Quakers here, — I tell the story as it was told me, — that at the time when, in the sad affair, the Sanitary Commission wanted some money, they went to one good old Quaker, a wealthy man, and they told him what they wanted. His wife was in the room. It was a committee. "Now," he said, "you know we cannot do it. It helps the war, and you know that anything that helps this war, we cannot do.

I know that it is in the cause of abolition, but it helps the war, and we cannot do it. Why! thee knows we cannot fight, and don't believe in fighting. Why! thee knows that the war is wrong, and thee should not put us in a position to refuse a request. But thee also knows that we can't even go to law, and that if when thee passes down to the entry, thee were to find a bag there with gold in it, and were to carry it off, we could not prosecute thee." His wife went out about that time, and when they went out, remarkable to say, they found a bag on the table, and they carried it off. When they opened it, there was some gold in it, and they never were prosecuted, — never. However, they got over that afterwards. I remember one other story, and I will close with it, and that is this. Down in Augusta, Maine, there was a man who became rich, and his daughter married the minister. Sometimes ministers marry rich girls [*laughter*], they always marry good ones. Anybody that knew my wife in New Bedford will say that. [*Great applause.*] The minister wanted the father to build a house for them on a little piece of land he gave them, and he wanted to raise chickens and things, the minister did. He had an old hen that sat on some eggs, and sat, and sat, and no chickens. He went to his father-in-law to state the trouble, and told him about it, and said, "What shall I do?" "Well," said the father-in-law, "how long has the old hen been sitting?" "Oh! about five weeks." "Well," said he, "if I were you, I would let her sit a week longer; her time ain't worth much." [*Applause and laughter.*]

Well, now, Mr. Commander, and gentlemen of the Ancients, I will say how much it has gladdened my heart to-day to have the people shake hands, and to see how they have welcomed the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, to see the streamers and the flags out, the open houses and the open hearts. We have had a magnificent time, but as our time is worth a little more than the old hen's, for more speeches, I will close. [*Great applause as Dr Quint resumed his seat.*]

COMMANDER WHITTEMORE. — Gentlemen, I have another past commander to offer, one who has served you faithfully, and who takes a great interest in the Ancients. Parenthetically, I might say that he is on the Washington committee, — Capt. A. A. Folsom.

Capt. Folsom was received with applause. He said: —

Mr. Commander, and Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, — When I say that I am unprepared to make a speech, you will readily believe it before I get through. I feel as though I was in a tight place. There is a great deal of champagne round here. [*Laughter.*] Then, again, I am somewhat exhausted from the arduous march that I took around New Bedford, in imagination [*applause*], and on the whole, I am quite used up. But while I am on my feet, I want to impress upon you the importance and the glory of our contemplated trip to Washington on the 22d of February. [*Applause.*] I want the utmost enthusiasm to pervade this company. I want to see this company go there, not only in honor of the Father of our Country at the completion of that monument, but also as a special honor to one of the oldest members of this company, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop. [*Loud applause.*] I don't want you to all consider it as a pleasure trip, but rather one of pleasure and duty combined. You want to impress it upon your consciences and your souls as a duty. You want to make sacrifices to go. If any of you want to economize so as to be able to get a brand-new overcoat and go to Washington, and pay your assessment, retrench in your personal expenses. Some of you have expenses which you might diminish for a few months, which would redound to your moral and to your social improvement. Physical improvement always goes with the moral. If you are moral, you will certainly improve in your physical condition; and when you get back, you will be a great deal better able to take up the dissipations you dropped off. Now, gentlemen, I wish that I had the tongue and the brains to impress upon you the importance of this contemplated trip; when I say contemplated, I mean it is a sure trip. We're going. [*Applause.*] It is just as sure that we are going, as that we celebrate the first Monday in June as our anniversary. Now, gentlemen, when you get home to Boston to-night, and to your various places throughout the Commonwealth, take this thing to your heart. Brood upon it, and ponder upon it. If any of you have wives that are unwilling that you should go away from home, you might invite them to go with you. I don't know of a more delightful thing in this world than a visit to Washington. I know that the ladies like to go there, and I know for myself that I annually take a trip to Washington, and I enjoy it more than any other trip that I know of. Now, gentlemen, just think of this. Work up this trip. Talk with one another, and go on it. Let every member of the company be a rallying committee, and let us go to Washington with two hundred men in brand-new overcoats. [*Applause.*]

COMMANDER WHITTEMORE. — Gentlemen, Captain Cundy wants to say something. I have tried to dodge him, but I can't. Therefore, if you will please to listen kindly, I will now call on Captain William H. Cundy. [*Uproarious applause.*]

Captain Cundy was very warmly received. He said: —

Mr. Commander, and Comrades of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, — I have only one objection to the manner in which your Commander introduced me, and that was wherein he said I wanted to say something. I do not. However, it is the first duty of a soldier always to obey the orders of his superior officer, and if called upon in any capacity, I feel it my duty to respond. I had a thought about Washington, but my friend and predecessor in office, Capt. Folsom, has taken the wind out of my sails there. I only want to reiterate what he has said to you, that of taking the matter of the Washington trip home with you to-night and keeping it from now until you get the circulars from the committee. I hope at that time you will be able to answer yea or nay, and yea in the majority, whether you will go or not. The twenty-second day of February so nearly approaches the fourth day of March, and the uncertainty of who shall be the next President of the United States will, perhaps, deter a great many from going there on the 4th of March, or at least they cannot make up their minds quite up to that time. So if there are any such here that are in doubt to-day as to whether they will go on the 4th of March, let them cast the doubt aside, and make up their minds to go on the 22d of February. [*Applause.*] It has been said about New Bedford to-day, and it has been, I believe, in the minds of committees heretofore, to try and make a trip to this beautiful city on its fall field parade. I am glad, gentlemen, for one that you made a one-day parade this fall. I am also glad that your committee selected this beautiful city of New Bedford for that one-day parade. [*Applause.*] And I am quite satisfied that you will go home to-night better pleased than if you had taken a thirty-hours' ride to and from a city across the line and come back tired, that you have seen a beautiful city within thirty or

forty miles of your own homes. [*Applause.*] I said to some gentlemen of the Ancients, when the fall parade was talked of, there are many places in the United States yet to be seen by this company. There is one State to be sure that we have never visited but once. I believe there are two States. Last year, we crossed the line and went to New York. A few years ago — ten or twelve or more — we crossed the line again and went to Maine. Well, gentlemen, from the evidences before me to-day, from the manner in which your tables have been served, from the enthusiasm which appears upon your faces, and from the reputation that the city far down in Maine has, I don't believe that you want to go there again. [*A voice, "No."*] Now, then, I believe there is no city in Massachusetts, no city within New England, perhaps, that you can't go to and enjoy a fall field parade of one day, and bear this in mind. But I tell you there are many places that we ought to go to in New England and the United States, before we go across the borders. Before you attempt to go there, let me commission you, gentlemen, to get some commander who can put you through a competitive drill, so that when you have gone there, you shall be able to compete with the Victoria Rifles. [*Applause.*]

COMMANDER WHITTEMORE. — Gentlemen, we have a great many more speakers, but they seem to be missing. Therefore, we shall now end our entertainment, and you are requested to fall in promptly. Form line under Adjutant Frost.

CAPT. JOSHUA M. CUSHING — Mr. Commander, before we separate I wish to give three cheers for the old New Bedford City Guard.

The cheers were given with a will, and were followed by three more for Captain Topham and the present New Bedford City Guard.

Captain W. B. Topham, who was warmly received, said: —

Mr. Commander, Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, — The only text that I can offer for your consideration to-day is that taken from the Holy Scripture, "By their works ye shall know them." [*Applause.*] We have been very much honored by the presence in New Bedford to-day of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston. It has been my great pleasure, as the commander of your escort, to tender you the hospitality of New Bedford. Not any words of mine can add to the interest of this occasion. But, Mr. Commander, I am very happy to say that the New Bedford City Guards, Company E, First Regiment, have been very proud to offer you their escort to-day. It may be in future days that we shall have the pleasure of tendering you that escort again. Any time that you have the honor to visit New Bedford, we shall have the pleasure of tendering you our escort, and hope that you will again come to this beautiful city of the United States.

Alderman John P. Taylor then rose and said: —

In behalf of the Mayor and Aldermen of the city of New Bedford, I wish, sir, to tender you my sincere thanks for your very kind and liberal treatment of the city government of our city of New Bedford. We are very much pleased, sir, to have this company come and visit us. I am not a speech-maker, I don't pretend to be one, but, sir, my heart is with this company, and with any one that will come and visit our city. We hope that they may enjoy themselves so well during their short visit here that they may come again and visit us for another period.

The corps then marched from the hall, midst cheers and music, formed line, and proceeded directly to the depot, and at 6.30 the special train left New Bedford amid the cheers of assembled friends. Owing to various causes, a lack of steam for some distance being one of the principal ones, the train, which was timed to make the run to Boston within an hour and a half, did not reach that city until 8.40 P. M. Upon its arrival, the line of march was at once taken up, the route being via South, Summer, Washington, and State Streets and Merchants' Row to the armory, which was reached about 9 o'clock. Here, before the Ancients were dismissed, Commander Whittemore called them to attention, and said: "Gentlemen, I wish to thank you for the promptness with which you have obeyed all orders, and to say that I think to-day's parade has been as great a success as any we have had. Arms port. Break ranks, march." And the two hundred and forty-seventh fall field day was over.

ROLL OF OFFICERS AND MEMBERS

PARTICIPATING IN THE FALL FIELD DAY, OCT. 6, 1884, AS PREPARED BY THE ADJUTANT.

Capt. AUGUSTUS WHITTEMORE, *Commander.*
Lieut. GEORGE H. GIBSON . . . . *Second Lieutenant.*
Lieut. JAMES P. FROST . . . . *Adjutant.*

STAFF.

Major CHARLES W. STEVENS, *Chief of Staff.*
Lieut. THOMAS RESTIEAUX, JR., *Surgeon.*
Sergt. VINCENT LAFORME, *Paymaster.*
Rev. ALONZO H. QUINT, *Chaplain.*
Lieut. GEORGE H. ALLEN, *Assistant Paymaster.*
Sergt. GEORGE P. MAY, *Quartermaster.*
Capt. PETER E. DOLLIVER, *Commissary.*
Sergt. JOHN H. PEAK, *Quartermaster Sergeant.*
Sergt. FRED J. HUTCHINSON, *Commissary Sergeant.*
Sergt. A. S. DINSMORE, *Hospital Steward.*

HONORARY STAFF.

Capt. ALBERT A. FOLSOM.
Major GEORGE S. MERRILL.
Capt. GEORGE E. HALL.
Sergt. EDWARD E. WELLS.
Capt. WILLIAM LEWIS.
Lieut. WILLIAM H. JONES.
Capt. WILLIAM H. CUNDY.
Col. E. J. TRULL.
Lieut LOREN S. DOW.
Lieut. WILLIAM D. HOLBROOK.
D. A. SNELL.
Capt. GEO. W. HOMANS (Old Guard, N Y.).

DETAILED MEN.

Sergt. WILLIAM C. PFAFF, *Band Guide.*
Capt. GEORGE O. NOYES, } *Markers.*
Major GEORGE H. MAYNARD, }
Sergt. ISAAC D. DANA, } *Flankers to the Commander.*
Capt. SAMUEL H. BABCOCK, }

FIRST COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Col. A. C. WELLINGTON, *Sergeant.*

Major Henry G. Jordan, *R. Guide.*
George D. Russell.
Lieut. William P. Jones.
Boardman J. Parker.
Lieut. William J. Smith.
Lieut. Frank M. Howe.
Sergt. Charles H. Betteley.
Sergt. Albert H. Betteley.
Capt. William H. Gwynne.
Capt. A. E. Proctor, *L. Guide.*

SECOND COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. CHARLES W. KNAPP, *Sergeant.*

Capt. Aaron A. Hall, *R. Guide.*
Lieut. J. Payson Bradley.
Sergt. William M. Maynard.
Thomas H. Harding.
J. Owen Littlefield
Sergt. Frederick D. Gallupe.
Henry J. Byrne.
L. C. Durkee.
Lieut. Ferdinand M. Trifet.
Major John McDonough, *L. Guide.*

THIRD COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. HENRY F. WADE, *Sergeant.*

Capt. Nicholas N. Noyes, *R. Guide.*
Lieut. William F. Hall.
Lieut. John T. Moriarty.
A. J. Hathaway.
Isaac Riley.
Sergt. Emmons R. Ellis.
Edgar M. Platt.
J. B. Smith.
Lieut. William H. Marsh.
Jacob Bensemoil, *L. Guide.*

FOURTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. DAVID W. LEWIS, *Sergeant.*

Capt. Warren S. Davis, *R. Guide.*
Lieut. John C. Dalton.
Lieut. Arthur Fuller.
Andrew J. Simpson.
P. J. Vaughan.
Sergt. Aaron K. Loring.
James H. Kelley.
Charles W. Parker (of Gloucester).
William A. Cromwell.
Capt. Edwin R. Frost, *L. Guide.*

FIFTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Sergt. GEORGE B. SPAULDING, *Sergeant.*

John H. Proctor, *R. Guide.*
Sergt. George H. Philbrook.
W. S. Sampson.
R. S. Byam.
C. N. Wallace.
W. Messenger.
Henry N. Cass.
Sergt. J. M. Call.

Sergt. Frederick H. Adams, *L. Guide.*

SIXTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Lieut. Col. HENRY A. STEVENS, *Sergeant.*

Edward Coggins, *R. Guide.*
J. Chauncy Crafts.
Sergt. George B. Martis.
Lieut. Col. J. H. Ammon.
M. C. Clark.
Lieut. Frank W. Dallinger.
W. B. Atkinson.
Gen. Samuel H. Leonard.

SEVENTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Sergt. J. H. BAGULEY, *Sergeant.*

William A. Hardy.
Arthur E. Leach.
Sergt. Daniel A. Potter.
Lieut. Edwin Adams.
Lyman Boynton.
Lieut. Thomas L. Churchill.

Capt. Charles Jarvis.

Sergt. William F. Bacon, } *Color Bearers.*
Sergt. Horatio B. Emerson, }

FIRST COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Sergt. THOMAS SAVAGE, *Sergeant.*

J. B. Hathaway, *R. Guide.*
D. W. Russell.
J. Alba Davis.
William H. Pattee.
F. W. Flitner.
Charles B. Codding.
Charles F. Smith.
Sergt. George W. Mills.
Sergt. Charles A. Faxon.
Jacob Fottler, *L. Guide.*

SECOND COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Sergt. SIDNEY M. HEDGES, *Sergeant.*

H. H. Litchfield, *R. Guide.*
Albert Webster.
Walter Russell.
Charles H. Dunham.
Sergt. Abijah Thompson.
Thomas Emerson.
James W. Vose.
John Galvin.
D. H. Lane.
A. Shuman.
Sergt. William Tyner, *L. Guide.*

THIRD COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Sergt. FRANK H. MUDGE, *Sergeant.*

William C. Babcock, *R. Guide.*
Frank M. Howe.
E. Frank Lewis.
O. G. Pearson.
J. H. Harlow.
W. H. Mitchell.
A. B. Babcock.
E. H. Grover.
L. L. Willcutt.
C. H. Glover, *L. Guide.*

FOURTH COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Sergt. EDWIN E. SNOW, *Sergeant.*

William W. Sias, *R. Guide.*
A. F. Cooke.
Moses J. Grodjinski.
Alexander Ceppi.
Asahel Wheeler.
W. L. Dolbeare.
Sergt. William T. Van Nostrand.
James F. Mullen.
Henry Stumcke.
Sergt. Winslow B. Lucas, *L. Guide.*

FIFTH COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Sergt. CHARLES T. HOUGH, *Sergeant.*

A. E. Lockhart, *R. Guide.*
J. Frank Miles.
H. K. Osborn.
A. L. DeRibas.
S. L. Byam.
George H. Leonard.
John D. Dwyer.
Charles Mann.
Robert J. Bath.
C. D. Weston, *L. Guide.*

The Committee on Fall Field Day were: —

COL. E. J. TRULL,
SERGT. AMASA W. BAILEY,
CAPT. JOHN MACK,
LIEUT. LOREN S. DOW,
CAPT. GEO. E. HALL,

The Commissioned Officers, Treasurer, Clerk, and Quartermaster.

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY.

WASHINGTON EXCURSION.

FEBRUARY, 19–24, 1885.

The Congress of the United States having received a notification from Hon. W. W. Corcoran, chairman of the Joint Commission for the Completion of the Washington National Monument, that the shaft was approaching completion, passed the following joint resolution, which was reported as to the Senate by Hon. Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont: —

JOINT RESOLUTION OF CONGRESS.

APPROVED MAY 13, 1884.

"WHEREAS the shaft of the Washington Monument is approaching completion, and it is proper that it should be dedicated with appropriate ceremonies, calculated to perpetuate the fame of the illustrious man who was 'first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen': therefore,

"*Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled*, That a commission to consist of five senators appointed by the President of the Senate, eight representatives appointed by the Speaker of the House of Representatives, three members of the Washington Monument Society, and the United States engineer in charge of the work, be, and the same is hereby, created, with full powers to make arrangements for, —

"*First.* The dedication of the monument to the name and memory of George Washington, by the President of the United States, with appropriate ceremonies.

"*Second.* A procession from the monument to the Capitol, escorted by regular and volunteer corps, the Washington Monument Society, representatives of cities, States, and organizations which have contributed blocks of stone, and such bodies of citizens as may desire to appear.

"*Third.* An oration in the hall of the House of Representatives on the twenty-second day of February, *anno domini* eighteen hundred and eighty-five, by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who delivered the oration at the laying of the corner-stone of the monument in eighteen hundred and forty-eight, with music by the Marine Band.

"*Fourth.* Salutes of one hundred guns from the navy yard, the artillery headquarters, and such men-of-war as can be anchored in the Potomac."

The Commission, as appointed by the presiding officers of the Senate and of the House, was: Senator John Sherman, of Ohio; Senator Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont; Senator William B. Allison, of Iowa; Senator Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware; and Senator Lucius Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi; Representative William Dorsheimer, of New

York; Representative John Randolph Tucker, of Virginia; Representative John H. Reagan, of Texas; Representative Patrick A. Collins, of Massachusetts; Representative Nathaniel B. Eldredge, of Michigan; Representative Henry H. Bingham, of Pennsylvania; Representative Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois; and Representative James Laird, of Nebraska. With these members of Congress were associated, under the joint resolution: Hon. W. W. Corcoran, J. C. Welling, LL. D., and J. M. Toner, M. D., members of the Washington National Monument Society; and Lieut.-Col. Thomas Lincoln Casey, U. S. Army, the engineer in charge.

NOTE. — On being informed of the passage of the foregoing resolution, Mr. Winthrop wrote to Senator Sherman, of Ohio, chairman of the Monument Commission, and to Senator Morrill, of Vermont, one of its leading members, to express, not merely his deep sense of the honor conferred upon him, but also his great doubt whether he ought not respectfully to decline it. He had regarded his centennial oration, at Yorktown, in 1881, as the closing effort of the series of historical addresses which he had been privileged to pronounce at different periods, and he hesitated to risk impairing the success of the present celebration by subjecting it to the contingencies of failing health and strength to which a man far advanced in his seventy-sixth year would necessarily be liable. Senators Sherman and Morrill, however, both replied that the interest of the occasion would be greatly enhanced if the orator whose name was associated with the dedication of the monument should officiate at its completion, and strongly urged Mr. Winthrop to accept the appointment, which he eventually did, though not without misgivings, which have been unhappily justified.

Two months only before the appointed time, and after he had substantially prepared what he proposed to say, Mr. Winthrop fell dangerously ill of pneumonia, his recovery from which was too slow to admit of the delivery of his oration in person. Under these circumstances, and at the joint request of the Monument Commission and of Mr. Winthrop, it was most kindly and effectively read for him by the Hon. John Davis Long, late governor of Massachusetts, and now a member of the United States House of Representatives.

R. C. W., JR.

BOSTON, Feb. 28, 1885.

NOTE. — Lieut.-Col. and Hon. Robert C. Winthrop became a member of this company in 1830, and has continued his membership uninterruptedly since that time. The Hon. John D. Long is an honorary member of the company, having been so elected, June 7, 1880. — *Committee Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.*

Early in the month of September, 1884, the long-talked-of excursion of the company to attend the ceremony of the completion of the Washington Monument took form by the appointment of Major George S. Merrill, Capt. William H. Cundy, Capt. A. A. Folsom, Lieut. William H. Jones, Sergt. S. M. Hedges, the commissioned officers, treasurer, and clerk as a committee to consider the feasibility of the trip. The committee attended to the duty and reported favorably,

and were duly authorized to proceed, provided a sufficient number of the members would agree to be present.

The company appointed as a Rallying Committee, Col. Henry Walker, Arthur E. Leach, Sergt. Edwin E. Snow, Major John McDonough, Sergt. E. E. Wells, Sergt. D. A. Potter, Capt. Edwin R. Frost, Sergt. William F. Bacon, Sergt. Jacob Benesinoil, and Col. E. J. Trull, and they entered actively upon the work, and with such gratifying results that the following notice was issued to the company: —

ARMORY ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY,
BOSTON, Jan. 20, 1885.

Members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company are hereby notified that business and drill meetings of the company will be held at the armory, Faneuil Hall, on Monday evenings, Feb. 2, 9, and 16, at 7.30 o'clock, and drill meetings on Wednesday evenings, Feb. 4, 11, and 18, at eight o'clock, at which the Commander earnestly desires the presence of every member who intends to join in the excursion to Washington.

The clerk will be in attendance at the armory on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Feb. 2, 3, 4, and 5, from 5 to 8 P. M., and members who have signified their intention of joining in the Washington excursion are requested to call for their tickets. The clerk will also be present on Monday and Wednesday meeting and drill evenings, from 5 to 8 P. M., for the purpose of supplying tickets to subscribers. Tickets will not be sold on the railroad cars.

As the committee are required, by their agreement with the hotel, to notify at least ten days before the arrival of the company of the number to be provided for, it is important that every member intending to join in the excursion should give notice to the clerk before the 8th of February. This is also important, that proper accommodation in the way of state-rooms may be secured.

The attention of members who are not provided with *military overcoats*, a garment indispensable to the Washington excursion, is called to the overcoat adopted by the company, and which will be cut to measure by John Phillips & Co., 27 and 29 Court Street, at *sixteen dollars* each, if measures are left at once.

AUGUSTUS WHITTEMORE,
Captain.

GEORGE H. ALLEN, *Lieut. and Clerk.*

ARMORY ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY
OF MASSACHUSETTS,
BOSTON, Feb. 2, 1885.

Members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company intending to join in the celebration incident to the completion of the Washington Monument, are hereby notified to assemble at the armory, on Thursday, the 19th inst., at 4 P. M., in uniform with *overcoats*. The line will be formed promptly at 4.30 P. M., and the cars will be taken at the Old Colony station at 6 P. M., and members will be provided with transportation, state-room berths, meals, and hotel accommodations during the trip (no wines or cigars).

It is incumbent on every one participating in this excursion to be jealous of

the honor of the company, and to see that no behavior unbecoming a soldier and a gentleman is countenanced or allowed by him.

The company, by its recorded vote, have determined that *all members joining in this excursion shall appear in uniform.*

The honorary and non-commissioned staff will report to Major Charles W. Stevens, chief of staff, in the library-room.

The following details have been made: —

Officer of the day, Thursday, Feb. 19, Lieut. Edward B. Blasland.

Officer of the day, Friday, Feb. 20, Lieut. George H. Gibson.

The company will return to Boston, leaving Washington on Monday morning, the 23d inst.

Tickets. The tickets for the excursion will be prepared in book form.

Each member will receive state-room tickets bearing the number of the state-room (room-mates holding duplicate numbers), and also the number of the ticket issued by the clerk. The even number on the ticket indicating its issue will be alone entitled to draw the key to the state-room going, and the odd number ticket will alone be entitled to draw the state-room key returning. The *key tickets* will be marked in red ink.

If members will carefully read the above and the tickets as prepared, and be ready to use them promptly when called for in the proper order, they will save themselves much inconvenience.

Clothing. Members of the company are expected to appear at all times during the excursion in military uniform, *and none will be allowed to appear in line except in full dress or with military overcoats.* As at this season of the year it may be stormy, each member should provide himself with an extra pair of boots, pants, white gloves, and such extra under-clothing as may be necessary for a change.

Members of the company should provide themselves with military fatigue caps.

Every member of the company should be prepared to appear in *full uniform*, if required, during the stay in Washington.

Baggage. Members are requested to have all articles of baggage packed as compactly as possible, and take as little with them as is compatible with comfort and safety.

No person will be allowed more than one package of baggage.

Baggage will be received at the baggage-room, Faneuil Hall (up one flight), on Thursday, Feb. 19, at 12 M., and not after 4.30 P. M., and checks given therefor.

All baggage will be checked through to Washington, and none will be delivered except on arrival at the hotel in Washington.

No transportation of baggage, other than herein indicated, will be provided.

No provision will be made for transportation of overcoats.

Baggage returning must be sent down from the rooms to the rotunda of the hotel before 8 A. M., on Monday, the 23d inst., and properly checked to insure safe return of the same.

Arms. As each member is personally responsible for the arms and equipments in his charge, attention should be paid to the number on the same, and he should see that they are retained in his possession, and returned to the armory on the close of the excursion. Every member should provide himself with a small piece of chamois-skin, which he should have with him at all times, for the purpose of keeping his arms and equipments in good order.

Hotel extras. Each member ordering extras must settle before leaving the hotel, as the company make no provision for payment of such bills.

General orders will be posted on the company bulletin in the main saloon of the steamer and in the rotunda of the hotel

AUGUSTUS WHITTEMORE,
Captain.

GEORGE H. ALLEN, *Lieut. and Clerk.*

In accordance with the arrangements thus outlined, the following order was posted in the armory: —

ARMORY ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF MASSACHUSETTS,
FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, Feb. 16, 1885.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 1.

Members participating in the Washington trip will report at the armory, Thursday, Feb. 19, 1885, at 4 P. M. Line formation, 4.30 P. M. Leave armory, 5 P. M. Boat train departs, 6 P. M.

Uniform. Full dress or fatigue, but in either case overcoats will be worn, unless specially posted to the contrary in General Orders. The full-dress hat (whether helmet, shako, or chapeau) will always be worn when on parade. Fatigue caps should hang from the left button of the back strap of the overcoat. White gloves and none other will be worn on parades and receptions.

Equipment. Sergeants will provide themselves with light infantry swords. Infantry sergeants will wear lace belts; artillery sergeants, black belts.

Commissioned officers, honorary staff, and sergeants commanding companies will wear belts under the overcoat; all others, outside of overcoat.

Sabres for artillery will be ready for delivery on Wednesday, Feb. 13, by the quartermaster.

General orders will be posted from time to time in the armory, in the main saloon of the steamer "Providence," *en route*, and in the rotunda of Willard's Hotel, Washington. As they will provide for all tours of duty during the trip, they should be consulted at frequent intervals by every member of the company.

By order of
CAPT. WHITTEMORE.

J. P. FROST, *First Lieut. and Adjutant.*

But the weather rendered impracticable the carrying out of the arrangements to travel to New York via the Fall River line, and materially increased the work of the Committee on Arrangements. Fears were entertained that owing to the thickness of the ice, the Sound steamer would reach New York at too late an hour in the morning to permit of the special train for Washington being taken, or that it would not be able to get through Hell Gate at all. As, therefore, it seemed very questionable whether or not the necessary connections could be made to enable the Ancients to reach their destination sufficiently early on Friday afternoon, the arrangements for the trip

were, at a late hour, considerably altered. A special train, to leave Boston via Boston and Albany Railroad at an early hour in the evening, and to arrive in New York about four o'clock in the morning, was engaged, and breakfast for the travellers was ordered to be provided at the dining-rooms of the Pennsylvania Railroad at the Philadelphia depot.

Under the altered arrangements, the Ancients were ordered to assemble at Faneuil Hall at 6 P. M., supper to be provided there. But long before the hour named, they began to put in an appearance. The staff reported to Major Charles W. Stevens, chief of staff, in the library-room. At 7 P. M. the infantry formed in the upper hall and the artillery in the lower hall. The infantry were marched into the lower hall, where the artillery were awaiting them, and Commander Whittemore, ascending the platform, addressed the company as follows: —

Gentlemen of the Ancients, — We are going on a memorable trip, and we expect to have a good time. My idea of a good time is that every man behaves himself well, keeps good order, and is quiet, particularly to-night, when so many will be obliged to sit up. We hope there will be no disorder and no noise, but that each gentleman will feel that he must respect some other gentleman's feelings, so that he can get a little sleep if necessary. The sergeants of the company are ordered to keep their men in the ranks and not to allow straggling. I don't suppose that these remarks are necessary for the Ancients, but we have a good many new members, who don't understand these things, and have not got into good discipline. [*Laughter and applause.*]

Adjutant Frost then said: —

Sergeants of Infantry and Artillery, — During your absence, line will be formed on all occasions as follows: the adjutant will post markers and principal guides, and left guides of companies will align themselves on them. Companies will come upon the line *successively*, each sergeant giving the commands, *Fours left, March; Company, Halt; Right dress; Front.* Sergeants of infantry will immediately follow these commands with, *Support arms;* and sergeants of artillery with, *Sabres at ease.* The adjutant, seeing the last company of artillery on line, with sabres at ease, will give the command, *Guides post;* at which order markers and guides will pass to the rear, and sergeants, who have remained on the right of their companies, will take position one yard in front of the centre of their companies, facing to the front. Please bear in mind that the left guide of each company precedes his company on to the line, and faces to the right (towards the markers); infantry sergeants inverting their muskets, and artillery sergeants executing *Present sabre.* Please recollect also that officers in executing *Order arms*, drop the point of the espontoon or halberd, on the same principle as executed in the manual of the sword.

Lieutenant Allen said: In order that there may be no confusion, you will understand that the coupons in your books for breakfast on the boat, to-morrow, will be used for breakfast at the Philadelphia depot about 9.30 o'clock.

The company, headed by the Salem Cadet Band, Jean Missud, leader, then left Faneuil Hall, and was drawn up in line in South Market Street. After formation the line of march was at once taken for the Boston and Albany Depot, the following being the route: South Market, Commercial, State, Washington, Beach, and Lincoln Streets.

As the company passed over the route, the streets were brilliantly illuminated by colored fires, provided by Mr. William P. Tyler, and great enthusiasm was manifested by the citizens generally.

The special train consisted of six cars, a sleeper, and a baggage car. The front car, upon the arrival of the Ancients at the depot at 8.15 P. M., was already occupied by the Lawrence Light Guard of Medford, Company E, Fifth Regiment, M. V. M., Captain Joseph E. Clark, arrangements having been made by which that company, the only other Massachusetts company intending to take part in the exercises attendant upon the dedication of the monument, should travel with the Ancients to and from Washington. One car was taken possession of by the Salem Cadet Band, and the drum and fife corps accompanying the Lawrence company, and the other four were filled with members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

Accompanying the Ancients were the following ladies: Mrs. John McDonough, Mrs. F. E. Merriman, Mrs. Daniel A. Potter, Mrs. Isaac A. Sylvester and Miss Sylvester, and Mrs. F. F. Olney. Precisely at 8.30 P. M. the train left the depot, amid cheers from the friends of the company, who were assembled upon the platform. The first stop made was at Worcester, which was reached at 9.56 P. M. By this time, members of the company who had been fortunate enough to secure, early in the day, berths in the sleeping-car, began to take up their quarters for the night. As, however, there was only one sleeping-car attached to the train, and as that was largely occupied by the ladies accompanying the Ancients, the members of the company who were able to look forward for a good night's rest were few in number. A short stop was made at Palmer, and at 11.50 the train rolled into Springfield, where a few minutes were allowed for refreshments. The opportunity thus afforded was taken advantage of by many of the Ancients, who bore in mind that the first meal provided for in the arrangements for the trip was breakfast at Philadelphia, and that they would not reach that city until about 9.30 A. M. the following morning. Others had, however, already begun to seize every available moment for sleep, knowing that their opportunities in this direction would be extremely limited, and a glance into the different cars showed a number of Ancients, rolled in overcoats, entirely oblivious of what was taking place around them.

FRIDAY, FEB. 20.

Other stops made before reaching New York City were at Hartford at 12.45, at New Haven, where a brief time was allowed for refreshments, and at Bridgeport. The Grand Central Depot, New York City, was reached at 4.40 A. M., and immediately afterwards the company began its march to the elevated railroad. Day had but just begun to dawn, the thermometer was close to zero, if not below that point, and there was a very keen and searching wind. Down Forty-second Street to the Forty-second Street depot of the Sixth Avenue elevated railroad, was a march of but a very few minutes, and there cars were taken for the Courtlandt Street station. Arrived at that point, the line of march was resumed to the Courtlandt Street ferry, where boat for Jersey City was taken, the baggage being sent by way of Desbrosses Street ferry. It was then broad daylight. For nearly half of its width, the North River was covered with a mass of broken ice, so thick that the boat with difficulty made headway. The middle of the river was free from this obstruction, and on the Jersey City side the ice was not nearly as thick as it was on the New York side. The company was landed at the Pennsylvania depot, Jersey City, and marched into the general waiting-room, where, at 6.01 A. M., ranks were broken. As the result of a telegraphic order, the proprietors of the depot dining-room were prepared for the hungry travellers, the only thing lacking being a sufficient number of waiters. A grand assault was made upon coffee and sandwiches, and the Ancients then felt fully refreshed for the long ride that was still before them. At this point they were re-enforced by several members of the company who had left Boston the preceding afternoon, and had enjoyed a good night's rest in New York City.

For the journey from Jersey City to Washington a special train over the Pensylvania Railroad had been engaged. The "special" was originally made up of six cars and a baggage car, but it was found necessary to attach an extra car, and this caused some delay, the result being that the train did not leave until 7.05 A. M. As on the journey from Boston to New York, the car nearest the engine was occupied by the Lawrence Light Guard of Medford, and the next car by the Salem Cadet Band and the drum and fife corps accompanying the Lawrence company, while the remaining cars were filled with members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. Between Jersey City and Philadelphia only one authorized stop was made, at Trenton, but it was not until 10.11 A. M. that the "special" reached Philadelphia. The delay was owing to some defect in the engine, on account of which several stops between stations which were not included in the programme were made. Much of the time spent in travelling from Jersey City to the Quaker City was occupied

by some of the Ancients in availing themselves of the limited opportunities for clearing away the traces of their journey from Boston to New York.

No time was lost, upon arrival at Philadelphia, in leaving the train and finding the way to the depot dining-rooms, where breakfast was provided. The tables, loaded with cold meats, escalloped oysters, fruit, coffee, etc., formed a welcome sight to the hungry Ancients, and in a very brief space of time every one was busily engaged in doing full justice to the good things of life that were provided. After breakfast, the time remaining before the departure of the "special" was utilized by many in getting rid of the dust which had accumulated in the several hours of travel.

It wanted but five minutes of eleven o'clock when the train pulled out of the depot, and the journey was resumed. A very rapid run to Washington was made, and it seemed especially rapid to those Ancients who, refreshed and in a better condition to enjoy themselves than they had been before breakfast, compared the speed then made with that made on the run from Jersey City to Philadelphia. Only two stops were made, at Wilmington and at Baltimore. Shortly after leaving Philadelphia, an event occurred which for the time being cast gloom upon the pleasure-seekers, and which necessitated the services of the company surgeon, Lieut. John Sullivan, being called into requisition. Capt. William P. Blaney was suddenly attacked with sickness, attributed to the effects of an old heart trouble, and said to have been mainly brought on by loss of sleep on the previous night and by the excitement naturally attendant upon the trip. A bed was improvised upon two seats of the car, and there the sufferer lay for some time in an unconscious condition, carefully watched and attended by Dr. Sullivan and Assistant-Surgeon Restieaux. But by the time that the train rolled into Baltimore, Capt. Blaney had, to all appearances, fully recovered from his sudden attack of sickness. As the train rolled rapidly towards the South, the changes in the appearance of the country, the frequent evidences of a large colored population, the essentially Southern character of the depots, and many other things which indicated that the Eastern States had been left behind, proved of great interest to the Ancients and formed fruitful topics of conversation that made the hours seem to pass rapidly by. Washington was reached at 3.15 P. M., about two hours later than the schedule time. The company immediately left the train, formed upon the platform, and began the march to Willard's Hotel, its headquarters while in "the city of magnificent distances."

As the Ancients left the depot they received a very unfavorable impression of the climate of the District of Columbia. The wind was bitterly cold and remarkably keen, and, notwithstanding the heavy overcoats that the members of the company wore, was felt much more during the march down Pennsylvania Avenue, than would

have been one of Boston's famous east winds. The Salem Cadet Band struck up a lively air as the Massachusetts visitors marched into the avenue, but was soon compelled to cease playing, several of the instruments having become so frozen as to be temporarily of no use at all. That the company was not received with military honors and escorted to the hotel was not due to any lack of courtesy upon the part of the District of Columbia military organizations. Offers of escort had been made by the principal veteran and active companies of Washington, but all these offers had been alike declined, the company desiring to be entirely independent during its stay in the city. As the Ancients marched, company front, down Pennsylvania Avenue, they were greeted with applause and cheers from the people who had gathered to see the famous military company of Massachusetts, the only regret seeming to be that, owing to the severity of the weather necessitating the wearing of overcoats, the variegated uniforms of the visitors, representing all branches of the service and all ranks, could not be seen.

At 3.40 P. M. the company was marched into the rotunda of Willard's Hotel, and was at once dismissed. In the centre of the rotunda was a small cannon, ornamented with flags, indicative of the branch of the service to which the visiting corp belonged. There were also other decorations of a military character. Assistant-Paymaster Allen, assisted by the clerk of the hotel, furnished the members with cards bearing the numbers of their respective rooms. In most cases, two Ancients were assigned to occupy one room. A few minutes later the baggage arrived, and the rotunda presented a scene of confusion, during the claiming of the baggage and its transfer to the different rooms, which was soon accomplished under the efficient management of the quartermaster. The next thing thought of was the clearing away of the traces of the journey, and by the time that had been done, dinner was ready. The bulletin board was hung in front of the desk of the clerk of the hotel, and there, soon after the arrival of the company, the follow order was posted : —

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY
OF MASSACHUSETTS,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 20, 1885.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 2.

Assembly (for reception by President Arthur) at 8.30 P. M.

Full-dress uniform, with capes or overcoats.

Infantry with waist belts and bayonet in scabbard.

Artillery with sabres.

Commissioned officers, personal and honorary staff, and sergeants of companies, with swords; no espontoons or halberds.

By order of

CAPT. WHITTEMORE.

J. P. FROST, *First Lieut. and Adjutant.*

After dinner, the Ancients separated, many seeking a little rest to compensate them in part for the loss of Thursday night's sleep, while others, who had fared more fortunately on the cars, spent an hour or so in sight-seeing. Several Ancients called upon Hon. John D. Long and General Collins, and were very cordially received by them. Hon. Ambrose A. Ranney dropped into the hotel early in the evening, and was introduced to many members. The Salem Cadet Band gave a short concert in the rotunda, greatly to the delight of the large number of persons who had assembled there. Following was the programme: —

March, "Major Merrill"	Missud.
Jig, Medley	Braham.
Galop, "Railroad"	Collins.
Cornet Solo, by W. E. McQuinn	Binns.

The assembly was sounded at the hour named in the general orders. The company formed in the rotunda, and, shortly before 9.30, headed by the Salem Cadet Band, left for the White House, where it had been tendered a reception by President Arthur. This reception was intended to be reciprocatory of courtesies extended by the members of the Company during the Webster centenary celebration at Marshfield, Oct. 12, 1882. On that occasion the company performed escort duty for the President, who had been made an honorary member of the corps. On arrival at the entrance to the White House, the broad doors were thrown open and the company in column of twos, preceded by the band, passed into the great East Room, which was brilliantly illuminated. Passing completely around the room, the company was massed in column along the south side in files of eight deep, with the band, field, and staff on the right. Previous to entering the executive mansion overcoats and capes had been removed and were carried on the left arm. Every member of the company appeared in full-dress uniform, and the variegated uniforms of the infantry, standing out in bold relief against the dark blue and scarlet of the artillery, presented a spectacle such as was never before seen in the White House, according to the testimony of some of the oldest attachés. When all was in readiness, the band was consolidated in the adjacent corridor, and soon after President Arthur, accompanied by United States Marshal McMichael and Major Ben: Perley Poore, entered, the trumpeters sounding "The President's March." Upon a command given by Adjutant Frost, the corps saluted, and the courtesy was acknowledged by a graceful salute from the President. The commissioned officers, who had been stationed at the front and centre of the corps, were then presented to the President by Major Poore, a past commander of the company, and the President said a few pleasant words of welcome to them. He would probably see them during the coming summer when he went fishing. He was very glad to see them, and wished them a

pleasant time. The other members of the company then marched in file by the chief executive, and each was in turn greeted by him and welcomed to Washington. When Gen. N. P. Banks reached the President, the latter stopped him and they held quite a conversation. During the reception the band played "The President's March," and Jean Missud, the leader, was personally congratulated by the President upon its performance. The Ancients then visited the conservatories, the Blue Room, and other rooms of the executive mansion which are open to the public upon such occasions, the band, which was stationed in the corridor in which hang the portraits of the Presidents, meanwhile playing the "Patrol of Gnomes," "Eilenberg," the "Spanish Fantasia," "Habenera," and other popular selections. Line was then formed, and the company marched from the White House, and was received with military honors by the Governor's Foot Guard of Hartford, Conn., which was drawn up in line on the avenue leading to the mansion, and which afterwards was also received by President Arthur. Willard's was reached at 10.30, and the Ancients were dismissed for the night. Supper was provided until midnight. Fatigued by the journey from Boston, and with the prospect of a long march on the day of dedication, every member of the corps, anxious for a good night's rest, sought his couch as early as possible, and, as might have been expected, his sleep was sound and peaceful.

The following order was posted subsequent to the return of the company from the White House: —

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF MASSACHUSETTS,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 20, 1885.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 3.

Routine of duty for Saturday, Feb. 21, 1885.

Assembly, 8.30 A. M.; line formation, 8.45 A. M.

Uniform, fatigue or full dress, with overcoats. Other details as provided in General Orders, No. 1.

By order of
CAPT. WHITTEMORE.

J. P. FROST, *First Lieut. and Adjutant.*

SATURDAY, FEB. 21.

The Ancients, notwithstanding the fatigue of the journey from Boston, were early astir, many of them taking their places at the breakfast-tables soon after 7 A. M. Line was formed at 9.15 A. M., and, at 9.37, the company left the hotel and marched past the G Street entrance to the Riggs House, where a marching salute was paid to Gov. Robinson, who was accompanied by Adj.-Gen. Dalton, Surgeon, Gen. Holt, and Col. Rockwell, of his staff, thence proceeding by the way of Pennsylvania Avenue and Thirteenth Street, southwest, to

the Agricultural Grounds. During this march, the Salem Cadet Band was caused considerable inconvenience by the freezing of the instruments, on account of which the band was unable to play for a great part of the time. A short time later the first division commenced its march to the monument grounds. The carriages forming part of the second division entered the monument grounds by the Fourteenth Street entrance. The Masonic division assembled on Ninth Street. The third division assembled on Seventeenth Street.

The military and civic organizations, arriving from different points, deployed into the monument grounds and took up positions in front of and flanking the pavilion, directly in front of which was Gen. Sheridan, the chief marshal, seated on a restive black horse and in full uniform of a lieutenant-general. Directly in the rear of the general were his staff, all mounted, and forming quite an imposing squadron. On the left of Gen. Sheridan and his staff was stationed the Philadelphia City Troop, his personal escort. The Marine Corps was stationed in the rear of the City Troop, and in the rear of the Marines, beautifully aligned, was the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. Other military organizations occupied positions assigned to them on either flank.

Programmes were published under the direction of the Commission, giving the order of proceedings at the monument and at the Capitol. Gen. P. H. Sheridan published a series of orders, giving the appointment of marshals and of aids, directing the formation of the several divisions, stating the route over which the procession would march, and making special assignments of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, as honorary escort to the President of the United States; the George Washington Post, No. 103, Grand Army of the Republic, of New York, as honorary escort to the President-elect of the United States; and the First Troop of Pennsylvania Cavalry, as escort to the marshal of the day.

The details of the organization of the procession were carried out by the chief of staff of the grand marshal of the day, Bvt. Brig.-Gen. Albert Ordway, U. S. Volunteers.

THE DEDICATORY EXERCISES.

The weather on Saturday, Feb. 21, was clear and cold, the ground around the base of the monument was covered with encrusted snow, and the keen wind, while it displayed the flags on every hand, made it rather uncomfortable for those who arrived before the appointed time. The regular troops and the citizen soldiery were massed in close column around the base of the monument, the Freemasons occupied their allotted position, and in the pavilion which had been erected were the invited guests: the executive, legislative, and judicial officers; officers of the army, the navy, the marine corps, and the volun-

teers: the diplomatic corps, eminent divines, jurists, scientists, and journalists; venerable citizens, representing former generations; the Washington National Monument Society, and a few ladies who had braved the arctic weather.

The Marine Band, stationed in front of the pavilion, enlivened the scene by the performance of admirable music.

Senator Sherman, precisely at 11 o'clock A. M., advanced to the front of the pavilion and commenced the dedicatory exercises with the following prefatory remarks: —

ADDRESS BY HON. JOHN SHERMAN.

The commission authorized by the two houses of Congress to provide suitable ceremonies for the dedication of the Washington Monument direct me to preside and to announce the order of ceremonies deemed proper on this occasion.

I need not say anything to impress upon you the dignity of the event you have met to celebrate. The monument speaks for itself, — simple in form, admirable in proportions, composed of enduring marble and granite, resting upon foundations broad and deep, it rises into the skies higher than any work of human art. It is the most imposing, costly, and appropriate monument ever erected in the honor of one man.

It had its origin in the profound conviction of the people, irrespective of party, creed, or race, not only of this country, but of all civilized countries, that the name and fame of Washington should be perpetuated by the most imposing testimonial of a nation's gratitude to its hero, statesman, and father. This universal sentiment took form in a movement of private citizens associated under the name of the Washington National Monument Association, who, on the thirty-first day of January, 1848, secured from Congress an act authorizing them to erect the proposed monument on this ground, selected as the most appropriate site by the President of the United States. Its corner-stone was laid on the fourth day of July, 1848, by the Masonic fraternity, with imposing ceremonies, in the presence of the chief officers of the government and a multitude of citizens. It was partially erected by the National Monument Association with means furnished by the voluntary contributions of the people of the United States.

On the fifth day of July, 1876, one hundred years after the Declaration of American Independence, Congress, in the name of the people of the United States, formally assumed and directed the completion of the monument. Since then the foundation has been strengthened, the shaft has been steadily advanced, and the now completed structure stands before you.

It is a fit memorial of the greatest character in human history. It looks down upon scenes most loved by him on earth, the most conspicuous object in a landscape full of objects deeply interesting to the American people. All eyes turn to it, and all hearts feel the inspiration of its beauty, symmetry, and grandeur. Strong as it is, it will not endure so long as the memory of him in whose honor it was built; but while it stands, it will be the evidence to many succeeding generations of the love and reverence of this generation for the name and fame of George Washington, — "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." More, even, than this, — the prototype of purity, manhood, and patriotism for all lands and for all time.

Without further preface, I proceed to discharge the duty assigned me.

After music by the Marine Band, prayer was offered by the Rev. Henderson Suter, Rector of Christ Church, Alexandria, Virginia, where Washington worshipped.

PRAYER BY REV. HENDERSON SUTER.

Almighty God, ruler of nations and of men, by whose providence our fathers were led to this goodly land, and by whom they were guided and sustained in their efforts to secure their liberties, accept this day the grateful homage of us, the inheritors of their well-earned rights.

Them and their leaders Thou didst choose. With courage and patriotism Thou didst inspire all; but we, to-day, while unmindful of none, are specially called to acknowledge as Thy gift, — George Washington.

In honor of him, Thy servant, the nation of Thy planting and of his thoughts and prayers has built this monument, and we to-day, in that nation's behalf, speak to his God and ours in prayer and thanks.

As we stand beneath the lofty height of this memorial work, and mark the symmetry of its form, we would remember Washington's high character and all the virtues which in him builded up the man.

A leader fearing God, a patriot unstained by self, a statesman wishing only the right, he has left us an example for whose following we supplicate Thy help for ourselves and for all who are now, and shall hereafter be, the instruments of Thy providence to this land and nation.

In so far as he followed the inspirations of wisdom and of virtue may we follow him, and may his character be to the latest generation a model for the soldier, for the civilian, and for the man; that in our armies may be trust in God, in our civilians' integrity, and among our people that home life which extorteth praise; and so all those blessings which he coveted for his people and his kind be the heritage of us and of our children forever.

O God, the high and mighty ruler of the universe, bless to-day and henceforth Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority.

To our Congress ever give wisdom. Direct and prosper all their consultations.

May our judges be able men, such as fear God, men of truth, governed in judgment only by the laws.

May our juries be incorruptible, ever mindful of the solemnity of the oath, and of the great interests depending on its keeping.

May no magistrate or officer, having rights to maintain or order to secure, ever "wrest the judgment of the poor," or favor the rich man in his cause.

O God, throughout our land let amity continually reign. Bind ever the one part to the other part. Heal every wound opened by human frailty or by human wrong. Let the feeling of brotherhood have the mastery over all selfish ends, that with one mind and one heart, the North and the South, and the East and the West, may seek the good of the common country, and work out that destiny which has been allotted us among the nations of the earth.

Merciful Father, from whom "all good thoughts and good desires come," let the principles of religion and virtue find firm root and grow among our people. May they heed the words of their own Washington, and never "indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion," or forget that "to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports." Deepen in them reverence for Thy character. Impress a sense of Thy power. Create a

desire for Thy favor, and let it be realized that man's highest honor is to be a servant of God, and that to fear Him and keep His commandments is our whole duty.

O God, in all our relations with the nations of the earth, let honor and justice rule us. May their wisdom be our guide and our good their choice. Emulative only in the high purpose of bettering the condition of man, may they and we dwell together in unity and concord.

Bless all efforts to widen the sphere of knowledge, that true wisdom may be garnered by our people, and Nature yield her secrets for man's good and Thy glory.

In all our seminaries of learning, — our schools and colleges, — may men arise who shall be able to hand down to the generations following all that time has given.

And look upon our land. Give us the rain and the fruitful season. Let no blight fall upon the tree, no disease upon the cattle, no pestilence upon man.

To honor Thee, O God, we this day yield our homage and offer our praise.

Our fathers "cried unto Thee and were delivered."

"They trusted in Thee and were not confounded"; and we, their children, gathered by this monument to-day, the silent reminder of Thy gifts, ask Thy blessing, O Ruler of nations and of men, in the name of Him through whom Thou hast taught us to pray; and may no private or public sins cause Thee to hide Thy face from us; but from them turn Thou us, and in our repentance, forgive.

To our prayers we add our thanks — our thanks for mercies many and manifold.

Thou didst not set Thy love upon us and choose us because we were more in number than any people, but because Thou wouldst raise us up to be an asylum for the oppressed and for a light to those in darkness living.

For this great honor, O God, we thank Thee.

Not for our righteousness hast Thou upheld us hitherto, and saved from those evils which wreck the nations, but because Thou hadst a favor unto us.

For this great mercy, O God, we thank Thee.

Not solely through man's wisdom have the great principles of human liberty been embodied for our government, and every man become the peer of his fellow-man before the law; but because Thou hast ordered it.

For this great mercy, O God, we thank Thee.

And now, our Father, let this assembly, the representatives of the thousands whom Thou hast blessed, go hence to-day, their duty done, joyful and glad of heart for all the goodness that the Lord hath done for this great nation.

And for the generations to come, yet unborn, may this monument, which we dedicate to-day to the memory of George Washington, stand as a witness for those virtues and that patriotism which, lived, shall secure for them liberty and union forever. *Amen.*

James C. Welling, LL. D., president of Columbian University, then read the following address, which had been prepared by Hon. W. W. Corcoran, first vice-president of the Washington National Monument Society: —

ADDRESS BY HON. W. W. CORCORAN.

It has been said that the fame of those who spend their lives in the service of their country is better preserved by the "unwritten memorials of the heart than by any material monument." The saying is pre-eminently true of the man whom the people of these United States must forever hold in grateful veneration as the one entitled above all others to the honored name of Pater Patriæ. Yet the instincts of the heart do not follow the impulses of our higher nature when, in honor of the mighty dead, they call for the commemorative column or the stately monument, not, indeed, to preserve the name and fame of an illustrious hero and patriot, but to signalize the gratitude of the generations for whom he labored.

And so on the 19th of December, 1799, the day after the mortal remains of George Washington had been committed to the tomb at Mount Vernon, John Marshall, of Virginia, destined soon afterwards to fill with highest distinction the office of Chief Justice of the United States, rose in the House of Representatives and moved, in words penned by Henry Lee, of Virginia, that a committee of both houses of Congress should be appointed "to report measures suitable to the occasion and expressive of the profound sorrow with which Congress is penetrated on the loss of a citizen first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

It is through a long series of years, and through the ebbs and flows of much divergent opinion as to the monumental forms in which the national homage should most suitably express itself, that the American people have watched and waited for the grand consummation which we are this day met to celebrate. It is because the stream of the national gratitude was so full and overflowing that again and again it has seemed to sweep away the artificial banks prepared to receive it; but that, in all the windings and eddies of the stream, there has been a steady current of national feeling which has set in one given direction the following historical memoranda will sufficiently demonstrate.

In pursuance of the resolution adopted by the House of Representatives on the motion of John Marshall, both houses of Congress passed the following resolution on the 24th of December, 1799: —

"*Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,* That a marble monument be erected by the United States, in the capital at the city of Washington, and that the family of Gen. Washington be requested to permit his body to be deposited under it; and that the monument be so designed as to commemorate the great events of his military and political life."

A copy of this proceeding having been transmitted to Mrs. Washington, she assented in the following touching terms, to so much of the resolution as called for her concurrence: —

"Taught by the great example which I have so long had before me, never to oppose my private wishes to the public will, I need not, I cannot say what a sacrifice of individual feeling I make to a sense of public duty."

The select committee (Henry Lee, of Virginia, being chairman), which was appointed to carry into effect the foregoing resolution, made report on the 8th of May, 1800, directing that a marble monument be erected by the United States, at the capital, in honor of Gen. Washington, to commemorate his services, and to express the feeling of the American people for their irreparable loss; and

further directing that a resolution of the Continental Congress adopted Aug. 7, 1783, which had ordered, "That an equestrian statue of Gen. Washington be erected at the place where the residence of Congress shall be established," should be carried into immediate execution.

This latter resolution had directed that the statue of Washington be supported by a "marble pedestal on which should be represented four principal events of the war in which he commanded in person," and which should also bear the following inscription: —

"The United States, in Congress assembled, ordered this statue to be erected in the year of our Lord 1783, in honor of George Washington, the illustrious Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States of America, during the war which vindicated and secured their liberty, sovereignty, and independence."

Upon consideration of this resolution, that part relative to the erection of an equestrian statue was so amended as to provide that a "mausoleum of American granite and marble, in pyramidal form, one hundred feet square at the base, and of a proportional height," should be erected instead of it An appropriation in pursuance of this end was not then made, but at a later day, on the 1st of January, 1801, a bill was passed by the House of Representatives appropriating two hundred thousand dollars in furtherance of this object.

In this measure the Senate failed to concur, for reasons easily found in the political excitements of that day, while absorbing public questions which ensued thereafter, and which finally issued in the war of 1812, sufficiently explain why the subject was dropped in Congress for many years.

In the month of February, 1816, the General Assembly of Virginia instructed the governor of that State to open correspondence with Judge Bushrod Washington, at that time the proprietor of Mount Vernon, with a view to procure his assent to the removal of Washington's remains to Richmond, that a proper monument might there be erected to the memory of the hero and patriot. Immediately on the receipt of this intelligence in the Congress, then in session, Hon. Benjamin Huger, of South Carolina, who had been a member of the Congress of 1799, moved for the appointment of a joint committee of both houses to take action in pursuance of the proceedings had at that time of Washington's death.

This joint committee recommended that a receptacle for the remains of Washington should be prepared in the foundation of the Capitol, and that a monument should there be erected to his memory. But the whole project fell through because, in the mean time, Judge Washington had declined to consent to the removal of Washington's remains, on the ground that they had been committed to the family vault at Mount Vernon in conformity with Washington's express wish.

"It is his own will," added Judge Washington, in replying to the governor of Virginia, "and that will is to me a law which I dare not disobey."

To a similar proposition, as renewed by the Congress of the United States in 1832, Mr. John Augustine Washington, who had then succeeded to the possession of Mount Vernon, made a similar reply, and since that date all thought of removing the remains of Washington from their hallowed resting-place to the site of the proposed National Monument has been abandoned, and properly abandoned, in view of the affecting natural considerations which had given a deep undertone of remonstrance even to Mrs. Washington's reluctant assent, as extorted from her by the ejaculations of the public grief in 1799.

It was precisely at this stage of our history, when all proceedings initiated in

Congress had been frustrated by the failure to combine opinions on some preliminary condition held to be indispensable, that the people of this city, as if despairing of the desired consummation through the concerted action of both houses of Congress, proceeded to initiate measures of their own looking in this direction.

In September, 1833, a paragraph appeared in the *National Intelligencer* of this city calling a meeting of the citizens of Washington to take the matter in hand.

In response to that call, a meeting of citizens was held at the City Hall on the 26th of September, 1833, at which were present Daniel Brent, Joseph Gales, James Kearney, Joseph Gales, Jr., Peter Force, W. W. Seaton, John McClelland, Pishy Thompson, Thomas Carberry, George Watterston, and William Cranch, afterwards Chief Justice of the Circuit Court of the district.

It was at this meeting that the Washington National Monument Society was formed, Chief Justice John Marshall, then seventy-eight years of age, having been elected its first president, and Judge Cranch the first vice-president.

George Watterson, who deserves to be signalized as the originator of the movement, was the first secretary, and he served in that capacity from 1833 till his death in 1854, when he was succeeded by John Carroll Brent, who, in turn, was succeeded by Dr. John B. Blake, the successor of the latter being the Hon. Horatio King, the present secretary of the society.

Upon the death of Chief Justice Marshall, in 1835, he was succeeded in the presidency of the society by ex-President James Madison.

The plan adopted by the society was to secure the assistance and unite the voluntary efforts of the people of the country in erecting a national monument to Washington.

At first, as if to give emphasis to the popular aims of the society, all contributions were limited to the annual sum of one dollar from any person, the contributors becoming, by that act, members of the society. The collections on this plan had amounted, in 1836, to the sum of twenty-eight thousand dollars, which was carefully placed at interest, the fund standing in the names of Nathan Towson, Thomas Munroe, and Archibald Henderson as trustees.

In this year advertisements were published, inviting designs for the monument from American artists, but placing no limitation upon the form of the designs. It was recommended, however, that they should "harmoniously blend durability simplicity, and grandeur."

The cost of the projected monument was estimated at not less than one million dollars.

A great many designs were submitted, but the one selected was that of Mr. Robert Mills, comprising in its main features a vast stylobate surmounted by a tetrastyle pantheon, circular in form, and with an obelisk six hundred feet high rising from the centre.

In 1846 the restriction upon the subscriptions was removed, and in 1847 the fund amounted to eighty-seven thousand dollars.

Regularly authorized and bonded collecting agents were appointed in all parts of the country, and appeals were made to the generosity of the public.

Mrs. James Madison, Mrs. John Quincy Adams, and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, at the request of the Monument Society, effected an organization to assist in collecting funds through the women of the country.

In November, 1847, the Monument Society adopted a resolution, that the corner stone be laid on the 22d of February, 1848, provided a suitable site could be obtained.

In January, 1848, Congress passed a resolution granting a site on any of the unoccupied public grounds of the city of Washington, to be selected by the President of the United States and the Washington Monument Society. The site on Reservation 3 was accordingly selected, and title to the land was conveyed to the society. On the 29th of January it was decided to postpone the laying of the corner-stone until the 4th of July, 1848. Objections in the mean time having been made to the plan for the monument as proposed by Mr. Mills, the society, pursuant to a report from its committee, in the month of April of that year, fixed upon a height of five hundred feet for the shaft, leaving in abeyance the surrounding pantheon and base.

The corner-stone was laid in accordance with this decision of the society on the 4th of July, 1848, in the presence of the members of the executive, legislative, and judicial branches of the government, foreign ministers and officers, and a vast concourse of citizens from all sections of the Union. The ceremonies — Masonic in character — were conducted under the direction of Hon. B. B. French, Grand Master of the Masonic fraternity for the District of Columbia, and were as interesting as they were impressive, the corner-stone being rested at the northeast angle of the foundation. The gavel used in this ceremony was the one used by Gen. Washington in laying the corner-stone of the Capitol, and is now in the possession of the Potomac Lodge, No. 5, of Free and Accepted Masons of the District of Columbia.

The prayer of consecration was offered by the Rev. Mr. McJilton, and the oration of the day was pronounced by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, then Speaker of the House of Representatives. Profoundly regretting, as we all do, that this distinguished citizen cannot be with us to-day, because of recent illness, we still sincerely rejoice that he has sent to us the garland of his commanding eloquence, to be laid on the capstone of the monument, amid the shoutings of the people as they cry, "Grace, grace unto it."

Among the guests on the stand at the laying of the corner-stone were Mrs. Alexander Hamilton (then ninety-one years old), Mrs. Dolly Paine Madison, Mrs. John Quincy Adams, George Washington Parke Custis, Chief Justice Taney, Lewis Cass, Martin Van Buren, Millard Fillmore, and many others distinguished as well for their social eminence as for their public renown.

The work, when once begun, progressed steadily, until in 1854 the shaft had reached a height one hundred and fifty-two feet above the level of the foundation.

Subsequently, an addition of four feet was put upon the shaft, making its total height one hundred and fifty-six feet, the whole executed at a cost of about three hundred thousand dollars.

Under the auspices of the society, as well in its earlier as in its later history, blocks of stone for insertion in the interior walls of the monument, and bearing appropriate inscriptions, have been contributed by nearly every State and Territory, and by many foreign governments.

The treasury of the society having now been exhausted, and all efforts to obtain further sums having proved unavailing, the society presented a memorial to Congress, representing that they were unable to devise any plan likely to succeed, and, under the circumstances, asking that Congress should take such action as it deemed proper.

The memorial was referred in the House of Representatives to a select committee of thirteen, of which Mr. Henry May, of Maryland, was chairman; and

this committee, on the 22d of February, 1855, made to the House an eloquent and able report, in which, after a careful examination of the whole subject, the proceedings of the society in the past were reviewed and approved, and an appropriation of two hundred thousand dollars was recommended to be made by Congress "on behalf of the people of the United States to aid the funds" of the society; but at this time complications of a political nature arose in the management of the society, the appropriation recommended was not made, and, for the same reason, a stop was put to the active prosecution of the work on the monument for a number of years.

On the 26th of February, 1859, the Congress gave to the Washington National Monument Society a formal charter of incorporation, the incorporators being Winfield Scott, Walter Jones, John J. Abert, James Kearney, Thomas Carberry, Peter Force, William A. Bradley, Philip R. Fendall, Walter Lennox, Matthew F. Maury, Thomas Blagden, J. B. H. Smith, W. W. Seaton, Elisha Whittlesey, B. Ogle Tayloe, Thomas H. Crawford, W. W. Corcoran, and John Carroll Brent.

The first meeting of this new board was held in the City Hall, March 22, 1859, at which meeting President Buchanan presided. The society again went vigorously to work, issuing public appeals, making collections at the polls, and employing every means to secure funds for the completion of the monument. But the condition of the country during the decade from 1860 to 1870 rendered their efforts futile. It was not until the year 1873 that the society again presented a memorial to Congress, recommending the monument to its favorable consideration.

In the mean time the society continued their appeals to the country for aid, according to a plan which contemplated the raising, by subscriptions from all chartered organizations, of a certain gross sum deemed sufficient to complete the monument, the payment of the subscriptions into the hands of the treasurer of the society being contingent upon the pledging of the entire sum. A measurable success met the efforts of the society in this direction, a very considerable sum having been promised by responsible bodies, and the society desisted from these efforts only when, on the 2d of August, 1876, an act of Congress, appropriating two hundred thousand dollars to continue the construction of the monument, had become a law of the land.

This measure was introduced in the Senate by Hon. John Sherman, of Ohio, who properly presides at the high festival we hold this day at the base of the finished monument. On the 5th of July, 1876 (the date is significant), he moved the adoption of a joint resolution, declaring, after an appropriate preamble, that the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled, "in the name of the people of the United States, at the beginning of the second century of the national existence, do assume and direct the completion of the Washington Monument, in the city of Washington." A bill in pursuance of this joint resolution was passed unanimously in the Senate on the 22d of July, in the House of Representatives without opposition on the 27th of July, and was signed by President Grant on the 2d of August, 1876.

By this act, which gave a congressional expression to the national gratitude, a joint commission was created, to consist of the President of the United States, the supervising architect of the Treasury Department, the architect of the Capitol, the chief of engineers of the United States Army, and the first vice-president of the Washington National Monument Society, under whose direction and supervision the construction of the monument was placed.

According to a provision of the same act, the Washington National Monument Society transferred and conveyed to the United States in due form all the property rights and easements belonging to it in the monument, the conveyance being legally recorded in the proper court register.

By a further clause of this same act, it was provided, that nothing therein should be so construed as to prohibit said society from continuing its organization "for the purpose of soliciting and collecting money and material from the States, associations, and the people in aid of the completion of the monument, and acting in an advisory and co-operative capacity" with the commission named in the said act until the completion and dedication of the work.

Upon the death of President Madison, in 1836, the constitution of the society had been so amended as to provide that the President of the United States should be *ex officio* president of the society. Andrew Jackson was the first *ex-officio* president. The mayors of Washington, and, at a later day, the governors of the several States, were made *ex-officio* vice-presidents.

The mayors of Washington thus connected with the work were John P. Van Ness, William A. Bradley, Peter Force, W. W. Seaton, Walter Lennox, John W. Maury, John T. Towers, William B. Magruder, Richard Wallach, James G. Berret, Sayles J. Bowen, and Matthew G. Emery.

In the roll of the society's membership the following names are recorded: —

Chief Justice John Marshall, Roger C. Weightman, Commodore John Rodgers, Gen. Thomas S. Jesup, George Bomford, M. St. Clair Clarke, Samuel H. Smith, John McClelland, William Cranch, William Brent, George Watterston, Nathan Towson, Archibald Henderson, Thomas Munroe, Thomas Carberry, Peter Force, ex-President James Madison, John P. Van Ness, William Ingle, William L. Brent, Gen. Alexander Macomb, John J. Abert, Philip R. Fendall, Major-Gen. Winfield Scott, John Carter, Gen. Walter Jones, Walter Lennox, T. Hartley Crawford, M. F. Maury, U. S. Navy, B. Ogle Tayloe, Thomas Blagden, John Carroll Brent, James Kearney, Elisha Whittlesey, W. W. Seaton, J. Bayard H. Smith, W. W. Corcoran, John P. Ingle, James M. Carlisle, Dr. John B. Blake, Dr. William Jones, William L. Hodge, Dr. James C. Hall, William B. Todd, James Dunlop, Gen. U. S. Grant, George W. Riggs, Henry D. Cooke, Peter G. Washington, William J. McDonald, John M. Brodhead, Gen. William T. Sherman, Dr. Charles H. Nichols, D. A. Watterston, Alexander R. Shepherd, Fitzhugh Coyle, James G. Berret, J. C. Kennedy, William A. Richardson, Gen. O. E. Babcock, Edward Clark, Rear-Admiral L. M. Powell, Charles F. Stansbury, Frederick D. Stuart, Robert C. Winthrop, Joseph Henry, Gen. William McKee Dunn, John C. Harkness, Horatio King, Daniel B. Clarke, George W. McCrary, Dr. Joseph M. Toner, James C. Welling, George Bancroft, Rear-Admiral C. R. P. Rodgers.

In conclusion, let me say that I should be strangely wanting to my sense of the proprieties belonging to this time and place, if, standing here as the representative of the Washington National Monument Society, I should fail in this high presence and at this solemn moment to give emphatic expression to the profound gratitude which is due from the society to the legislative and executive departments of the government, who have brought to a successful completion the patriotic work which the society was not able to accomplish.

For the praise of the accomplished engineer of the army, Col. Thomas Lincoln Casey, who has here built so solidly and so skilfully, we have only to look up to the finished work of his scientific hand, as that work stands before us to-day in the strong and even poise of its well-balanced architecture.

The heraldic ensign of Washington bore for its motto the words *Exitus acta probat*, "Their issue puts actions to the proof." The actions of Washington, as put to the proof of time, have issued in a great nation made free and independent under his military leadership; in a constitutional polity, based on liberty regulated by law, as devised by the convention of statesmen over whose deliberations he presided; in the powerful Federal government whose energies he first set in motion from the high seat of its Chief Executive; in the affectionate and grateful recollection of more than fifty millions of people who to-day find in his name and fame their choicest national legacy; and, finally, in the veneration and homage of all mankind, who, to the remotest ends of the world, have learned to honor in our illustrious countryman the best as well as the greatest of the sons of men.

Surely, then, it is glory enough for the Washington National Monument Society that its pious labors, as put to the proof of time, have issued in the majestic structure which stands before us to-day, and it is glory enough for the legislative and executive departments of the government that in "assuming and directing the completion of the monument," on the foundations laid by the people, they have at once redeemed a sacred national pledge, and fulfilled a sacred national duty, by giving to this great obelisk the culmination and crown with which it towers above earth and soars heavenward, like the fame it commemorates.

THE MASONIC CEREMONIES.

The Masonic dedicatory ceremonies were then performed by the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the District of Columbia, Myron M. Parker, Most Worshipful Grand Master. He was assisted by Thomas P. Chifelle, R. W. D. G. Master; José M. Yznaga, R. W. S. Grand Warden; Jesse W. Lee, Jr., R. W. J. G. Warden; William R. Singleton, R. W. G. Secretary; C. C. Duncanson, R. W. G. Treasurer; Joseph Hamacher, W. G. Lecturer; C. B. Smith, Rev. and W. G. Chaplain; H. Dingman, W. G. Marshal; Emmett C. Elmore, W. S. G. Deacon; Thomas F. Gibbs, W. J. G. Deacon; Orville Drown, W. G. Sword Bearer; O. S. Firmin, W. G. Pursuivant; Frank N. Carver, W. S. G. Steward; Edward Kern, W. J. G. Steward; and Thomas J. Edwards, Grand Tiler.

The following ritual, which is somewhat abridged from that used by the Order on similar occasions, was then recited: —

GRAND MASTER. — R. W. Deputy Grand Master, what is the proper implement of your office?

DEPUTY GRAND MASTER. — The square, Most Worshipful.

GRAND MASTER. — What are its moral and Masonic uses?

DEPUTY GRAND MASTER. — To square our actions by the square of virtue, and prove our work when finished.

GRAND MASTER. — Have you applied the square to the obelisk, and is the work squared?

DEPUTY GRAND MASTER. — I have, and I find the corners to be square; the workmen have done their duty.

GRAND MASTER. — R. W. Senior Grand Warden, what is the proper implement of your office?

SENIOR GRAND WARDEN. — The level, Most Worshipful.

GRAND MASTER. — What is its Masonic use?

SENIOR GRAND WARDEN. — Morally, it reminds us of equality, and its use is to prove horizontals.

GRAND MASTER. — Have you applied it, and are the courses level?

SENIOR GRAND WARDEN. — I have, and I find the courses to be level; the workmen have done their duty.

GRAND MASTER. — R. W. Junior Grand Warden, what is the proper implement of your office?

JUNIOR GRAND WARDEN. — The plumb, Most Worshipful.

GRAND MASTER. — What is its Masonic use?

JUNIOR GRAND WARDEN. — Morally, it teaches rectitude of conduct, and we use it to try perpendiculars.

GRAND MASTER. — Have you applied it, and have the walls been properly erected?

JUNIOR GRAND WARDEN. — I have applied the plumb, and the walls have been skilfully erected according to rule; the workmen have done their duty.

GRAND MASTER. — The several Grand Officers having reported that this structure has been erected by the square, the level, and the plumb, the corner-stone of which having been laid July 4, 1848, by the Grand Master of Masons of the District of Columbia, I now, as the Grand Master, do pronounce this obelisk to have been mechanically completed.

[*Junior Grand Warden presented the golden vessel of corn.*]

GRAND JUNIOR WARDEN. — M. W. Grand Master, it has been the immemorial custom to scatter corn as an emblem of nourishment; I therefore present you with this golden vessel of corn.

GRAND MASTER. — I therefore now scatter the *very* corn which was similarly used on the 22d of February, 1860, at the dedication of the equestrian statue of Washington, at the Circle in this city. In the name of the Great Jehovah, to whom be honor and glory, I now invoke a continuation of the great prosperity, and all those blessings which were then invoked at the laying of the corner-stone of this structure, July 4, 1848, and which have been ever since unceasingly bestowed upon the inhabitants of this city.

[*Senior Grand Warden presented the silver vessel of wine.*]

SENIOR GRAND WARDEN. — M. W. Grand Master, wine, the emblem of refreshment, having been used mystically by our ancient brethren, I present you with this silver vessel of wine.

GRAND MASTER. — In the name of the Holy St. John, I pour out this wine to virtue; and may the Great Moral Governor of the Universe bless this whole people, and cause them to be distinguished for every virtue, as they are for their greatness.

[*Deputy Grand Master presented the silver vessel of oil.*]

DEPUTY GRAND MASTER. — M. W. Grand Master, I present to you, to be used according to ancient custom, this silver vessel of oil.

GRAND MASTER. — I pour out this oil, an emblem of joy, that joy which should animate the bosom of every Mason on the completion of this monument to our distinguished brother, George Washington.

ADDRESS BY GRAND MASTER MYRON M. PARKER.

It is eminently fitting, upon an occasion like the present, that we, as Masons, should associate with these ceremonies certain historic relics with which Gen. Washington was intimately connected, some of them over a century ago.

This gavel, prepared for the express purpose, was presented to Washington and used by him as President of the United States, and also as Grand Master *pro tempore* in laying the corner-stone of the Capitol of the nation on the eighteenth day of September, 1793. Immediately thereafter he presented it to Potomac Lodge, No. 9, in whose possession it has ever since remained. It was used in laying the corner-stone of this obelisk, July 4, 1848. Also the corner-stone of the equestrian statue of Washington at the Circle, and at its dedication, Feb. 22, 1860. It was likewise used at the laying of the corner-stone of the extension of the Capitol, July 4, 1851; also by the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Virginia at the laying of the corner-stone of the Yorktown Monument, Oct. 18, 1881, and at many other public buildings in various States.

Here behold the sacred volume, belonging to Fredericksburg Lodge, No. 4, of Virginia, upon which he took his first vows to Masonry, Nov. 4, 1752, and here the constitution of that Lodge signed by him.

Here the sacred book, belonging to St. John's Lodge, No. 1, in the city of New York, upon which, on the thirtieth day of April, 1789, he took the oath of office as the first President of the United States.

Here the great light belonging to Alexandria Washington Lodge, No. 22, of Alexandria, Va, upon which he, as the Worshipful Master of that Lodge, received the vows of the initiates made by him.

This is the apron worn by him, which was wrought by Madame La Fayette, and presented to him by that noble lady, the wife of the distinguished Gen. La Fayette, Washington's compatriot, friend, and Masonic brother.

This golden urn contains a lock of Washington's hair, which was presented to the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, in 1800, by Mrs. Washington, and has been transmitted by every Grand Master of that Grand Lodge to his successor immediately after his installation.

This lesser light is one of the three candles which was borne in Washington's funeral procession, by Alexandria Washington Lodge, No. 22, and was taken into the first tomb of Washington, at Mount Vernon, where, on Dec. 18, 1799, his mortal remains were deposited.

Having thus briefly referred to a few of the historical relics with which Bro. George Washington was associated, it is proper that as Grand Master I should advert for a few moments to his life as a Freemason, leaving all other phases to be eulogized by the distinguished gentlemen who are to conclude these ceremonies at the Capitol.

George Washington's initiation into Masonry was during his minority, and was had under authority of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, which admits minors of eighteen to its mysteries. He was made a Fellow Craft, March 3, and a Master Mason, Aug. 4, 1753. While Worshipful Master of Alexandria Lodge, he received the Royal Arch degrees, according to the custom of those days, as a compliment to the Master.

When commander-in-chief of the army, Washington occupied the chief place in the Masonic procession, on the occasion of St. John's (Evangelist) day, 1778, at Philadelphia.

It was after he had been commander-in-chief of the army that our illustrious brother received from Edmund Randolph (governor of Virginia), as Grand Master, his commission as the first Master of Alexandria Lodge, No. 22, of Virginia.

When the Grand Lodge of Virginia was organized, Washington was elected Grand Master, an honor he was compelled to decline, he not having at that time served as Master of a Lodge. In 1780 the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania unanimously nominated Gen. Washington as Grand Master of Masons of the United States, an office to which he would have been elected had not the sentiment and policy of Masonry at that time been opposed to a National Grand Lodge. From the latest writings of our distinguished brother we find evidence of his love for and devotion to the principles of Masonry. On the second day of May, 1791, he wrote the Grand Lodge of South Carolina that he "recognized with pleasure" his "relations to the brethren" whose principles "lead to purity of morals and beneficence of action." Still later, in 1793, he wrote the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, in response to its dedication to him of its "Book of Constitutions," that it is "pleasing to know that the milder virtues of the heart are highly respected by the society whose liberal principles are founded on the immutable laws of truth and justice." Again, he wrote King David's Lodge, of Rhode Island, that Masonry promotes "private virtue and public prosperity," and that he should "always be happy to advance the interests of the society, and to be considered by them a deserving brother."

In April, 1798, not three years before his death, he wrote the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts: "My attachment to the society will dispose me always to contribute my best endeavors to preserve the honor and interest of the Craft."

Nov. 8, 1799, Washington wrote the Grand Lodge of Maryland, that "the principles and doctrines of Freemasonry are founded in benevolence and to be exercised for the good of mankind."

Gen. Washington never forgot Masonry when a soldier. He encouraged and visited camp Lodges and participated in their labor, frequently officiating as Master. It was at the old Freeman's Tavern, on the green of Morristown, N. J., in 1777, that Gen. Washington himself made Gen. La Fayette a Freemason. Upon one occasion, a detachment of the American army, overcoming a British force, captured from them the working tools, jewels, and clothing of a military Lodge. Gen. Washington, upon learning this, ordered restoration, declaring that "he waged no war against philanthropy and benevolence."

I have dwelt thus somewhat at length to show that Gen. Washington was devoted to the humane principles of Freemasonry from his minority to his death, in public and private life, to show that it is especially appropriate for the Masons of this country to participate in the imposing ceremonies of to-day. This ceremony is not ecclesiastical. It is the growth of a sentiment along the ages, and as such will command the respect and admiration of mankind long after this monument shall have crumbled to the dust. Thus we find that the immortal Washington, himself a Freemason, devoted his hand, his heart, his sacred honor, to the cause of freedom of conscience, of speech, and of action, and from his successful leading has arisen this nation. To him and the memory of his deeds a grateful people have erected this memorial in the capital which he founded, and which will bear his name to remotest ages; a monument towering above other monuments as he towered above other men.

GRAND CHAPLAIN. — May the Lord, the giver of every perfect gift, bless all who are assembled, and grant to each one, in needful supply, the corn of nourishment, wine of refreshment, and oil of joy. Amen! Amen! Amen!

The Most Worshipful Grand Master and the brethren in unison responded: "So mote it be. Amen!"

Col. Thomas Lincoln Casey, of the Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army, the chief engineer and architect of the monument, then formally delivered the structure to the President of the United States in the following words: —

REMARKS OF COL. THOMAS LINCOLN CASEY, CHIEF ENGINEER.

Mr. Chairman, — The duty has been assigned me of presenting the part taken by the general government in the construction of this monument, and of delivering it to the President of the United States.

You have heard from the first vice-president of the Washington National Monument Society of the part taken by that distinguished body in the inception and partial construction of the monument, and of its appeals, both to the people of the country and to Congress, for assistance in the great work so bravely undertaken.

Whatever may have been the results of these appeals, no really effective proceedings were had in Congress, having in view the completion of the monument, until July 5, 1876. On that day, Mr. Chairman, you introduced in the Senate a concurrent resolution, referring in terms to the centennial of our national independence, and to the influence of George Washington in securing that independence, and closing as follows: —

"Therefore, as a mark of our sense of honor due his name and his compatriots and associates, our Revolutionary fathers, we, the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled, in the name of the people of the United States, at this, the beginning of the second century of national existence, do assume and direct the completion of the Washington Monument in the city of Washington, and instruct the Committees on Appropriations of the respective houses to propose suitable provisions of law to carry this resolution into effect."

Within two days from its introduction, this resolution was passed unanimously by both houses, and, in obedience to its instructions, a bill for the completion of the Washington Monument was at once reported in the House of Representatives, and became a law Aug. 2, 1876. That statute appropriated two hundred thousand dollars for the completion of the monument, to be expended in four equal annual instalments; provided for a transfer to the United States of the ownership of the portion of the shaft then built; and created a joint commission to direct and supervise the construction of the monument, which commission was to make a report each year to Congress. The commission was to consist of the President of the United States, the supervising architect of the Treasury Department, the architect of the Capitol, the chief of engineers of the United States Army, and the first vice-president of the Washington National Monument Society.

The act further required, "That, prior to commencing any work on the monument, an examination should be made of its foundation, in order to thoroughly ascertain whether it was sufficient to sustain the weight of the completed structure, and, if the same should be found insufficient, then the further continuance of the work was not to be authorized by anything contained in the act until the further action of Congress."

From the early days of the construction there had been apprehensions that the foundation was not of sufficient size to sustain the column if carried to the height originally designed. These apprehensions, which, just after the laying of the corner-stone, were shared by but few persons, had, as far back as 1853, become wide-spread, and were entertained by many intelligent people. In 1873, after a lapse of twenty years, the question of the sufficiency of the foundation was again the subject of discussion, at this time by a committee of the House of Representatives.

This was the select committee of thirteen, created to consider the practicability of completing the Washington Monument by the time of the centennial celebration of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1876. During their deliberations, they caused special investigations to be made concerning the stability of the existing structure. These investigations and the reports were made by capable engineers, and the conclusions drawn by them were to the effect that the existing foundation should not be subjected to any additional load whatever; in other words, that it would be unsafe to increase the height of the incomplete shaft.

It was hardly to be expected that the further examinations required by the act of August, 1876, would disclose anything different as to the condition of the foundation, nevertheless the joint commission secured the services of another board of experienced engineers, who, after careful borings, examinations, and tests of the earth of the site, and due deliberation, reported on the 10th of April and 15th of June, 1877, that the existing foundation was of insufficient spread and depth to sustain the weight of the completed structure, but that it was feasible to bring the foundation to the required stability by hooping in the earth upon which it stood. These opinions were concurred in by most of the engineers who considered the subject, while they were quite as unanimous in the belief that to excavate beneath and put a new foundation under the old one would be hazardous in the extreme.

On the 8th of November, 1877, the joint commission made its first report to Congress, announcing the decision of the engineers, and this report led to the enactment of the joint resolution of June 14, 1878, authorizing the joint commission to expend the sum of thirty-six thousand dollars, if they deemed it advisable, in giving greater stability to the foundation.

Two years had now elapsed since the creation of the joint commission. They at once secured the services of an engineer and his assistant, and directed the chief to prepare a project for strengthening the existing foundation so that the obelisk could be carried to the desired height. This project, which necessarily included the form and dimensions of the finished monument, was completed and approved Oct. 1, 1878, and active operations were immediately commenced. The project contemplated, first, the digging away of the earth from around and beneath the outer portions of the old foundation, and replacing it with Portland cement concrete masonry; then, in removing a portion of the old masonry foundation itself from beneath the walls of the shaft and substituting therefor a continuous Portland cement concrete enlargement extending out over the new sub-foundation. The weakness of the old foundation lay in the fact that it was too shallow, and covered an area of ground insufficient to sustain the pressure of the completed work. The strengthening consisted in the enlargement of the foundation by spreading it over a greater area and sinking it a greater depth into the earth. The work of excavating beneath the monument was commenced Jan. 28, 1879, and the new foundation was finished May 29, 1880. It was impossible to

properly enlarge the foundation with the funds granted in the joint resolution of June 14, 1878. A careful estimate of the cost, which accompanied the original project, amounted to about one hundred thousand dollars, and accordingly by the joint resolution of June 27, 1879, a further sum of sixty-four thousand dollars was granted to complete the foundation. This proved to be more than sufficient, as the foundation cost but ninety-four thousand four hundred and seventy-four dollars.

As completed, the new foundation covers two and a half times as much area and extends thirteen and a half feet deeper than the old one. Indeed, the bottom of the new work is only two feet above the level of high tides in the Potomac, while the water which permeates the earth of the monument lot stands six inches above this bottom. The foundation now rests upon a bed of fine sand some two feet in thickness, and this sand stratum rests upon a bed of bowlders and gravel. Borings have been made in this gravel deposit for a depth of over eighteen feet without passing through it, and so uniform is the character of the material upon which the foundation rests that the settlements of the several corners of the shaft have differed from each other by only the smallest subdivisions of the inch. The pressures on the earth beneath the foundation are nowhere greater than the experiences of years have shown this earth to be able to sustain, while the strength of the masonry in the foundation itself is largely in excess of the strains brought upon it. The stability of this base is assured against all natural causes except earthquakes, or the washing out of the sand bed beneath the foundation.

Having enlarged the foundation, the work upon the shaft was speedily commenced. The summer of 1880 was mostly taken up in building an iron frame within the shaft, preparing the hoisting machinery, and collecting the granite and marble needed in the construction. The first marble block was set in the shaft on the 7th of August, 1880, and the last stone was placed at the level five hundred on the 9th of August, 1884, thus consuming four seasons in finishing the shaft. The topmost stone of the pyramidion was set on the 6th of December, 1884, thus essentially completing the obelisk. Minor additions and modifications in the details of the interior of the shaft are still to be made, and some filling, grading, and planting are required for the terrace, but no work is proposed that can change the existing appearance or proportions of the monument.

The masonry constructed by the government is the best known to the engineering art, and the weight is so distributed that, subjected to a wind pressure of one hundred pounds per square foot on any face, corresponding to a wind velocity of one hundred and forty-five miles per hour, the monument would have a large factor of safety against overturning. The marble is of the same kind as that in the monolithic columns of the Capitol, has a fine grain, is close and compact in texture, free from disintegrating impurities, and in this climate will endure for ages.

There is not time, nor is this the occasion, to enter into the engineering details of the construction, to discuss all the strains and stresses in the several parts of the work, or the factors of safety against destructive forces. It is sufficient to say, that although the dimensions of the foundation base were originally planned without due regard to the tremendous forces to be brought into play in building so large an obelisk, the resources of modern engineering science have supplied means for the completion of the grandest monumental column ever erected in any age of the world.

In its proportions, the ratios of the dimensions of the several parts of the ancient Egyptian obelisk have been carefully followed.

The entire height has been made slightly greater than ten times the breadth of base, producing an obelisk that, for grace and delicacy of outline, is not excelled by any of the larger Egyptian monoliths, while in dignity and grandeur it surpasses any that can be mentioned.

Mr. President, for and in behalf of the joint commission for the completion of the Washington Monument, I deliver to you this column.

Senator Sherman then introduced "the President of the United States," and as Mr. Arthur stepped forward he was loudly applauded. When silence was restored, he read the following remarks: —

PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S DEDICATORY ADDRESS.

Fellow-Countrymen, — Before the dawn of the century whose eventful years will soon have faded into the past, when death had but lately robbed this Republic of its most beloved and illustrious citizen, the Congress of the United States pledged the faith of the nation, that in this city, bearing his honored name, and then, as now, the seat of the general government, a monument should be erected "to commemorate the great events of his military and political life."

The stately column that stretches heavenward from the plain whereon we stand bears witness to all who behold it that the covenant which our fathers made their children have fulfilled.

In the completion of this great work of patriotic endeavor, there is abundant cause for national rejoicing; for while this structure shall endure, it shall be to all mankind a steadfast token of the affectionate and reverent regard in which this people continue to hold the memory of Washington. Well may he ever keep the foremost place in the hearts of his countrymen.

The faith that never faltered, the wisdom that was broader and deeper than any learning taught in schools, the courage that shrank from no peril and was dismayed by no defeat, the loyalty that kept all selfish purpose subordinate to the demands of patriotism and honor, the sagacity that displayed itself in camp and cabinet alike, and above all, that harmonious union of moral and intellectual qualities which has never found its parallel among men, — these are the attributes of character which the intelligent thought of this century ascribes to the grandest figure of the last.

But other and more eloquent lips than mine will to-day rehearse to you the story of his noble life and its glorious achievements.

To myself has been assigned a simpler and more formal duty, in fulfilment of which I do now, as President of the United States and in behalf of the people, receive this monument from the hands of its builder, and declare it dedicated from this time forth to the immortal name and memory of George Washington.

President Arthur was frequently interrupted by applause, and when he had concluded, the entire assemblage joined in repeated rounds of cheers, many waving their hats and handkerchiefs. It was with some difficulty that Senator Sherman could regain the attention of the audience, but when he did, he announced that the dedication ceremonies at the monument were completed, and that those present would move in procession to the hall of the House of Representatives, in the Capitol, where the orations would be delivered.

THE PROCESSION.

No sooner were the exercises concluded than the military were again formed in column, the invited guests entered their carriages, and the procession took up the line of march for the Capitol, bands playing, drums beating, colors and banners fluttering in the wind, while the cannon at the navy yard, at the artillery headquarters, and at Fort Myer, fired minute-guns.

The following order of procession was observed: —

HEADQUARTERS MARSHAL OF THE DAY,
DEDICATION OF WASHINGTON NATIONAL MONUMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 18, 1885.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 4.

The Marshal of the Day announces the following orders and arrangements for the formation and movements of the procession in connection with the ceremonies attending the dedication of the Washington National Monument, on Saturday, Feb. 21, 1885: —

I. The First Division will assemble on Thirteenth Street at 9.45 o'clock, A. M., and be formed in line facing east, with its right resting in the Agricultural Department Grounds. It will be moved promptly at 10.15 o'clock A. M., through the Agricultural Department Grounds into the Monument Grounds, where it will be massed in close column as the right division in front of the dedication stand.

II. The Second Division carriages will proceed to the Monument Grounds in accordance with special instructions that have been given them; will enter by the Fourteenth Street entrance, and be parked by staff officer in charge at that point.

The Masonic Fraternity will assemble at Masonic Hall, on F Street, corner of Ninth, at 9.30 o'clock A. M., where it will be formed under the direction of the Grand Master of the District of Columbia. It will move promptly at 10 o'clock, by way of F, Fifteenth, and B Streets, to the Monument Grounds, where it will be massed in close column as the centre division in front of the dedication stand.

III. The Third Division will assemble on Seventeenth Street at 9 45 o'clock A. M., and be formed in line facing east, with its right resting at intersection of B Street. It will be moved promptly at 10.15 o'clock A. M., by way of B Street, into the Monument Grounds, where it will be massed in close column, as the left division, in front of the dedication stand.

IV. Immediately on the conclusion of the dedication ceremonies, the divisions will move out of the Monument Grounds successively. The military organizations of the First Division will be formed into column by companies or platoons on reaching B Street, and the column will move westwardly on B Street to Seventeenth Street; Seventeenth Street to Pennsylvania Avenue; on the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue to Fifteenth Street; Fifteenth Street to Pennsylvania Avenue; north side of Pennsylvania Avenue to First Street; First Street to southwest entrance of Capitol Grounds; through Capitol Grounds on south front of Capitol to the east front; along east front of the Capitol to the northern boundary of the Capitol Grounds, at which point all organizations will be successively dismissed as they arrive.

As it passes along the east front of the Capitol, the column will be reviewed by

the President of the United States from a stand in front of the centre portico of the Capitol, the troops marching as in review, officers saluting.

V. *The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts is assigned as honorary escort to the President of the United States.*

The George Washington Post, No. 103, Grand Army of the Republic, of New York, is assigned as honorary escort to the President elect of the United States.

The First Troop of Philadelphia City Cavalry is assigned to duty as escort to the Marshal of the Day.

VI. Marshals and aids will be designated as follows : —

Marshals of division by a yellow sash.

Chief-of-staff and personal aids to Marshal of the Day, by a red sash.

Aides-de-camp to the Marshal of the Day by a tri-colored rosette.

Honorary aids, representing States and Territories on the staff of the Marshal of the Day, by a blue sash.

Aids on staff of First Division by a red rosette.

Aids on staff of Second Division by a white rosette.

Aids on staff of Third Division by a blue rosette.

VII. The organization of divisions and order of procession will be as follows :

MARSHAL OF THE DAY.

Lieut.-Gen. P. H. SHERIDAN, U. S. A.

CHIEF-OF-STAFF.

Bvt. Brig.-Gen. ALBERT ORDWAY, U. S. V.

PERSONAL AIDS.

Lieut.-Col. W. J. VOLKMAR, U. S. A. Mr. LINDEN KENT.

AIDES-DE-CAMP.

Lieut.-Col. M. V. SHERIDAN, U. S. A.
Lieut.-Col. JAMES F. GREGORY, U. S. A.
Capt S. E. BLUNT, U. S. A.
Mr. WALKER BLAINE.
Mr. SEVELLON A. BROWN.
Capt. FRANCIS V. GREENE, U. S. A.
Col H. L. CRANFORD, U. S. V.
Medical Director, J. M. BROWNE, U. S. N.
Mr. H. GRAFTON DULANEY.
Lieut. T. B. M. MASON, U. S. N.
Col. AMOS WEBSTER, U. S. V.
Mr. EDWARD MCCAULEY.
Lieut. W. H. EMORY, Jr., U. S. N.
Capt. S. S. BURDETT, U. S. V.
Major GREEN CLAY GOODLOE, U. S. M. C.
Mr. R. J. DANGERFIELD.
Bvt. Major CLAYTON MCMICHAEL, U. S. V.
Bvt. Major JOHN B. FASSITT, U. S. V.
Bvt. Lieut.-Col. J. P. NICHOLSON, U. S. V.
Mr. MILLS DEAN.
Bvt. Lieut.-Col. GEORGE TRUESDELL, U. S. V.
Capt. I. N. BURRITT, U. S. V.

Bvt. Col. ARCHIBALD HOPKINS, U. S. V.
Capt. JOHN M. CARSON, U. S. V.

HONORARY STAFF REPRESENTING STATES AND TERRITORIES.

Alabama. — Mr. JOHN H. MORGAN.
Arkansas. — Gen. JAMES C. TAPPAN.
California. — Mr. THOMAS C. QUANTRELL.
Colorado. — Major J. V. W. VANDENBURGH.
Connecticut. — Gen. C. P. GRAHAM.
Delaware. — Gen. J. PARKE POSTLES.
Florida. — Col. WALLACE S. JONES.
Georgia. — Col. CLIFFORD W. ANDERSON.
Illinois. — Gen. GREEN B. RAUM.
Indiana. — Col. R. W. MCBRIDE.
Iowa. — Col. WILLIAM P. HEPBURN.
Kansas. — Gen. C. W. BLAIR.
Kentucky. — Col. J. B. CASTLEMAN.
Louisiana. — Col. CHARLES A. LARENDON.
Maine. — Gen. JOHN M. BROWN.
Maryland. — Col. E. L. ROGERS.
Massachusetts. — Mr. A. A. HAYES.
Michigan. — Col. H. M. DUFFIELD.
Minnesota. — Col. C. W. JOHNSON.
Mississippi. — Col. J. L. MCCASKILL.
Missouri. — Hon. J. W. STONE.
Nebraska. — Col. L. W. COLBY.
Nevada. — Hon. JOHN H. KINKEAD.
New Hampshire. — Gen. J. N. PATTERSON.
New Jersey. — Col. S. MEREDITH DICKINSON.
New York. — Major ALEX. H. DAVIS.
North Carolina. — Mr. FRED STITH.
Ohio. — Col. C. A. LAYTON.
Oregon. — Mr. E. D. APPLETON.
Pennsylvania. — Col. P. L. GODDARD.
Rhode Island. — Col. F. M. BATES.
South Carolina. — Col. J. A. SIMONS.
Tennessee. — Gen. A. B. UPSHUR.
Texas. — Col. J. E. LABATT.
Vermont. — Gen. WILLIAM WELLS.
Virginia. — Major L. BLACKFORD.
West Virginia. — Col. ROBERT WHITE.
Wisconsin. — Gen. J. C. STARKWEATHER.
Arizona. — Hon. J. W. EDDY.
Dakota. — Col. WILLIAM THOMPSON.
Idaho. — Major WILLIAM HYNDMAN.
Montana. — Hon. MARTIN MAGINNIS.
New Mexico. — Hon. F. A. MANZANARES.
Utah. — Mr. HUMPHREYS MCMASTER.
Washington. — Hon. C. S. Voorhees.
Wyoming. — Hon. M. E. POST.

ESCORT TO THE MARSHAL OF THE DAY.

The First Troop, Philadelphia City Cavalry (organized in 1774), Capt. E. BURD GRUBB, commanding.

FIRST DIVISION.

Bvt. Major Gen. R. B. AYRES, U. S. Army, Marshal.

STAFF.

Bvt. Lieut.-Col. GEORGE MITCHELL, U. S. Army.
First Lieut. SEBREE SMITH, U. S. Army.
First Lieut. MEDOREM CRAWFORD, U. S. Army.
First Lieut. H. R. LEMLY, U. S. Army.
Second Lieut. M. C. RICHARDS, U. S. Army.
Second Lieut. W. WALKE, U. S. Army.
Second Lieut. H. L. HAWTHORNE, U. S. Army.
Mr. I. H. MCDONALD.
Mr. W. J. JOHNSON.
Mr. ARTHUR D. ADDISON.

Battalion of Second U. S. Artillery, Lieut.-Col. Loomis L. Langdon.

Battalion of U. S. Artillery, Bvt. Lieut.-Col. L. L. Livingston.

Light Battery A, Second U. S. Artillery, Capt. Frank B. Hamilton.

Battalion U. S. Marine Corps, Capt. John H. Higbee.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, of Massachusetts (organized in 1638), commander, Capt. Augustus Whittemore; first lieutenant, Lieut.-Col. E. B. Blasland; second lieutenant, Lieut. George H. Gibson; adjutant, First Lieut. James P. Frost, preceded by the Salem Cadet Band.

The Governor's Foot Guard, of Hartford, Conn. (organized in 1771), Major John C. Kinney; Capt. J. C. Pratt; Lieuts. T. C. Naedele, J. Robert Dwyer, and F. C. Clark.

The German Fusiliers, of Charleston, S. C. (organized in 1775), Capt. Henry Schachte; First Lieut. Henry B. Schroder; Second Lieut. H. Fischer.

Richmond Light Infantry Blues, of Richmond, Va. (organized in 1793), Capt. Sol. Cutchins.

Washington Light Infantry Corps, of the District of Columbia, Lieut.-Col. William G. Moore.

Union Veteran Corps (Old Guard), of the District of Columbia, Capt. S. E. Thomason.

Washington Continentals, of the District of Columbia, Capt. George E. Timms.

Emmet Guard, of the District of Columbia, Capt. W. H. Murphy.

Washington Rifle Corps, of the District of Columbia, Capt. George F. Hammar.

Butler Zouaves, of the District of Columbia, Capt. Charles B. Fisher.

Washington Cadet Corps, of the District of Columbia, Major C. A. Fleetwood.

Capital City Guard, of the District of Columbia, Capt. Thomas S. Kelly.

Capitol City Guards, of the District of Columbia, Capt. W. P. Gray.

National Rifles, of the District of Columbia, Lieut. J. O. Manson, accompanied by the National Rifle Cadets, Lieut. Domer.

Lawrence Light Guard, Company E, Fifth Regiment Infantry, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, Capt. J. E. Clarke.

Detroit Light Infantry, of Michigan, First Lieut. George W. Corns.

Alexandria Light Infantry, of Virginia, Capt. G. A. Mushback.

Washington High School Cadets, of the District of Columbia, Major Frederick Sohon.

Corcoran Cadet Corps, of the District of Columbia, Capt. E. C. Edwards.

St. John's Academy Cadet Corps, of Alexandria, Va., Major William L. Pierce.

SECOND DIVISION.

Major-Gen. FITZHUGH LEE, of Virginia, Marshal.

STAFF.

Col. THOMAS SMITH.
Mr. HENRY DANGERFIELD.
Dr. ARTHUR SNOWDEN.
Major S. A. ROBERTSON.
Mr. EPPA HUNTON, Jr.
Major J. COURTLAND H. SMITH.
Mr. BERNARD P. GREEN.
Col. FREDERICK A. WINDSOR.
Mr. BARBOUR THOMPSON.
Mr. W. L. SMOOT.
Mr. J. G. BECKHAM.

This division was headed by carriages, containing the invited guests, viz.: The congressional commission, the orators and chaplains of the day, the Washington National Monument Society, members and ex-members of the joint commission for the completion of the monument, the engineer of the monument, his assistants, and detail of workmen, the President of the United States, members of the cabinets, President and Vice-President elect of the United States, ex-Presidents of the United States, judges of the Supreme Court and other Federal courts, the diplomatic corps, the governors of States, accompanied by their respective staffs, the Senate, the House of Representatives, officers of the army and navy, the Society of Cincinnati.

The Masonic fraternity followed, marshalled by Harrison Dingman, marshal of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, who had as his aids L. D. Wine, Will A. Short, J. C. Dulin, T. G. Lockerman, Charles G. Smith, and H. A. Johnston. The organizations in line were: —

Grand Commandery, Knights Templar, of Maryland.
Grand Commandery, Knights Templar, of Virginia.
Grand Encampment of United States, Knights Templar.
Royal Arch Masons of the District of Columbia.
Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the District of Columbia.
General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States.
Master Masons of the District of Columbia.
Alexandria Washington Lodge, No. 22, Alexandria, Va.
Washington Lodge, No. 3, Baltimore, Md.
Saint John's Lodge, No. 1, New York City.
Fredericksburg Lodge, No. 4, Fredericksburg, Va.
Dupont Lodge, of Dupont Mills, Delaware.

Delegations from the Grand Lodges of Free and Accepted Masons of West Virginia, Michigan, Illinois, Delaware, Dakota, New Hampshire, Texas, California, Maryland, New York, Virginia, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts.

The Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the District of Columbia, M. W. Grand Master Myron M. Parker.

THIRD DIVISION.

Bvt. Brig.-Gen. W. W. Dudley, U. S. V., Marshal.

Staff.

Gen. William Birney.	Surg. T. B. Hood.
Lieut.-Col. F. G. Butterfield.	Major E. W. Clark.
Lieut.-Col. G. C. Kniffin.	Capt. J. B. Tanner.
Lieut.-Col. E. C. Ford.	Capt. Fred. Mack.

Union Veteran Corps (First Company), Capt. M. A. Dillon, acting as escort to the Grand Army of the Republic.

George Washington Post, No. 103, G. A. R., of New York, General M. T. McMahon, commander.

Grand Army of the Republic, Department of the Potomac, N. M. Brooks, commander; John Cameron, assistant adjutant-general.

John A. Rawlins Post, No. 1, H. E. Weaver, commander.
Kit Carson Post, No. 2, Marcus L. Hopkins, commander.
Lincoln Post, No. 3, H. H. Smith, commander.
O. P. Morton Post, No. 4, Charles H. Shoater, commander.
George G. Meade Post, No. 5, John B. Dowd, commander.
John F. Reynolds Post, No. 6, S. E. Faunce, commander.
James A. Garfield Post, No. 7, J. H. Jochum, commander.
Burnside Post, No. 8, C. H. Ingram, commander.
Charles Sumner Post, No. 9, George M. Arnold, commander.
Farragut Post, No. 10, W. T. Van Doren, commander.
The Valley Forge Memorial Association.

The Association of the Boston Light Guard, of Massachusetts (composed of members who participated in laying corner-stone of monument).

The Independent Order of Rechabites, George W. Shoemaker, District Chief Ruler (participated in laying corner-stone of monument).

The Journeyman Stone-Cutters Association (composed of men who cut the stone for the monument).

German Associatians, under Mr. A. E. L. Keese, Marshal, comprising: —

Association of Eighth Battalion, District of Columbia Volunteers.
German Veterans of Washington.
Germania Mænnerchor.
German Democratic Association.

Brotherhood of Carpenters, Union No. 1, of Washington, D. C.
Brotherhood of Carpenters, Union No. 29, of Baltimore, Md.
President's Mounted Guard, Major George A. Arms.
Virginia Club (mounted), Capt. W. A. Dinwiddie.
Maryland Club (mounted), Capt. B. W. Summey.
Washington Club (mounted), Capt. Thomas E. Hunter.
Georgetown Club (mounted), Capt. A. Fox.

Fire Department of the District of Columbia, Chief Engineer Martin Cronin, with their steam fire engines and apparatus.

THE MARCH AND THE REVIEW.

The procession moved from the monument grounds through Seventeenth Street, to the new State, War, and Navy Department building, and thence in front of the executive mansion, through Fifteenth Street into Pennsylvania Avenue.

This national thoroughfare was decorated with flags and bunting, while many thousand spectators, on stands and on the sidewalks, formed a brilliant framework for the passing pageant. When the head of the column had reached the Capitol, a halt was ordered, and the President of the United States, who occupied an open carriage drawn by four horses, passed the military to the Capitol. On his arrival there, after a brief delay, the President took his position on a reviewing stand which had been erected directly in front of the Capitol, where he was joined by the members of his Cabinet, several senators, representatives, and diplomats.

The column then passed in review, the officers saluting as they passed. Gen. Sheridan, with his mounted staff, wheeled out after they had passed the reviewing stand and took their position opposite the President. It took upwards of an hour for the military and civic organizations to march past in review, and as each body left the Capitol grounds it was dismissed.

"The sight at this time was perhaps the prettiest of the day," said the Washington *Herald*, the following morning. "It would not have been an unfamiliar one to the eyes of the immortal George himself. The column was about the size of one of the little 'armies' of the Revolutionary war, and the abundance of Continental and other time-honored costumes gave it a decidedly historical air. As it trailed its length down the snow-covered slope, sparkling under the brilliant though wintry sky, crossed the causeway between the two lakes, over which the merry skaters were gliding in throngs, and coming to company front moved off with serried rank along B Street toward Seventeenth, the bands playing merrily in defiance of the cold, banners and guidons fluttering, swords and bayonets casting back the sunlight in varying gleams, it presented as agreeable a mingling of the scenery of peace and war as could be imagined." There were 6,380 men in line by actual count, and, with the exception of a tedious delay as the head of the line reached the Capitol, which delay caused the Masonic organizations to leave the line at Seventh Street, the arrangements were perfect. As the procession moved along Pennsylvania Avenue, the Ancients were frequently greeted with applause and with the waving of handkerchiefs by ladies seated in balconies which overlooked the route. The sun shone brightly and the air was dry and clear, but the temperature was much below the freezing point.

The head of the procession reached the Capitol at 1.20 P. M. The President, with his Cabinet, who had left the procession at Seventh

Street and Louisiana Avenue and driven in advance to the Capitol, with Senators Sherman and Hawley and members of the diplomatic corps, occupied the reviewing stand directly in front of the east main entrance. Between two and three thousand people were assembled on the Capitol steps and in the adjacent grounds, while the windows of the Senate and the House committee-rooms overlooking the review ground were filled with spectators. Immediately after Gen. Sheridan and his aids passed President Arthur, they rode to a point opposite, whence the general also reviewed the procession. As the military organizations passed in review, the spectacle presented was the finest display of the day's proceedings. The immense building kept off the wind, and the winter's sun shone strongly, lending a suggestion of warmth which was most refreshing, and some of the best marching of the day was done. The Ancients passed in twelve solid companies of eight files front, with distances well kept, alignements perfect, and the steadiness of the men above reproach. Salutes were well rendered both as regards accuracy in distances and the recovery after passing the reviewing officer. The solid appearance of the corps, caused by the heavy overcoats which were worn and the superior physique of the men, was a source of much favorable criticism from the large number of military gentlemen who witnessed the passage. Gen. Sheridan took occasion to personally compliment the corps upon its appearance, and President Arthur was heard to remark that he took pride in being a member of so venerable and excellent a military organization. All the military companies, after passing in review, marched to the west front of the Capitol and were there dismissed. The Ancients at once returned to Willard's Hotel, arriving there a few minutes after 2 P. M., and, in the rotunda of the hotel, were addressed by Adjutant Frost as follows: —

There are no standing orders at this time. When decided upon they will be posted on the company bulletin. Recollect that if a formation is called for 8.30 or 9.30 or any other hour, the formation will be made at that hour.

Ranks were then broken, and immediately afterwards the Ancients "fell in" at the lunch-tables.

Soon after the company was dismissed, the following order was posted: —

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY
OF MASSACHUSETTS,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 21, 1885.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 4.

Members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company are at liberty until further orders.

Band concert, 6 P. M., in ladies' parlor, adjoining dining-hall.

By order of
CAPT. WHITTEMORE.

J. P. FROST, *First Lieut. and Adjutant.*

The papers of the day, without exception, referred in complimentary terms to the appearance on parade of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest American military organization. A few of the press notices were as follows: —

This (the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company) attracted marked attention. The peculiar combinations of uniforms of the various branches of the service caused much comment, as did also the large number of men in line who had passed the meridian of life. Nevertheless, their marching was excellent, and the evolutions of this company were rewarded by liberal applause. — *New York Herald.*

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, of Boston, Mass., was a decided feature of the parade. The gray beards of many of the members, their variegated uniforms and almost perfect marching and manœuvres suggested that the title "Ancient and Honorable" had not been misapplied. Applause greeted the corps at short intervals, and many ladies in windows and on balconies fluttered their handkerchiefs as the corps passed. — *National Republican, Washington.*

To the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, of Boston, was given the first place after the regulars, and a noble appearance they made. It was their first visit to Washington in two hundred and forty-seven years. We hope they will come oftener hereafter. — *Sunday Capital, Washington.*

Notable among the massing soldiers was the Ancient and Honorable Artillery. Its uniform was conspicuous among all. — *Boston Journal.*

One of the most interesting and distinctive features of to-day's procession was the presence in the line of the old-time organization whose early history is linked with that of the Revolutionary struggle of the first years of the Republic. The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston occupied the post of honor in the first division, and their varied uniforms and historic name made them objects of general attention. — *Washington Star.*

The remainder of the day was completely at the disposal of the members of the company. Desirous of hearing the oration which had been prepared by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, a number of the company visited the Capitol, and, by the kindness of Congressman Collins, were enabled to be present during a portion of the exercises in the House of Representatives.

EXERCISES AT THE CAPITOL.

The seats had been removed from the floor of the Hall of the House of Representatives, which was filled with chairs, assigned to the invited guests, viz.: The senators, representatives, and delegates composing the Forty-eighth Congress; the President of the United States, the President elect, the Vice-President elect, and the ex-Presidents; the chief justice and associate justices of the Supreme Court; the Cabinet officers, the admiral of the navy, the lieutenant-general of the army, and the officers of the army and navy who, by

name, had received the thanks of Congress; the chief justice and judges of the Court of Claims, and the chief justice and associate justices of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia; the diplomatic corps; the commissioners of the district, governors of States and Territories, the general officers of the Society of the Cincinnati; the Washington National Monument Society, members and ex-members of the Joint Commission for the Completion of the Monument, engineers of the monument, a detail of workmen, and other guests invited to the floor.

The Executive Gallery was reserved for the invited guests of the President, the families of the members of the Cabinet, and the families of the Supreme Court. The Diplomatic Gallery was reserved for the families of the members of the diplomatic corps. The Reporters' Gallery was reserved exclusively for the use of journalists, and the remaining galleries were thrown open to the holders of tickets thereto.

The Marine Band occupied the vestibule in the rear of the Speaker's chair, and performed a succession of patriotic airs.

The House of Representatives having been called to order by Mr. Speaker Carlisle, at a quarter past one o'clock P. M., Messrs. Dorsheimer, Tucker, and Cannon were appointed a committee to wait on the Senate and inform that body that the House was ready to receive it, and to proceed with the ceremonies which had been appointed to take place in the Hall of the House.

This duty was performed, and at half past two o'clock the members of the Senate, following their president *pro tempore* and their secretary, and preceded by their sergeant-at-arms, entered the Hall of the House of Representatives, and occupied the seats reserved for them on the right and left of the main aisle.

The Hon. George F. Edmunds, a senator from Vermont, president *pro tempore* of the Senate, occupied the Speaker's chair, the Speaker of the House sitting at his left. The chaplain of the House, Rev. John S. Lindsay, D. D., and Rev. S. A. Wallis, of Pohick Church, near Mount Vernon, Va., sat at the clerk's desk. The chairman of the Joint Committee of Arrangements, the orators, and the other officials designated were seated in accordance with the arrangements of the Joint Committee of Arrangements.

The president *pro tempore* of the Senate having rapped with his gavel, there was silence, and he said: —

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives, you are assembled, pursuant to the concurrent order of the two houses, to celebrate the completion of the monument to the memory of the first President of the United States. It is not only a memorial but an inspiration that shall live through all the generations of our posterity, as we may hope, which we this day inaugurate and celebrate by the ceremonies that have been ordered by the two houses.

Rev. S. A. Wallis, of Pohick Church, near Mount Vernon, Va., then offered the following prayer: —

Almighty and everlasting God, Lord of heaven and earth, who alone rulest over the nations of the world, and disposest of them according to Thy good pleasure, we praise Thy holy name for the benefits we commemorate this day.

Wonderful things didst Thou for us in the days of our fathers, in the times of old. For they gat not the land in possession by their sword, neither did their own arm save them, but Thy right hand and the light of Thy countenance, because Thou hadst a favor unto them. Especially do we render Thee our hearty thanks for Thy servant George Washington, whom Thou gavest to be a commander and a governor unto this people, and didst by him accomplish for it a great and mighty deliverance. And as we are now gathered before Thee in these halls, we bless Thee for the government and civil order Thou didst establish through him. Grant that it may be upheld by that righteousness which exalteth a nation, and that this place may evermore be the habitation of judgment and justice. Let Thy blessing rest upon our chief magistrate and his successors in all generations. Grant each in his time those heavenly graces that are requisite for so high a trust; that the laws may be impartially administered to the punishment of wickedness and vice, and to the maintenance of Thy true religion and virtue. We also humbly beseech Thee for our Senate and Representatives in Congress assembled that Thou wouldst be pleased to direct all their consultations to the advancement of Thy glory, the good of Thy church, the safety, honor, and welfare of Thy people, that all things may be so ordered and settled by their endeavors upon the best and surest foundations, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations. We pray Thee for our judges and officers that they may judge the people with just judgment, be no respecters of persons, and hear both the small and the great in his cause. O Lord God of Hosts, be pleased to save and defend our army and navy, that each may be a safeguard to these United States, both by land and sea, until Thou dost fulfil Thy word, that nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. Be with those who have been appointed to speak unto us this day as they recount the deeds of old time, Thy marvellous works, and the judgments of Thy mouth. Give them grace to utter such words as may stir us up to emulate the virtues of our forefathers, so that we may transmit the Republic to our posterity high in praise and in name and in honor.

Let Thy richest blessings rest upon our country at large; may we lend a true obedience to the laws cheerfully and willingly for conscience' sake. Let no causeless divisions weaken us as a nation, but grant that we may be knit together more and more in the bonds of peace and unity. Preserve us from the dangers now threatening society, and enable each of us, high and low, rich and poor, to do his duty in that state of life unto which Thou hast called him, so we that are Thy people and sheep of Thy pasture shall give Thee thanks forever, and will always be showing forth Thy praise from generation to generation. These and all other benefits of Thy good providence we humbly beg in the name and through the mediation of Jesus Christ our most blessed Lord and Saviour. Amen.

The president *pro tempore* of the Senate, after the Marine Band had played "Hail Columbia, said: —

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives, the first proceeding in order is the oration by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts. The chair is sorry to announce that Mr. Winthrop, from indisposition, is unable to attend. According to the arrangements of the committee, the oration will be now read by Hon. John D. Long, a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Massachusetts.

ORATION BY HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

President Arthur, Senators and Representatives of the United States, — By a joint resolution of Congress, you have called upon me to address you in this hall to-day, on the completion of yonder colossal monument to the Father of his Country. Nothing less imperative could have brought me before you for such an effort. Nearly seven-and-thirty years have passed away since it was my privilege to perform a similar service at the laying of the corner-stone of that monument. In the prime of manhood, and in the pride of official station, it was not difficult for me to speak to assembled thousands, in the open air, without notes, under the scorching rays of a midsummer sun. But what was easy for me then is impossible for me now. I am here to-day, as I need not tell you, in far other condition for the service you have assigned me; changed, — changed in almost everything, except an inextinguishable love for my country and its union, and an undying reverence for the memory of Washington. On these alone, I rest for inspiration, assured that, with your indulgence, and the blessing of God which I devoutly invoke, they will be sufficient to sustain me in serving as a medium for keeping up the continuity between the hearts and hands which laid the foundation of this gigantic structure, and those younger hearts and hands which have at last brought forth the capstone with shoutings. It is for this you have summoned me. It is for this alone I have obeyed your call.

Meantime I cannot wholly forget that the venerable ex-President, John Quincy Adams, — at whose death-bed, in my official chamber beneath this roof, I was a privileged watcher thirty-seven years ago this very day, — had been originally designated to pronounce the corner-stone oration, as one who had received his first commission, in the long and brilliant career at home and abroad which awaited him, from the hands of Washington himself. In that enviable distinction I certainly have no share; but I may be pardoned for remembering that, in calling upon me to supply the place of Mr. Adams, it was borne in mind that I had but lately taken the oath as Speaker at his hands and from his lips, and that thus, as was suggested at the time, the electric chain, though lengthened by a single link, was still unbroken. Let me hope that the magnetism of that chain may not even yet be entirely exhausted, and that I may still catch something of its vivifying and quickening power, while I attempt to bring to the memory of Washington the remnants of a voice which is failing, and of a vigor which, I am conscious, is ebbing away.

It is now, Mr. President, Senators and Representatives, more than half a century since a voluntary association of patriotic citizens initiated the project of erecting a national monument to Washington, in the city which bears his name. More than a whole century ago, indeed, — in that great year of our Lord which witnessed the treaty of peace and independence, 1783, — Congress had ordered an

equestrian statue of him to be executed, "to testify the love, admiration, and gratitude of his countrymen"; and again, immediately after his death, in 1799, Congress had solemnly voted a marble monument to him at the capital, "so designed as to commemorate the great events of his military and political life." But our beloved country, while yet in its infancy, and, I may add, in its indigency, with no experience in matters of art, and heavily weighed down by the great debt of the Revolutionary war, knew better how to vote monuments than how to build them, or, still more, how to pay for them. Yorktown monuments and Washington monuments, and the statues of I know not how many heroes of our struggle for independence, made a fine show on paper in our early records, and were creditable to those who ordered them, but their practical execution seems to have been indefinitely postponed.

The Washington Monument Association, instituted in 1833, resolved that no such postponement should longer be endured, and proceeded to organize themselves for the work which has at length been completed. They had for their first president the great Chief-Justice John Marshall, the personal friend and chosen biographer of Washington, whose impressive image you have so recently and so worthily unveiled on yonder western terrace. They had for their second president the not less illustrious James Madison, the father of the Constitution of which Marshall was the interpreter, and whose statue might well have no inferior place on the same terrace. Among the other officers and managers of that association I cannot forget the names of William W. Seaton, whose memory is deservedly cherished by all who knew him; of that grand old soldier and patriot, Winfield Scott; of Generals Archibald Henderson and Nathan Towson; of Walter Jones and Peter Force and Philip Fendall; together with that of its indefatigable general agent, honest old Elisha Whittlesey. To that association our earliest and most grateful acknowledgments are due on this occasion. But of those whom I have named, and of many others whom I might name, so long among the honored and familiar figures of this metropolis, not one is left to be the subject of our congratulations. Meanwhile we all rejoiced to welcome the presence of one of their contemporaries and friends, whose munificent endowments for art, education, religion, and charity entitle him to so enviable a place on the roll of American philanthropists, — the venerable William W. Corcoran, now and for many years past our senior vice-president.

Nearly fifteen years, however, elapsed before the plans or the funds of this association were in a state of sufficient forwardness to warrant them even in fixing a day for laying the first foundation-stone of the contemplated structure. That day arrived at last, — the 4th of July, 1848, — and a great day it was in this capital of the nation. There had been no day like it here before, and there have been but few, if any, days like it here since. If any one desires a description of it, he will find a most exact and vivid one in the columns of the old *National Intelligencer*, — doubtless from the pen of that prince of editors, the accomplished Joseph Gales. I recall, among the varied features of the long processions, Freemasons of every order, with their richest regalia, including the precious gavel and apron of Washington himself; firemen, with their old-fashioned engines; Odd Fellows, from a thousand Lodges; temperance societies, and other associations, innumerable; the children of the schools, long ago grown to mature manhood; the military escort of regulars, marines, and volunteer militia from all parts of the country, commanded by Generals Quitman and Cadwalader and Col. May, then crowned with laurels won in Mexico, which long ago were laid upon

their graves. I recall, too, the masses of the people, of all classes and sexes and ages and colors, gazing from the windows, or thronging the sidewalks, or grouped in countless thousands upon the monument grounds. But I look around in vain for any of the principal witnesses of that imposing ceremonial, — the venerable widows of Alexander Hamilton and James Madison; President Polk and his Cabinet, as then constituted; Buchanan, Marcy, John Y. Mason, Walker, Cave Johnson and Clifford; Vice-President Dallas; George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of the great chief; not forgetting Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, both then members of the House of Representatives, and for whom the liveliest imagination could hardly have pictured what the future had in store for them. Of that whole body there are now but a handful of survivors, and probably not more than two or three of them present here to-day, — not one in either branch of Congress, nor one, as I believe, in any department of the national service.

To those of us who took part in the laying of that first stone, or who witnessed the ceremonies of the august occasion, and who have followed the slow ascent of the stupendous pile, sometimes with hope and sometimes with despair, its successful completion is, I need not say, an unspeakable relief, as well as a heartfelt delight and joy. I hazard little in saying that there are some here to-day, unwearied workers in the cause, like my friends Horatio King and Dr. Toner, — to name no others, — to whose parting hour a special pang would have been added, had they died without the sight which now greets their longing eyes on yonder plain.

I dare not venture on any detailed description of the long intervening agony between the laying of the first stone and the lifting of the last. It would fill a volume, and will be sure hereafter to furnish material for an elaborate monograph whose author will literally find "sermons in stones," — for almost every stone has its story, if not its sermon. Every year of the first decade, certainly, had its eventful and noteworthy experiences. The early enthusiasm which elicited contributions to the amount of more than a quarter of million of dollars, from men, women, and children in all parts of the land, and which carried up the shaft more than a hundred and seventy feet almost at a bound; the presentation and formal reception of massive blocks of marble, granite, porphyry, or freestone from every State in the Union, and from so many foreign nations, beginning, according to the catalogue, with a stone from Bunker Hill, and ending with one from the Emperor of Brazil; the annual assemblies at its base on each succeeding Fourth of July, with speeches by distinguished visitors; the sudden illness and sad death of that sterling patriot, President Zachary Taylor, after an exposure to the midday heat at the gathering in 1850, when the well-remembered Senator Foote, of Mississippi, had indulged in too exuberant an address, — these were among its beginnings: the end was still a whole generation distant.

Later on came the long, long, disheartening pause, when — partly owing to the financial embarrassments of the times, partly owing to the political contentions and convulsions of the country, and partly owing to unhappy dissensions in the association itself — any further contributions failed to be forthcoming, all interest in the monument seemed to flag and die away, and all work on it was suspended and practically abandoned. A deplorable civil war soon followed, and all efforts to renew popular interest in its completion were palsied.

How shall I depict the sorry spectacle which those first one hundred and seventy-four feet, in their seemingly hopeless, helpless condition, with that dismal derrick still standing as in mockery upon their summit, presented to the eye of

every comer to the capital for nearly a quarter of a century? No wonder the unsightly pile became the subject of pity or derisoin. No wonder there were periodical panics about the security of its foundation, and a chronic condemnation of the original design. No wonder that suggestions for tearing it all down began to be entertained in many minds, and were advocated by many pens and tongues. That truncated shaft, with its untidy surroundings, looked only like an insult to the memory of Washington. It symbolized nothing but an ungrateful country, not destined — as, God be thanked, it still was — to growth, and grandeur and imperishable glory, but doomed to premature decay, to discord, strife, and ultimate disunion. Its very presence was calculated to discourage many hearts from other things, as well as from itself. It was an abomination of desolation standing where it ought not. All that followed of confusion and contention in our country's history seemed foreshadowed and prefigured in that humiliating spectacle, and one could almost read on its sides in letters of blood, "Divided! Weighed in the balance! Found wanting!"

And well might that crude and undigested mass have stood so forever, or until the hand of man or the operation of the elements should have crushed and crumbled it into dust, if our Union had then perished. An unfinished, fragmentary, crumbling monument to Washington would have been a fit emblem of a divided and ruined country. Washington himself would not have had it finished. He would have desired no tribute, however imposing, from either half of a disunited Republic. He would have turned with abhorrence from being thought the father of anything less than one country, with one constitution and one destiny.

And how cheering and how inspiring the reflection, how grand and glorious the fact, that no sooner were our unhappy contentions at an end, no sooner were union and liberty, one and inseparable, once more and, as we trust and believe, forever reasserted and reassured, than this monument to Washington gave signs of fresh life, began to attract new interest and new effort, and soon were seen rising again slowly but steadily towards the skies, stone after stone, course upon course, piled up in peace, with foundations extended to the full demand of the enormous weight to be placed upon them, until we can now hail it as complete. Henceforth and forever it shall be lovingly associated, not only with the memory of him in whose honor it has been erected, but with an era of assured peace, unity, and concord, which would have been dearer to his heart than the costliest personal memorial which the toil and treasure of his countrymen could have constructed. The Union is itself the all-sufficient and the only sufficient monument to Washington. The Union was nearest and dearest to his great heart. "The Union in any event," were the most emphatic words of his immortal Farewell Address. Nothing less than the Union would ever have been accepted or recognized by him as a monument commensurate with his services and his fame. Nothing less ought ever to be accepted or recognized as such by us, or by those who shall rise up, generation after generation, to do homage to his memory!

For the grand consummation which we celebrate to-day we are indebted primarily to the national government, under the successive Presidents of the past nine years, with the concurrent action of the two branches of Congress, prompted by committees so often under the lead of the veteran Senator Morrill, of Vermont. The wise decision and emphatic resolution of Congress, on the 2d of August, 1876, inspired by the centennial celebration of American independence, and adopted, as it auspiciously happened, on the hundredth anniversary

of the formal signing of the great Declaration, that the monument should no longer be left unfinished, with the appointment of a Joint Commission to direct and supervise its completion, settled the whole matter. To that Joint Commission, consisting of the President of the United States for the time being, the senior vice-president of the Monument Association, the chief of engineers of the United States Army, with the architects of the Capitol and the treasury, the congratulations and thanks of us all may well be tendered. But I think they will all cordially agree with me that the main credit and honor of what has been accomplished belongs peculiarly and pre-eminently to the distinguished officer of engineers who has been their devoted and untiring agent from the outset. The marvellous work of extending and strengthening the foundations of a structure already weighing, as it did, not less than thirty-two thousand tons, — sixty-four million pounds, — an operation which has won the admiration of engineers all over the world, and which will always associate this monument with a signal triumph of scientific skill, — was executed upon his responsibility and under his personal supervision. His, too, have been the ingenious and effective arrangements by which the enormous shaft has been carried up, course after course, until it has reached its destined height of five hundred and fifty-five feet, as we see it at this hour. To Col. Thomas Lincoln Casey, whose name is associated in three generations with valued military service to his country, the successful completion of the monument is due. But he would not have us forget his accomplished assistant, Capt. George W. Davis, and neither of them would have us fail to remember Superintendent McLaughlin and the hard-handed and honest-hearted mechanics who have labored so long under their direction.

Finis coronat opus. The completion crowns the work. To-day that work speaks for itself, and needs no other orator. Mute and lifeless as it seems, it has a living and audible voice for all who behold it, and no one can misinterpret its language. Nor will any one, I think, longer cavil about its design. That design, let me add, originally prepared by the Washington architect, Robert Mills, of South Carolina, and adopted long before I had any relations to this Association, was commended to public favor by such illustrious names as Andrew Jackson, John Quincy Adams, Albert Gallatin, Henry Clay, and Daniel Webster. A colonnade encircling its base, and intended as a sort of Pantheon, was soon discarded from the plan. Its main feature, from the first, was an obelisk, after the example of that which had then been recently agreed upon for Bunker Hill. And so it stands to-day, a simple, sublime obelisk of pure white marble, its proportions, in spite of its immense height, conforming exactly to those of the most celebrated obelisks of antiquity, as my accomplished and lamented friend, our late minister to Italy, so happily pointed out to us. It is not, indeed, as were those ancient obelisks, a monolith, a single stone cut whole from the quarry ; that would have been obviously impossible for anything so colossal. Nor could we have been expected to attempt the impossible in deference to Egyptian methods of construction. We might almost as well be called on to adopt, as the emblems of American progress, the bronze crabs which were found at the base of Cleopatra's Needle ! America is certainly at liberty to present new models in art as well as in government, or to improve upon old ones ; and, as I ventured to suggest some years ago, our monument to Washington will be all the more significant and symbolic in embodying, as it does, the idea of our cherished national motto, *E pluribus unum.* That compact, consolidated structure, with its countless blocks, inside and outside, held firmly in position by their own weight and pressure, will ever

be an instructive type of the national strength and grandeur which can only be secured by the union of " many into one."

Had the fine arts indeed, made such advances in our country forty years ago, as we are now proud to recognize, it is not improbable that a different design might have been adopted ; yet I am by no means sure it would have been a more effective and appropriate one. There will always be ample opportunity for the display of decorative art in our land. The streets and squares of this city and of all our great cities are wide open for the statues and architectural memorials of our distinguished statesmen and soldiers, and such monuments are everywhere welcomed and honored. But is not, — I ask in all sincerity, — is not the acknowledged pre-eminence of the Father of his Country, first without a second, more fitly and adequately represented by that soaring shaft, rising high above trees and spires and domes, and all the smoke and stir of earth, — as he ever rose above sectional prejudices, and party politics, and personal interests, — overtopping and dominating all its surroundings, gleaming and glistening out at every vista as far as human sight can reach, arresting and riveting the eye at every turn, while it shoots triumphantly to the skies ? Does not, — does not, I repeat, that colossal unit remind all who gaze at it, more forcibly than any arch or statue could do, that there is one name in American history above all other names, one character more exalted than all other characters, one example to be studied and reverenced beyond all other examples, one bright particular star in the clear upper sky of our firmament, whose guiding light and peerless lustre are for all men, and for all ages, never to be lost sighs of, never to be unheeded? Of that name, of that character, of that example, of that glorious guiding light, our obelisk, standing on the very spot selected by Washington himself for a monument to the American Revolution, and on the site which marks our national meridian, will be a unique memorial and symbol forever.

For oh, my friends, let us not longer forget, or even seem to forget, that we are here to commemorate, not the monument, but the man ! That stupendous pile has not been reared for any vain purpose of challenging admiration for itself. It is not, I need not say it is not, as a specimen of advanced art, for it makes no pretension to that ; it is not as a signal illustration of engineering skill and science, though that may confidently be claimed for it ; it is not, certainly it is not, as the tallest existing structure in the world, for we do not measure the greatness of men by the height of their monuments, and we know that this distinction may be done away with, here or elsewhere, in future years ; but it is as a memorial of the pre-eminent figure in modern or in ancient history the world over, — of the man who has left the loftiest example of public and private virtues, and whose exalted character challenges the admiration and the homage of mankind ; it is this example and this character, — it is the man and not the monument, — that we are here to commemorate.

Assembled in these legislative halls of the nation, as near to the anniversary of his birth as a due respect for the Day of our Lord will allow, to signalize the long-delayed accomplishment of so vast a work, it is upon him in whose honor it has been upreared, and upon the incomparable and inestimable services he has rendered to his country and to the world, that our thoughts should be concentred at this hour. Yet what can I say, what can any man say of Washington, which has not already been rendered as familiar as household words, not merely to those who hear me, but to all readers of history and all lovers of liberty throughout the world ? How could I hope to glean anything from a field long

ago so carefully and lovingly reaped by such men as John Marshall and Jared Sparks, by Guizot and Edward Everett and Washington Irving, as well as by our eminent living historian, the venerable George Bancroft, happily here with us to-day?

Others, many others, whom I dare not attempt to name or number, have vied with each other in describing a career, of whose minutest details no American is ever weary, and whose variety and interest can never be exhausted. Every stage and step of that career, every scene of that great and glorious life, from the hour of his birth, one hundred and fifty-three years ago, — "about ten in the morning of y^{e} 11th day of February, 1731–2," as recorded in his mother's Bible, — in that primitive Virginia farm-house in the county of Westmoreland, of which the remains of the "great brick chimney of the kitchen" have been identified only within a few years past, — every scene, I say, of that grand and glorious life, from that ever-memorable hour of his nativity, has been traced and illustrated by the most accomplished and brilliant pens and tongues of our land.

His childhood, under the loving charge of that venerated mother, who delighted to say that "George had always been a good son," who happily lived, not only to see him safely restored to her after the exposures and perils of the Revolutionary struggles, but to see him, in her eighty-second year, unanimously elected to be the President in peace of the country of which he had been the savior in war; his primary education in that "old-field schoolhouse" with Hobby, the sexton of the parish, for his first master; his early and romantic adventures as a land surveyor; his narrow escape from being a midshipman in the British Navy at fourteen years of age, for which a warrant had been obtained and his luggage actually put on board a man-of-war anchored in the river just below Mount Vernon; his still narrower and hairbreadth escapes from Indian arrows and from French bullets, and his survival — the only mounted officer not killed — at the defeat of Braddock, of whom he was an aide-de camp, together with that most remarkable prediction of the Virginia pastor, Samuel Davies, afterward president of Princeton College, pointing him out — in a sermon in 1755, on his return, at the age of twenty three, from the disastrous field of the Monongahela — as "that heroic youth, Col. Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country," — who has forgotten, who can ever forget, these most impressive incidents of that opening career by which he was indeed so providentially preserved, prepared, and trained up for the eventful and illustrious future which awaited him?

Still less can any American forget his taking his seat soon afterward in the Virginia House of Burgesses, — with the striking tribute to his modesty which he won from the Speaker, — and his subsequent election to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, where on the 15th of June, 1775, at the instance of John Adams and on the motion of Thomas Johnson, afterward governor of Maryland, he was unanimously appointed "General and commander-in-chief of such forces as are, or shall be raised for the maintenance and preservation of American liberty." Nor can any of us require to be reminded of the heroic fortitude, the unswerving constancy, and the unsparing self-devotion with which he conducted, through seven or eight years, that protracted contest, with all its toils and trials, its vexations and vicissitudes, from the successful siege of Boston, his first great triumph, followed by those masterly movements on the Delaware which no less celebrated a soldier than Frederick the Great declared "the most brilliant achievements of any recorded in the annals of military action"; and so along, through all the

successes and reverses and sufferings and trials of Monmouth and Brandywine and Germantown and Valley Forge, to the siege of Yorktown, in 1781, where, with the aid of our generous and gallant allies, under the lead of Rochambeau and De Grasse and Lafayette, he won at last that crowning victory on the soil of his beloved Virginia.

Nor need I recall to you the still nobler triumphs witnessed during all this period, — triumphs in which no one but he had any share, — triumphs over himself; not merely in his magnanimous appreciation of the exploits of his subordinates, even when unjustly and maliciously contrasted with disappointments and alleged inaction of his own, but in repelling the machinations of discontented and mutinous officers at Newburg, in spurning overtures to invest him with dictatorial and even kingly power, and in finally surrendering his sword and commission so simply, so sublimely, to the Congress from which he had received them.

Or, turning sharply from this summary and familiar sketch of his military career, — of which, take it for all in all, its long duration, its slender means, its vast theatre, its glorious aims and ends and results, there is no parallel in history, — turning sharply from all this, need I recall him, in this presence, presiding with paramount influence and authority over the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, and then with such consummate discretion, dignity, and wisdom over the original administration of that Constitution, when the principles and precedents of our great federal system of government were moulded, formed, and established?

It was well said by John Milton, in one of his powerful defences of the people of England, "War has made many great whom peace makes small." But of Washington we may say, as Milton said of Cromwell, that, while war made him great, peace made him greater; or rather that both war and peace alike gave opportunity for the display of those incomparable innate qualities, which no mere circumstances could create or destroy.

But his sword was not quite yet ready to rest quietly in its scabbard. Need I recall him once more, after his retirement from a second term of the chief magistracy, accepting a subordinate position under his successor in the Presidency, as Lieutenant-General of the American Armies, in view of an impending foreign war, which, thank God, was so happily averted?

Nor can any one who hears me require to be reminded of that last scene of all, when, in his eight-and-sixtieth year, having been overtaken by a fatal shower of sleet and snow, in the midst of those agricultural pursuits in which he so much delighted, at Mount Vernon, he laid himself calmly down to die, — "not afraid to go," as he whispered to his physician, — and left his whole country in tears such as had never flowed before. "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace!"

Eighty-five years ago to-morrow, his sixty-eighth birthday, was solemnly assigned by Congress for a general manifestation of that overwhelming national sorrow, and for the commemoration, by eulogies, addresses, sermons, and religious rites, of the great life which had thus been closed. But long before that anniversary arrived, and one day only after the sad tidings had reached the seat of government in Philadelphia, President John Adams, in reply to a message of the House of Representatives, had anticipated all panegyrics by a declaration, as true to-day as it was then, that he was "the most illustrious and beloved personage which this country ever produced"; while Henry Lee, of Virginia, through the lips of John Marshall, had summed up and condensed all that was felt, and

all that could be or ever can be said, in those imperishable words which will go ringing down the centuries, in every clime, in every tongue, till time shall be no more, — "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!"

But there are other imperishable words which will resound through the ages, words of his own, not less memorable than his acts, some of them in private letters, some of them in official correspondence, some of them in inaugural addresses, and some of them, I need not say, in that immortal Farewell Address which an eminent English historian has pronounced "unequalled by any composition of uninspired wisdom," and which ought to be learned by heart by the children of our schools, like the laws of the Twelve Tables in the schools of ancient Rome, and never forgotten when those children grow up to the privileges and responsibilities of manhood.

It was a custom of the ancient Egyptians, from whom the idea of our monument has been borrowed, — I should rather say evolved, — to cover their obelisks with hieroglyphical inscriptions, some of which have to this day perplexed and baffled all efforts to decipher them. Neither Champollion, nor the later Lepsius, nor any of the most skilful Egyptologists, have succeeded in giving an altogether satisfactory reading of the legends on Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle. And those inscriptions at their best — engraved, as they were, on the granite or porphyry, with the letters enamelled with gold, and boasted of as illuminating the world with their rays — tell us little except the dates and doings of some despotic Pharoah, whom we would willingly have seen drowned in the ocean of oblivion, as one of them so deservedly was in the depths of the Red Sea. One row of the inscriptions on Cleopatra's Needle, as it so strangely greets us in the fashionable promenade of our commercial capital, informs us, in magniloquent terms, of Thomes III., who lived in the age in which Moses was born, the age which saw the exodus of the Israelites. He is set down as a "Child of the Sun, endowed with power, life, and stability." Other inscriptions style him, or some other Pharoah to whom they relate, the "Chastiser of Foreign Nations," "The Conqueror," "The Strong Bull!"

Our Washington Needle, while it has all of the severe simplicity, and far more than all of the massive grandeur, which were the characteristics of Egyptian architecture, bears no inscriptions whatever, and none are likely ever to be carved on it. Around its base bas-reliefs in bronze may possibly one day be placed, illustrative of some of the great events of Washington's life; while on the terrace beneath may, perhaps, be arranged emblematic figures of Justice and Patriotism, of Peace, Liberty, and Union. All this, however, may well be left for future years, or even for future generations. Each succeeding generation, indeed, will take its own pride in doing whatever may be wisely done in adorning the surroundings of this majestic pile, and in thus testifying its own homage to the memory of the Father of his Country. Yet to the mind's eye of an American patriot those marble faces will never seem vacant, never seem void or voiceless. No mystic figures or hieroglyphical signs will, indeed, be descried on them. No such vainglorious words as "Conqueror," or "Chastiser of Foreign Nations," nor any such haughty assumption or heathen ascription as "Child of the Sun," will be deciphered on them. But ever and anon, as he gazes, there will come flashing forth in letters of living light some of the great words, and grand precepts, and noble lessons of principle and duty, which are the matchless bequest of Washington to his country and to mankind.

Can we not all read there already, as if graven by some invisible finger, or inscribed with some sympathetic ink, — which it requires no learning of scholars, no lore of Egypt, nothing but love of our own land, to draw out and make legible, — those masterly words of his Letter to the Governors of the States, in 1783: —

"There are four things which, I humbly conceive, are essential to the well-being — I may even venture to say, to the existence — of the United States as an independent power: first, an indissoluble union of the States under one federal head; second, a sacred regard to public justice; third, the adoption of a proper peace establishment; and fourth, the prevalence of that pacific and friendly disposition among the people of the United States which will induce them to forget their local prejudices and policies, to make those mutual concessions which are requisite to the general prosperity, and, in some instances, to sacrifice their individual advantages to the interest of the community. These are the pillars on which the glorious fabric of our independency and national character must be supported"?

Can we not read, again, on another of those seemingly vacant sides, that familiar passage in his Farewell Address, — a jewel of thought and phraseology, often imitated but never matched, — "The name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations"? and, not far below it, his memorable warning against party spirit, — "A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume"?

Still again, terser legends from the same prolific source salute our eager gaze: "Cherish public credit"; "Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all"; "Promote, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened."

And, above all, — a thousand fold more precious than all the rest, — there will come streaming down from time to time, to many an eager and longing eye, from the very point where its tiny aluminium apex reaches nearest to the skies, — and shining forth with a radiance which no vision of Constantine, no Labarum for his legions, could ever have eclipsed, — some of those solemnly reiterated declarations and counsels, which might almost be called the confession and creed of Washington, and which can never be forgotten by any Christian patriot: —

"When I contemplate the interposition of Providence, as it was visibly manifest in guiding us through the Revolution, in preparing us for the reception of the general government, and in conciliating the good-will of the people of America toward one another after its adoption, I feel myself oppressed and almost overwhelmed with a sense of divine munificence. I feel that nothing is due to my personal agency in all those wonderful and complicated events, except what can be attributed to an honest zeal for the good of my country." — "No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore an Invisible Hand which conducts the affairs of men, more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation, seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency." — "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism,

who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and of citizens."

And thus on all those seemingly blank and empty sides will be seen, from time to time, in his own unequalled language, the grand precepts and principles of peace, justice, education, morality, and religion, which he strove to inculcate; while, encircling and illuminating them all, and enveloping the whole monument, from corner-stone to capstone, will be read with rapture by every patriotic eye, and be echoed by every patriotic heart, "The Union, the Union in any event!"

But what are all the noble words which Washington wrote or uttered, what are all the incidents of his birth and death, what are all the details of his marvellous career from its commencement to its close, in comparison with his own exalted character as a man! Rarely was Webster more impressive than when, on the completion of the monument at Bunker Hill, in describing what our country had accomplished for the welfare of mankind, he gave utterance, with his characteristic terseness, and in his inimitable tones, to the simple assertion, "America has furnished to the world the character of Washington!" And well did he add that, "If our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind."

The character of Washington! Who can delineate it worthily? Who can describe that priceless gift of America to the world, in terms which may do it any sort of justice, or afford any degree of satisfaction to his hearers or to himself?

Modest, disinterested, generous, just, — of clean hands and a pure heart, — self-denying and self-sacrificing, seeking nothing for himself, declining all remuneration beyond the reimbursement of his outlays, scrupulous to a farthing in keeping his accounts, of spotless integrity, scorning gifts, charitable to the needy, forgiving injuries and injustices brave, fearless, heroic, with a prudence ever governing his impulses, and a wisdom ever guiding his valor, — true to his friends, true to his whole country, true to himself, — fearing God, believing in Christ, no stranger to private devotion or public worship, or to the holiest offices of the church to which he belonged, but ever gratefully recognizing a divine aid and direction in all that he attempted and in all that he accomplished, — what epithet, what attribute, could be added to that consummate character to commend it as an example above all other characters in merely human history!

From first to last, he never solicited or sought an office, military or civil. Every office stood candidate for him, and was ennobled by his acceptance of it. Honors clustered around him as if by the force of "first intention." Responsibilities heaped themselves on his shoulders as if by the law of gravitation. They could rest safely nowhere else, and they found him ever ready to bear them all, ever equal to discharge them all. To what is called personal magnetism he could have had little pretension. A vein of dignified reserve, which Houdon and Stuart have rightly made his peculiar characteristic in marble and on canvas, repressed all familiarities with him. His magnetism was that of merit, — superior, surpassing merit, — the merit of spotless integrity, of recognized ability, and of unwearied willingness to spend and be spent in the service of his country. That was sufficient to attract irresistibly to his support, not only the great mass of the people, but the wisest and best of his contemporaries in all quarters of the Union, and from them he selected, with signal discrimination, such advisers and counsellors, in war and in peace, as have never surrounded any other American leader. No jealousy of their abilities and accomplishments ever ruffled his

breast, and with them he achieved our independence, organized our constitutional government, and stamped his name indelibly on the age in which he lived as the age of Washington.

Well did Chief Justice Marshall, in that admirable preface to the biography of his reverend and illustrious friend, sum up with judicial precision the services he was about to describe in detail. Well and truly did he say, "As if the chosen instrument of heaven, selected for the purpose of effecting the great designs of Providence, respecting this our Western Hemisphere, it was the peculiar lot of this distinguished man, at every epoch when the destinies of his country seemed dependent on the measures adopted, to be called by the united voice of his fellow-citizens to those high stations on which the success of those measures principally depended."

I do not forget that there have been other men, in other days, in other lands, and in our own land, who have been called to command larger armies, to preside over more distracted councils, to administer more extended governments, and to grapple with as complicated and critical affairs. Gratitude and honor wait ever on their persons and their names. But we do not estimate Miltiades at Marathon, or Pausanias at Platæa, or Themistocles at Salamis, or Epaminondas at Mantinea or Leuctra, or Leonidas at Thermopylæ, by the number of the forces which they led on land or on sea. Nor do we gauge the glory of Columbus by the size of the little fleet with which he ventured so heroically upon the perils of a mighty unknown deep. There are some circumstances which cannot occur twice; some occasions of which there can be no repetition; some names which will always assert their individual pre-eminence, and will admit of no rivalry or comparison. The glory of Columbus can never be eclipsed, never approached, till our New World shall require a fresh discovery; and the glory of Washington will remain unique and peerless until American independence shall require to be again achieved, or the foundations of constitutional liberty to be laid anew.

Think not that I am claiming an immaculate perfection for any mortal man. One Being only has ever walked this earth of ours without sin. Washington had his infirmities and his passions like the rest of us, and he would have been more, or less, than human had he never been overcome by them. There were young officers around him, in camp and elsewhere, not unlikely to have thrown temptations in his path, whether he ever yielded to them or not. There were treacherous men, too, whose words in council, or conduct in battle, or secret plottings behind his back, aroused his righteous indignation, and gave occasion for memorable bursts of anger. Now and then there was a disaster, like that of St. Clair's expedition against the Indians in 1791, the first tidings of which stirred the very depths of his soul, and betrayed him into a momentary outbreak of mingled grief and rage, which proved how violent were the emotions he was so generally able to control.

He made no boast of virtue or of valor, and no amount of flattery ever led him to be otherwise than distrustful of his own ability and merits. As early as 1757, when only twenty-five years of age, he wrote to Gov. Dinwiddie: "That I have foibles, and perhaps many of them, I shall not deny; I should esteem myself, as the world also would, vain and empty were I to arrogate perfection." On accepting the command of the army of the Revolution, in 1775, he said to Congress: "I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room, that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with." And in 1777, when informed that anonymous accusations against him had

been sent to Laurens, then president of Congress, he wrote privately to beg that the paper might at once be submitted to the body to which it was addressed, adding these frank and noble words: "Why should I be exempt from censure, — the unfailing lot of an elevated station? Merit and talents which I cannot pretend to rival have ever been subject to it. My heart tells me it has been my unremitted aim to do the best which circumstances would permit, yet I may have been very often mistaken in my judgment of the means, and may, in many instances, deserve the imputation of error." And when, at last, he was contemplating a final retirement from the Presidency, and, in one of the drafts of his Farewell Address, had written that he withdrew "with a pure heart and undefiled hands," or words to that effect, he suppressed the passage and all other similar expressions, lest, as he suggested, he should seem to claim for himself a measure of perfection which all the world now unites in according to him. For I hazard little in asserting that all the world does now accord to Washington a tribute, which has the indorsement of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," that, "of all good men that have ever lived, he was the greatest of good men, and the best of great men." Or, let me borrow the same idea from a renowned English poet, who gave his young life and brilliant genius to the cause of liberty in modern Greece. "Where," wrote Byron, —

> "Where may the wearied eye repose
> When gazing on the great,
> Where neither guilty glory glows,
> Nor despicable state!
> Yes, one, — the first, the last, the best,
> The Cincinnatus of the West,
> Whom envy dared not hate —
> Bequeathed the name of Washington,
> To make men blush there was but one!"

To what other name have such tributes ever been paid by great and good men, abroad as well as at home? You have not forgotten the language of Lord Erskine, in his inscription of one of his productions to Washington himself: "You are the only being for whom I have an awful reverence!" You have not forgotten the language of Charles James Fox, in the House of Commons: "Illustrious man, before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into insignificance." You have not forgotten the language of Lord Brougham, twice uttered, at long intervals, and with a purpose, as Brougham himself once told me, to impress and enforce those emphatic words as his fixed and final judgment: "Until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington!"

Nor can I fail to welcome the crowning tribute, perhaps, from our mother land, — reaching me, as it has, at the last moment of revising what I had prepared for this occasion, — in a published letter from Gladstone, her great prime minister, who, after saying in casual conversation that Washington was "the purest figure in history," writes deliberately, "that if among all the pedestals supplied by history for public characters of extraordinary nobility and purity, I saw one higher than all the rest, and if I were required, at a moment's notice, to name the fittest occupant for it, I think my choice, at any time during the last forty-five years, would have lighted, and it would now light, upon Washington."

But if any one would get a full impression of the affection and veneration in

which Washington was held by his contemporaries, let him turn, almost at random, to the letters which were addressed to him, or which were written about him, by the eminent men, military or civil, American or European, who were privileged to correspond with him, or who ever so casually found occasion to allude to his career and character. And let him by no means forget, as he reads them, that those letters were written a hundred years ago, when language was more measured, if not more sincere, than now, and before the indiscriminate use of the superlative, and the exaggerations and adulations of flatterers and parasites, sending great and small alike down to posterity as patterns of every virtue under Heaven, had tended to render such tributes as suspicious as they often are worthless.

What, for instance, said plain-speaking old Benjamin Franklin? "My fine crab-tree walking-stick, with a gold head curiously wrought in the form of the cap of Liberty," — these are the words of his will in 1789, — "I give to my friend and the friend of mankind, George Washington. If it were a sceptre, he has merited it, and would become it."

"Happy, happy America," wrote Gouverneur Morris from Paris, in 1793, when the French Revolution was making such terrific progress, — "happy, happy America, governed by reason, by law, by the man whom she loves, whom she almost adores! It is the pride of my life to consider that man as my friend, and I hope long to be honored with that title."

"I have always admired," wrote to him Count Herzburg, from Berlin, where he had presided for thirty years over the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, under Frederick the Great, — "I have always admired your great virtues and qualities, your disinterested patriotism, your unshaken courage and simplicity of manners, — qualifications by which you surpass men even the most celebrated of antiquity."

"I am sorry," wrote Patrick Henry, then governor of Virginia, in allusion to the accusations of one of the notorious faction of 1777, — "I am sorry there should be one man who counts himself my friend, who is not yours."

Thomas Jefferson, who, we all know, sometimes differed from him, took pains, at a later period of his life, to say of him in a record for posterity: "His integrity was most pure; his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man."

"If I could now present myself," wrote Edmund Randolph, who had made injurious imputations on Washington before and after his dismissal from the Cabinet in 1795, — "if I could now present myself before your venerated uncle," he wrote most touchingly to Judge Bushrod Washington in 1810, "it would be my pride to confess my contrition, that I suffered my irritation, let the cause be what it might, to use some of those expressions respecting him, which, at this moment of indifference to the world, I wish to recall, as being inconsistent with my subsequent conviction. My life will, I hope, be sufficiently extended for the recording of my sincere opinion of his virtues and merit, in a style which is not the result of a mind merely debilitated by misfortune, but of that Christian philosophy on which alone I depend for inward tranquillity."

And far more touching and more telling still is the fact that even Thomas Conway, the leader of that despicable cabal at Valley Forge, but who lived to redeem his name in other lands, if not in our own, when believing himself to be mortally wounded in a duel, in 1778, and "just able," as he said, "to hold the

pen for a few minutes," employed those few minutes in writing to Washington to express his "sincere grief for having done, written, or said anything disagreeable" to him, adding these memorable words: "You are, in my eyes, the great and good man. May you long enjoy the love, veneration, and esteem of these States, whose liberties you have asserted by your virtues!"

From his illustrious friend, Alexander Hamilton, I need not cite a word. His whole life bore testimony, more impressive than words, to an admiration and affection for his great chief, which could not be exceeded, and which no momentary misunderstandings could shake.

But listen once more, and only once more, to Lafayette, writing to Washington from Cadiz in 1783, when the glad tidings of the treaty of peace had just reached him: "Were you but such a man as Julius Cæsar or the king of Prussia, I should almost be sorry for you at the end of the great tragedy where you are acting such a part. But, with my dear General, I rejoice at the blessings of a peace in which our noble ends have been secured. . . . As for you, who truly can say you have done all this, what must your virtuous and good heart feel in the happy moment when the Revolution you have made is now firmly established!" Rightly and truly did Lafayette say that his beloved general was of another spirit and of a different mould from Cæsar and Frederick. Washington had little or nothing in common with the great military heroes of his own or any other age, — conquering for the sake of conquest, — "wading through slaughter to a throne," — and overrunning the world, at a countless cost of blood and treasure, to gratify their own ambition, or to realize some mad dream of universal empire. No ancient Plutarch has furnished any just parallel for him in this respect. No modern Plutarch will find one. In all history, ancient and modern alike, he stands, in this respect, as individual and unique as yonder majestic needle.

In his eulogy on Washington before the Legislature of Massachusetts, the eloquent Fisher Ames, my earliest predecessor in Congress from the Boston district, said, eighty-five years ago, that, in contemplating his career and character, "Mankind perceived some change in their ideas of greatness. . . . The splendor of power, and even the name of conqueror, had grown dim in their eyes. . . . They knew and felt that the world's wealth, and its empire, too, would be a bribe far beneath his acceptance." Yes, they all saw that he bore ever in his mind and in his heart, as he said at Philadelphia on his way to Cambridge, in 1775, that "as the sword was the last resort for the preservation of our liberties, so it ought to be the first thing laid aside when those liberties were firmly established." And they saw him lay down his sword at the earliest moment, and retire to the pursuits of peace, only returning again to public service at the unanimous call of his country, to preside for a limited period over a free constitutional Republic, and then eagerly resuming the rank of an American citizen. That was the example which changed the ideas of mankind as to what constituted real greatness And that example was exhibited for all nations and for all ages, never to be forgotten or overlooked, by him who was born one hundred and fifty-three years ago to-morrow, in that primitive little Virginia farm-house!

I am myself a New-Englander by birth, a son of Massachusetts, bound by the strongest ties of affection and of blood to honor and venerate the earlier and the later worthies of the old Puritan Commonwealth, jealous of their fair fame, and ever ready to assert and vindicate their just renown. But I turn reverently to the Old Dominion to-day, and salute her as the mother of the pre-eminent and incomparable American, the Father of his Country, and the foremost figure in all merely human history. In the words of our own poet, Lowell,

> "Virginia gave us this imperial man,
> Cast in the massive mould
> Of those high-statured ages old
> Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran;
> She gave us this unblemished gentleman:
> What shall we give her back but love and praise?"

Virginia has had other noble sons, whom I will not name, but whom I do not forget. When I remember how many they are, and how great they have been, and how much our country has owed them, I may well exclaim, "*Felix prole virûm.*" But, as I think of her Washington, — of our Washington, let me rather say, — I am almost ready to add, "*Læta Deûm partu!*"

A celebrated philosopher of antiquity, who was nearly contemporary with Christ, but who could have known nothing of what was going on in Judæa, and who, alas! did not always "reck his own rede," wrote thus to a younger friend, as a precept for a worthy life: "Some good man must be singled out and kept ever before our eyes, that we may live as if he were looking on, and do everything as if he could see it."

Let me borrow the spirit, if not the exact letter, of that precept, and address it to the young men of my country: "Keep ever in your mind, and before your mind's eye, the loftiest standard of character. You have it, I need not say, supremely and unapproachably, in Him who spake as never man spake, and lived as never man lived, and who died for the sins of the world. That character stands apart and alone. But of merely mortal men the monument we have dedicated to-day points out the one for all Americans to study, to imitate, and, as far as may be, to emulate. Keep his example and his character ever before your eyes and in your hearts. Live and act as if he were seeing and judging your personal conduct and your public career. Strive to approximate that lofty standard, and measure your integrity and your patriotism by your nearness to it, or your departure from it. The prime meridian of universal longitude, on sea or land, may be at Greenwich, or at Paris, or where you will. But the prime meridian of pure, disinterested, patriotic, exalted human character will be marked forever by yonder Washington obelisk!"

Yes, to the young men of America, under God, it remains, as they rise up from generation to generation, to shape the destinies of their country's future; and woe unto them if, regardless of the great example which is set before them, they prove unfaithful to the tremendous responsibilities which rest upon them!

Yet let me not seem, even for a moment, to throw off upon the children the rightful share of those responsibilities which belongs to their fathers. Upon us, — upon us, it devolves to provide that the advancing generations shall be able to comprehend, and equal to meet, the demands which are thus before them. It is ours — it is yours especially, senators and representatives — to supply them with the means of that universal education which is the crying want of our land, and without which any intelligent and successful free government is impossible.

We are just entering on a new Olympiad of our national history, — the twenty-fifth Olympiad since Washington first entered on the administration of our constitutional government. The will of the people has already designated under whom the first century of that government is to be closed, and the best hopes and

wishes of every patriot will be with him in the great responsibilities on which he is about to enter. No distinction of party or of section prevents our all feeling alike that our country, by whomsoever governed, is still and always our country, to be cherished in all our hearts, to be upheld and defended by all our hands!

Most happy would it be if the 30th of April, on which the first inauguration of Washington took place in 1789, could henceforth be the date of all future inaugurations, — as it might be by a slight amendment of the Constitution, — giving, as it would, a much needed extension to the short sessions of Congress, and letting the second century of our constitutional history begin where the first century practically began.

But let the date be what it may, the inspiration of the centennial anniversary of that first great inauguration must not be lost upon us. Would that any words of mine could help us all, old and young, to resolve that the principles and character and example of Washington, as he came forward to take the oaths of office on that day, shall once more be recognized and reverenced as the model for all who succeed him, and that his disinterested purity and patriotism shall be the supreme test and standard of American statesmanship. That standard can never be taken away from us. The most elaborate and durable monuments may perish. But neither the forces of nature, nor any fiendish crime of man, can ever mar or mutilate a great example of public or private virtue.

Our matchless obelisk stands proudly before us to-day, and we hail it with the exultations of a united and glorious nation. It may, or may not, be proof against the cavils of critics, but nothing of human construction is proof against the casualties of time. The storms of winter must blow and beat upon it. The action of the elements must soil and discolor it. The lightnings of heaven may scar and blacken it. An earthquake may shake its foundations. Some mighty tornado, or resistless cyclone, may rend its massive blocks asunder and hurl huge fragments to the ground. But the character which it commemorates and illustrates is secure. It will remain unchanged and unchangeable in all its consummate purity and splendor, and will more and more command the homage of succeeding ages, in all regions of the earth.

God be praised, that character is ours forever!

The reading of Mr. Winthrop's oration, which was frequently interrupted by applause, was followed by music from the Marine Band.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE. — Gentlemen, an oration will now be delivered by Hon. John W. Daniel, of Virginia.

ORATION BY JOHN W. DANIEL.

Mr. President of the United States, Senators, Representatives, Judges, Mr. Chairman, and my Countrymen:

Alone in its grandeur stands forth the character of Washington in history; alone, like some peak that has no fellow in the mountain range of greatness.

"Washington," says Guizot, — "Washington did the two greatest things which in politics it is permitted to man to attempt. He maintained by peace the independence of his country, which he had conquered by war. He founded a free government in the name of the principles of order, and by re-establishing their sway."

Washington did indeed do these things. But he did more. Out of disconnected fragments he moulded a whole and made it a country. He achieved his country's independence by the sword. He maintained that independence by peace as by war. He finally established both his country and its freedom in an enduring frame of constitutional government, fashioned to make liberty and union one and inseparable. These four things together constitute the unexampled achievement of Washington.

The world has ratified the profound remark of Fisher Ames, that "he changed mankind's ideas of political greatness." It has approved the opinion of Edward Everett, that he was "the greatest of good men, and the best of great men." It has felt for him, with Erskine, "an awful reverence." It has attested the declaration of Brougham, that "he was the greatest man of his own or of any age." It is matter of fact to-day as when Gen. Hamilton, announcing his death to the army, said, "The voice of praise would in vain endeavor to exalt a name unrivalled in the lists of true glory." America still proclaims him, as did Col. Henry Lee, on the floor of the House of Representatives, "The man first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." And from beyond the sea the voice of Alfieri, breathing the soul of all lands and peoples, still pronounces the blessing, "Happy are you who have for the sublime and permanent basis of your glory the love of country demonstrated by deeds."

Ye who have unrolled the scrolls that tell the tale of the rise and fall of nations, before whose eyes has moved the panorama of man's struggles, achievements, and progression, find you anywhere the story of one whose life-work is more than a fragment of that which in his life is set before you? Conquerors, who have stretched your sceptres over boundless territories; founders of empire, who have held your dominions in the reign of law; reformers, who have cried aloud in the wilderness of oppression; teachers, who have striven with reason to cast down false doctrine, heresy, and schism; statesmen, whose brains have throbbed with mighty plans for the amelioration of human society; scar-crowned Vikings of the sea, illustrious heroes of the land, who have borne the standards of siege and battle, — come forth in bright array from your glorious fanes, and would ye be measured by the measure of his stature? Behold you not in him a more illustrious and more venerable presence?

Statesman, soldier, patriot, sage, reformer of creeds, teacher of truth and justice, achiever and preserver of liberty, — the first of men, — founder and savior of his country, father of his people, — this is HE, solitary and unapproachable in his grandeur. Oh, felicitous Providence that gave to America OUR WASHINGTON!

High soars into the sky to day — higher than the pyramids or the dôme of St. Paul's or St. Peter's — the loftiest and most imposing structure that man has ever reared; high soars into the sky, to where

"Earth highest yearns to meet a star,"

the monument which "we, the people of the United States," have erected to his memory.

It is a fitting monument, more fitting than any statue. For his image could only display him in some one phase of his varied character, — as the commander, the statesman, the planter of Mount Vernon, or the chief magistrate of his country. So art has fitly typified his exalted life in yon plain lofty shaft. Such is his greatness, that only by a symbol could it be represented. As justice must

be blind in order to be whole in contemplation, so history must be silent, that by this mighty sign she may unfold the amplitude of her story.

It was fitting that the eminent citizen, who thirty-seven years ago spoke at the laying of the corner-stone, should be the orator at the consummation of the work which he inaugurated. It was Massachusetts that struck the first blow for independence; it was her voice that made the stones of Boston to "rise in mutiny"; it was her blessed blood that sealed the covenant of our salvation. The firmament of our national life she has thickly sown with deeds of glory. John Adams, of Massachusetts, was among the first to urge the name of Washington to the Continental Congress when it commissioned him as Commander-in-Chief of the American forces. It was upon her soil that he drew the sword which was sheathed at Yorktown, and there that he first gave to the battle breeze the thirteen stripes that now float in new galaxies of stars. And meet it was that here in the Capitol of the Republic, at the distance of more than a century from its birth, the eloquent son of that illustrious State should span the chasm with his bridge of gold, and emblazon the final arch of commemoration.

And I fancy, too, that in a land where the factious tongues of the elder nations are being hushed at last, and all rival strains commingled in the blood of brotherhood, the accomplished mission of America finds fitting illustration in the sage descended from the Pilgrims crowning the hero sprung from the Cavaliers.

It has seemed fitting to you, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the commission, that a citizen of the State which was the birthplace and the home of Washington, — whose House of Burgesses, of which he was a member, made the first burst of opposition against the Stamp Act, although less pecuniarily interested therein than their New England brethren, and was the first representative body to recommend a General Congress of the Colonies; of the State whose Mason drew that Bill of Rights which has been called the Magna Charta of America; whose Jefferson wrote, whose Richard Henry Lee moved, the Declaration that these Colonies be "free and independent States"; whose Henry condensed the Revolution into the electric sentence, "Liberty or death"; of the State which cemented union with that vast territorial dowry out of which five States were carved, having now here some ninety representatives; of that State, whose Madison was named "the Father of the Constitution," and whose Marshall became its most eminent expounder; of the State which holds within its bosom the sacred ashes of Washington, and cherishes not less the principles which once kindled them with fires of heaven descended, — it has seemed fitting to you, gentlemen, that a citizen of that State should be also invited to deliver an address on this occasion.

Would, with all my heart, that a worthier one had been your choice. Too highly do I esteem the position in which you place me to feel aught but solemn distrustfulness and apprehension. And who, indeed, might not shrink from such a theatre when a Winthrop's eloquence still thrilled all hearts, with Washington the theme?

Yet, in Virginia's name, I thank you for the honor done her. She deserved it. Times there are when even hardihood is virtue; and to such virtue alone do I lay claim in venturing to abide your choice to be her spokesman.

None more than her could I offend did I take opportunity to give her undue exaltation. Her foremost son does not belong to her alone, nor does she so claim him. His part and her part in the Revolution would have been as naught but for what was so gloriously done by his brothers in council and in arms and by her sister Colonies, who kept the mutual pledge of "Life, fortune, and sacred honor."

New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, your comrade of the old heroic days salutes you once again in honor and affection; no laurel could be plucked too bright for Virginia's hand to lay upon your brows. And ye, our younger companions, who have sprung forth from the wilderness, the prairie, and the mountain, and now extend your empire to the far slopes where your teeming cities light their lamps by the setting sun, what grander tribute to the past, what happier assurance of the present, what more auspicious omens of the future, could heaven vouchsafe us than those which live and move and have their being in your presence?

What heart could contemplate the scene to-day — grander than any of old Rome, when her victor's car "climbed the Capitol" — and not leap into the exclamation, "I, too, am an American citizen!"

Yet may I not remind you that Washington was a Virginian before he became an American, to tell his countrymen that "the name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discrimination"? And may I not seek the fountain from which sprang a character so instinct with love of country?

The Puritans of England, who from the landing at Plymouth in 1620 to the uprising against Charles I. in 1640 "turned to the New World," in the language of Canning, "to redress the balance of the Old," were quickly followed to America by a new stream of immigration, that has left as marked an impress upon our civilization between the South Atlantic and the Mississippi as the sons of the Pilgrims have made between the North Atlantic and the Lakes.

When Charles I. was beheaded in 1649, and when his son, the Second Charles, was beaten at Worcester in 1651, multitudes of the king's men turned their faces also to the new land of hope, the very events which checked the immigration of the Puritans to New England giving impulse to the tide which moved the Cavaliers to the Old Dominion. Between 1650 and 1670 the Virginia Colony increased from fifteen thousand to forty thousand souls, and nearly one half of this number thither came within the decade after the execution of the king and the establishment of Cromwell's Commonwealth on the ruins of his throne.

Intense loyalists were these new Virginians, who "would defend the crown if it hung upon a bush"; and when, indeed, its substance vanished with the kingly head that were it, these "faithful subjects of king and church" held allegiance to its phantom and to the exiled claimant. But they were not inattentive to their liberties. And if Virginia was the last of all the countries belonging to England to submit to Cromwell, yet she was also "the first state in the world composed of separate boroughs, diffused over an extensive surface, where representation was organized on the principle of universal suffrage" And in the very terms of surrender to the Commonwealth it was stipulated that "the people of Virginia" should have all the liberties of the free-born people of England; should intrust their business, as formerly, to their own grand assembly; and should remain unquestioned for past loyalty to the king.

As in New England the Pilgrim Colony grew apace, so in Virginia prospered that of the Cavaliers. With that love of landed estates which is an instinct of their race, they planted their homes in the fertile lowlands, building great houses upon broad acres, surrounded by ornamental grounds and gardens.

Mimic empires were these large estates, and a certain baronial air pervaded them. Trade with Europe loaded the tables of their proprietors with luxuries,

rich plate adorned them. Household drudgeries were separated from the main dwelling. The family became a considerable government within itself; the mistress a rural queen, the master a local potentate, with his graziers, seedsmen, gardeners, brewers, butchers, and cooks around him. Many of the heads of families were travelled and accomplished men. The parishes were ministered to by the learned clergy of the Established Church. In the old College of William and Mary erelong were found the resources of classic education, and in the old capital town of Williamsburg the winter season shone resplendent with the entertainments of a refined society. Barges imported from England were resources of amusement and means of friendly visitations along the water-courses, and heavy coaches, drawn by four or six horses, became their mode of travel.

"Born almost to the saddle and to the use of fire-arms, they were keen hunters, and when the chase was over they sat by groaning boards and drank confusion to the Frenchman and Spaniard abroad, and to Roundhead and Prelatist at home. When the lurking and predatory Indian became the object of pursuit, no speed of his could elude their fiery and gallantly mounted cavalry."

This was the Virginia, these the Virginians of the olden time. If even in retrospect their somewhat aristocratic manners touch the sensitive nerve of a democratic people, it may at least be said of them that nothing like despotism, nihilism, or dynamite was ever found amongst them; that they cherished above all things honor and courage, the virtues preservative of all other virtues, and that they nurtured men and leaders of men well fitted to cope with great forces, resolve great problems, and assert great principles. And it is at least true that their habits of thought and living never proved more dangerous to "life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness" than those of others who in later days corrupt the suffrage in the rank growth of cities; build up palaces and pile up millions amid crowded paupers; monopolize telegraphic and railway lines by corporate machinery; spurn all relations to politics, save to debauch its agencies for personal gain; and know no goddess of liberty and no eagle of country save in the images which satire itself has stamped on the almighty dollar.

In 1657, while yet "a Cromwell filled the Stuart's throne," there came to Virginia, with a party of Carlists who had rebelled against him, John Washington, of Yorkshire, England, who became a magistrate and member of the House of Burgesses, and distinguished himself in Indian warfare as the first colonel of his family on this side of the water. He was the nephew of that Sir Henry Washington who had led the forlorn hope of Prince Rupert at Bristol in 1643, and who, with a starving and mutinous garrison, had defended Worcester in 1649, answering all calls for surrender that he "awaited his Majesty's commands."

And his progenitors had for centuries, running back to the Conquest, been men of mark and fair renown. Pride and modesty of individuality alike forbid the seeking from any source of a borrowed lustre, and the Washingtons were never studious or pretentious of ancestral dignities. But "we are quotations from our ancestors," says the philosopher of Concord; and who will say that in the loyalty to conscience and to principle, and to the right of self-determination of what is principle, that the Washingtons have ever shown, whether as loyalist or rebel, was not the germ of that deathless devotion to liberty and country which soon discarded all ancient forms in the mighty stroke for independence?

Two traits of the Anglo-Saxon have been equally conspicuous, — respect for authority, resistance to its abuse Exacting services from the one, even the Second Charles learned somewhat from the other. When pressed by James to an extreme measure, he answered, "Brother, I am too old to start again on my travels." James, becoming king, forgot the hint, was soon on his travels, with the Revolution of 1688 in full blast, and William of Orange upon his throne. The barons of Runnymede had, indeed, written in the Great Charter that if the king violated any article thereof they should have the right to levy war against him until full satisfaction was made. And we know not which is most admirable, the wit or the wisdom of the English lawyer, John Selden, who, when asked by what law he justified the right of resistance, answered, "By the *custom* of England, which is part of the common law." Mountains and vales are natural correspondences.

A very Tempé had Virginia been, sheltering the loyal Cavaliers in their reverence for authority. The higher and manlier trait of the Anglo Saxon was about to receive more memorable illustration, and she uprose, Olympus-like, in her resistance to its abuse.

And the instrument of Providence to lead her people and their brethren, had he lived in the days when mythic lore invested human heroes with a godlike grace, would have been shrouded in the glory of Olympian Jove.

One hundred and fifty-three years ago, on the banks of the Potomac, in the county of Westmoreland, on a spot marked now only by a memorial stone, of the blood of the people whom I have faintly described, fourth in descent from the Col. John Washington whom I have named, there was born a son to Augustine and Mary Washington. And not many miles above his birthplace is the dwelling where he lived and now lies buried.

Borne upon the bosom of that river which here mirrors Capitol dome and monumental shaft in its seaward flow, the river itself seems to reverse its current and bear us silently into the past. Scarce has the vista of the city faded from our gaze when we behold on the woodland height that swells above the waters — amidst walks and groves and gardens — the white porch of that old colonial plantation home which has become the shrine of many a pilgrimage.

Contrasting it as there it stands to-day with the marble halls which we have left behind us, we realize the truth of Emerson: "The atmosphere of moral sentiment is a region of grandeur which reduces all material magnificence to toys, yet opens to every wretch that has reason the doors of the universe."

The quaint old wooden mansion with the stately but simple old-fashioned mahogany furniture, real and ungarnished; the swords and relics of campaigns and scenes familiar to every school-boy now; the key of the Bastile hanging in the hall incased in glass, calling to mind Tom Paine's happy expression, "That the principles of the American Revolution opened the Bastile, is not to be doubted, therefore the key comes to the right place"; the black velvet coat worn when the farewell address to the army was made; the rooms all in nicety of preparation as if expectant of the coming host, — we move among these memorials of days and men long vanished; we stand under the great trees and watch the solemn river in its never-ceasing flow; we gaze upon the simple tomb whose silence is unbroken save by the low murmur of the waters or the wild bird's note, and we are enveloped in an atmosphere of moral grandeur which no pageantry of moving men nor splendid pile can generate. Nightly on the plain of Marathon the Greeks have the tradition that there may yet be heard the neighing of chargers and the rushing shadows of spectral war. In the spell that broods over the sacred groves of Vernon, patriotism, honor, courage, justice, virtue, truth, seem bodied forth, the only imperishable realities of man's being.

There emerges from the shades the figure of a youth over whose cradle had hovered no star of destiny, nor dandled a royal crown; an ingenuous youth, and one who in his early days gave auguries of great powers; the boy whose strong arm could fling a stone across the Rappahannock; whose strong will could tame the most fiery horse; whose just spirit made him the umpire of his fellows; whose obedient heart bowed to a mother's yearning for her son and laid down the midshipman's warrant in the British Navy, which answered his first ambitious dream; the student transcribing mathematical problems, accounts, and business forms, or listening to the soldiers and seamen of vessels in the river as they tell of "hairbreadth 'scapes by flood and field"; the early moralist in his thirteenth year compiling matured "rules for behavior and conversation"; the surveyor of sixteen exploring the wilderness for Lord Fairfax, sleeping on the ground, climbing mountains, swimming rivers, killing and cooking his own game, noting in his diary soils, minerals, and locations, and making maps which are models of nice and accurate draughtsmanship; the incipient soldier studying tactics under Adjutant Muse, and taking lessons in broadsword fence from the old soldier of fortune, Jacob Van Braam; the major and adjutant-general of the Virginia frontier forces at nineteen, — we seem to see him yet as here he stood, a model of manly beauty in his youthful prime — a man in all that makes a man ere manhood's years have been fulfilled — standing on the threshold of a grand career, "hearing his days before him and the trumpet of his life"

The scene changes. Out into the world of stern adventure he passes, taking as naturally to the field and the frontier as the eagle to the air At the age of twenty-one he is riding from Williamsburg to the French post at Venango, in Western Pennsylvania, on a mission for Governor Dinwiddie, which requires "courage to cope with savages and sagacity to negotiate with white men," — on that mission which Edward Everett recognizes as "the first movement of a military nature which resulted in the establishment of American Independence." At twenty-two he has fleshed his maiden sword, has heard the bullets whistle, and found "something charming in the sound"; and soon he is colonel of the Virginia regiment in the unfortunate affair at Fort Necessity, and is compelled to retreat after losing a sixth of his command. He quits the service on a point of military etiquette and honor, but at twenty-three he reappears as volunteer aid by the side of Braddock in the ill-starred expedition against Fort DuQuesne, and is the only mounted officer unscathed in the disaster, escaping with four bullets through his garments, and after having two horses shot under him.

The prophetic eye of Samuel Davies has now pointed him out as "that heroic youth, Col. Washington, whom I can but hope Providence has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country"; and soon the prophecy is fulfilled. The same year he is in command of the Virginia frontier forces. Arduous conflicts of varied fortunes are erelong ended, and on the 25th of November, 1759, he marches into the reduced fortress of Fort DuQuesne, — where Pittsburgh now stands, and the Titans of industry wage the eternal war of toil, — marches in with the advanced guard of his troops, and plants the British flag over its smoking ruins.

That self-same year Wolfe, another young and brilliant soldier of Britain, has scaled and triumphed on the Heights of Abraham, his flame of valor quenched as it lit the blaze of victory; Canada surrenders; the seven years' war is done; the French power in America is broken, and the vast region west of the Alleghanies, from the lakes to the Ohio, embracing its valley and tributary streams, is under

the sceptre of King George. America has been made whole to the English-speaking race, to become in time the greater Britain.

Thus, building wiser than he knew, Washington had taken no small part in cherishing the seed of a nascent nation.

Mount Vernon welcomes back the soldier of twenty-seven, who has become a name. Domestic felicity spreads its charms around him with the "agreeable partner" whom he has taken to his bosom, and he dreams of "more happiness than he has experienced in the wide and bustling world"

Already, ere his sword had found its scabbard, the people of Frederick County had made him their member of the House of Burgesses. And the quiet years roll by as the planter, merchant, and representative superintends his plantation, ships his crops, posts his books, keeps his diary, chases the fox for amusement, or rides over to Annapolis and leads the dance at the Maryland capital, — alternating between these private pursuits and serving his people as member of the Legislature and justice of the county court.

But erelong this happy life is broken. The air is electric with the currents of revolution. England has launched forth on the fatal policy of taxing her colonies without their consent. The spirit of liberty and resistance is aroused. He is loath to part with the mother land, which he still calls "home." But she turns a deaf ear to reason The first Colonial Congress is called. He is a delegate, and rides to Philadelphia with Henry and Pendleton. The blow at Lexington is struck. The people rush to arms. The sons of the Cavaliers spring to the side of the sons of the Pilgrims. "Unhappy it is," he says, "that a brother's sword has been sheathed in a brother's breast, and that the once happy plains of America are to be either drenched in blood or inhabited by slaves. Sad alternative! But how can a virtuous man hesitate in his choice?" He becomes commander-in-chief of the American forces After seven years' war he is the deliverer of his country. The old confederation passes away. The Constitution is established. He is twice chosen President, and will not consent to longer serve.

Once again Mount Vernon's grateful shades receive him, and there the world-crowned hero now becomes again the simple citizen, wishing for his fellow-men "to see the whole world in peace and its inhabitants one band of brothers, striving who could contribute most to the happiness of mankind," without a wish for himself but "to live and die an honest man on his farm." A speck of war spots the sky. John Adams, now President, calls him forth as lieutenant-general and commander-in-chief to lead America once more. But the cloud vanishes. Peace reigns. The lark sings at heaven's gate in the fair morn of the new nation. Serene, contented, yet in the strength of manhood, though on the verge of threescore years and ten, he looks forth, — the quiet farmer from his pleasant fields, the loving patriarch from the bowers of home, — looks forth and sees the work of his hands established in a free and happy people. Suddenly comes the mortal stroke with severe cold. The agony is soon over. He feels his own dying pulse; the hand relaxes; he murmurs, "It is well"; and Washington is no more While yet time had crumbled never a stone nor dimmed the lustrous surface, prone to earth the mighty column fell.

Washington, the friend of liberty, is no more!

The solemn cry filled the universe. Amidst the tears of his people, the bowed heads of kings, and the lamentations of the nations, they laid him there to rest upon the banks of the river whose murmurs were his boyhood's music; that river which, rising in mountain fastnesses amongst the grandest works of nature and

reflecting in its course the proudest works of man, is a symbol of his history, which in its ceaseless and ever-widening flow is a symbol of his eternal fame.

No sum could now be made of Washington's character that did not exhaust language of its tributes and repeat virtue by all her names. No sum could be made of his achievements that did not unfold the history of his country and its institutions; the history of his age and its progress; the history of man and his destiny to be free. But whether character or achievement be regarded, the riches before us only expose the poverty of praise. So clear was he in his great office that no ideal of the leader or ruler can be formed that does not shrink by the side of the reality. And so has he impressed himself upon the minds of men, that no man can justly aspire to be the chief of a great free people who does not adopt his principles and emulate his example. We look with amazement on such eccentric characters as Alexander, Cæsar, Cromwell, Frederick, and Napoleon; but when the serene face of Washington rises before us, mankind instinctively exclaims, "This is the man for the nations to trust and reverence, and for heroes and rulers to copy."

Drawing his sword from patriotic impulse, without ambition and without malice, he wielded it without vindictiveness and sheathed it without approach. All that humanity could conceive he did to suppress the cruelties of war and soothe its sorrows. He never struck a coward's blow. To him age, infancy, and helplessness were ever sacred. He tolerated no extremity unless to curb the excesses of his enemy, and he never poisoned the sting of defeat by the exultation of the conqueror.

Peace he welcomed as the heaven-sent herald of friendship; and no country has given him greater honor than that which he defeated; for England has been glad to claim him as the scion of her blood, and proud, like our sister American States, to divide with Virginia the honor of producing him.

Fascinated by the perfection of the man, we are loath to break the mirror of admiration into the fragments of analysis. But lo! as we attempt it, every fragment becomes the miniature of such sublimity and beauty, that the destroying hand can only multiply the forms of immortality.

Grand and manifold as were its phases, there is yet no difficulty in understanding the character of Washington. He was no veiled prophet. He never acted a part. Simple, natural, and unaffected, his life lies before us a fair and open manuscript. He disdained the arts which wrap power in mystery in order to magnify it. He practised the profound diplomacy of truthful speech, the consummate tact of direct attention. Looking ever to the All-Wise Disposer of events, he relied on that Providence which helps men by giving them high hearts and hopes to help themselves with the means which their Creator has put at their service. There was no infirmity in his conduct over which charity must fling its veil; no taint of selfishness from which purity averts her gaze; no dark recess of intrigue that must be lit up with colored panegyric; no subterranean passage to be trod in trembling, lest there be stirred the ghost of a buried crime.

A true son of nature was George Washington, of nature in her brightest intelligence and noblest mould; and difficulty, if such there be in comprehending him, is only that of reviewing from a single standpoint the vast procession of those civil and military achievements which filled nearly half a century of his life, and in realizing the magnitude of those qualities which were requisite to their performance, — the difficulty of fashioning in our minds a pedestal broad enough to bear the towering figure, whose greatness is diminished by nothing but the perfection of its proportions. If his exterior — in calm, grave, and resolute repose — ever impressed the casual observer as austere and cold, it was only because he did not reflect that no great heart like his could have lived unbroken unless bound by iron nerves in an iron frame. The commander of armies, the chief of a people, the hope of nations, could not wear his heart upon his sleeve; and yet his sternest will could not conceal its high and warm pulsations. Under the enemy's guns at Boston he did not forget to instruct his agent to administer generously of charity to his needy neighbors at home. The sufferings of women and children, thrown adrift by war, and of his bleeding comrades, pierced his soul. And the moist eye and trembling voice with which he bade farewell to his veterans, bespoke the underlying tenderness of his nature, even as the storm-wind makes music in its undertones.

Disinterested patriot, he would receive no pay for his military service. Refusing gifts, he was glad to guide the benefaction of a grateful State to educate the children of his fallen braves in the institution at Lexington which yet bears his name. Without any of the blemishes that mark the tyrant, he appealed so loftily to the virtuous elements in man that he almost created the qualities of which his countrymen needed the exercise; and yet he was so magnanimous and forbearing to the weaknesses of others, that he often obliterated the vices of which he feared the consequence. But his virtue was more than this. It was of that daring, intrepid kind that, seizing principle with a giant's grasp, assumes responsibility at any hazard, suffers sacrifice without pretence of martyrdom, bears calumny without reply, imposes superior will and understanding on all around it, capitulates to no unworthy triumph, but must carry all things at the point of clear and blameless conscience. Scorning all manner of meanness and cowardice, his bursts of wrath at their exhibition heighten our admiration for those noble passions which were kindled by the inspirations and exigencies of virtue.

Invested with the powers of a dictator, the country bestowing them felt no distrust of his integrity; he, receiving them, gave assurance that, as the sword was the last resort of liberty, so it should be the first thing laid aside when liberty was won. And keeping the faith in all things, he left mankind bewildered with the splendid problem whether to admire him most for what he was or what he would not be. Over and above all his virtues was the matchless manhood of personal honor, to which confidence gave in safety the key of every treasure; on which temptation dared not smile; on which suspicion never cast a frown And why prolong the catalogue? "If you are presented with medals of Cæsar, of Trojan, or Alexander, on examining their features you are still led to ask, what was their stature and the forms of their persons? but if you discover in a heap of ruins the head or the limb of an antique Apollo, be not curious about the other parts, but rest assured they were all conformable to those of a god."

Great as a commander, it may not be said of him as of Marlborough, that "he never formed the plan of a campaign that he did not execute; never besieged a city that he did not take; never fought a battle that he did not gain." But it can be said of him that, at the head of raw volunteers, hungry to the edge of famine, ragged almost to nakedness, whose muniments of war were a burlesque of its necessities, he defeated the trained bands and veteran generals of Europe; and that, when he had already earned the name of the American Fabius, destined to save a nation by delay, he suddenly displayed the daring of a Marcellus. It may be said that he was the first general to employ large bodies of light infantry as skirmishers, catching the idea from his Indian warfare, and so developing it that

it was copied by the Great Frederick of Prussia, and erelong perfected into the system now almost universal. It can be said of him, as testified by John Adams, that "it required more serenity of temper, a deeper understanding, and more courage than fell to the lot of Marlborough, to ride on the whirlwind" of such tempestuous times as Washington dealt with, and that he did "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm." It can be said that he was tried in a crucible to which Marlborough was never subjected, — adversity, defeat, depression of fortune bordering on despair. The first battle of his youth ended in capitulation. The first general engagement of the Revolution at Long Island opened a succession of disasters and retreats. But with the energy that remoulds broken opportunities into greater ones, with the firmness of mind that cannot be unlocked by trifles, but which, when unlocked, displays a cabinet of fortitude, he wrenched victory from stubborn fortune, compelling the reluctant oracle to exclaim as to Alexander, "My son, thou art invincible." So did he weave the net of war by land and sea, that at the very moment when an elated adversary was about to strike the final blow for his country's fall, he surrounded him by swift and far-reaching combinations, and twined the lilies of France with the stars and stripes of America over the ramparts of Yorktown. And if success be made the test of merit, let it be remembered that he conducted the greatest military and civil enterprises of his age, and left no room for fancy to divine greater perfection of accomplishment.

Great in action as by the council board, the finest horseman and knightliest figure of his time, he seemed designed by nature to lead in those bold strokes which needs must come when the battle lies with a single man, — those critical moments of the campaign or the strife when, if the mind hesitates or a nerve flinches, all is lost. We can never forget the passage of the Delaware that black December night, amidst shrieking winds and great upheaving blocks of ice which would have petrified a leader of less hardy mould, and then the fell swoop at Trenton. We behold him as when at Monmouth he turns back the retreating lines, and galloping his white charger along the ranks until he falls, leaps on his Arabian bay, and shouts to his men, "Stand fast, my boys, the Southern troops are coming to support you!" And we hear Lafayette exclaim, "Never did I behold so superb a man!" We see him again at Princeton dashing through a storm of shot to rally the wavering troops; he reins his horse between the contending lines and cries, "Will you leave your general to the foe?" then bolts into the thickest fray. Col. Fitzgerald, his aid, drops his reins and pulls his hat down over his eyes that he may not see his chieftain fall, when through the smoke he reappears waving his hat, cheering on his men, and shouting, "Away, dear colonel, and bring up the troops; the day is ours." "Cœur de Lion" might have doffed his plume to such a chief; for a great knight was he, who met his foes full tilt in the shock of battle and hurled them down with an arm whose sword flamed with righteous indignation!

As children pore over the pictures in their books ere they can read the words annexed to them, so we linger with tingling blood by such inspiring scenes, while little do we reck of those dark hours when the aching head pondered the problems of a country's fate. And yet there is a greater theatre in which Washington appears, although not so often has its curtain been uplifted.

For it was as a statesman that Washington was greatest. Not in the sense that Hamilton and Jefferson, Adams and Madison, were statesmen; but in a larger sense Men may marshal armies who cannot drill divisions. Men may marshal

nations in storm and travail who have not the accomplishments of their cabinet ministers. Not so versed as they was he in the details of political science. And yet as he studied tactics when he anticipated war, so he studied politics when he foresaw his civil *role* approaching, reading the history and examining the principles of ancient and modern confederacies, and making notes of their virtues, defects, and methods of operation.

His pen did not possess the facile play and classic grace of their pens, but his vigorous eloquence had the clear ring of our mother tongue. I will not say that he was so astute, so quick, so inventive as the one or another of them; that his mind was characterized by the vivacity of wit, the rich colorings of fancy, or daring flights of imagination. But with him thought and action like well-trained coursers kept abreast in the chariot race, guided by an eye that never quailed, reined by a hand that never trembled. He had a more infallible discrimination of circumstances and men than any of his contemporaries. He weighed facts in a juster scale, with larger equity and firmer equanimity. He best applied to them the lessons of experience. With greater ascendency of character he held men to their appointed tasks; with more inspiring virtue he commanded more implicit confidence. He bore a truer divining-rod, and through a wilderness of contention he alone was the unerring pathfinder of the people.

There can, indeed, be no right conception of Washington that does not accord him a great and extraordinary genius I will not say he could have produced a play of Shakespeare or a poem of Milton, handled with Kant the tangled skeins of metaphysics, probed the secrecies of mind and matter with Bacon, constructed a railroad or an engine like Stephenson, wooed the electric spark from heaven to earth with Franklin, or walked with Newton the pathways of the spheres. But if his genius were of a different order, it was of as rare and high an order. It dealt with man in the concrete, — with his vast concerns of business stretching over a continent and projected into the ages; with his seething passions; with his marvellous exertions of mind, body, and spirit to be free. He knew the materials he dealt with by intuitive perception of the heart of man; by experience and observation of his aspirations and his powers; by reflection upon his complex relations, rights, and duties as a social being. He knew just where, between men and States, to erect the monumental mark to divide just reverence for authority from just resistance to its abuse. A poet of social facts, he interpreted by his deeds the harmonies of justice.

Practical, yet exalted, not stumbling in the pit as he gazed upon the stars, he would "put no man in any office of consequence whose political tenets were opposed to the measures which the general government were pursuing." Yet he himself, by the kingliness of his nature, could act independently of party, return the confidence and affections, use the brains, and have thrust upon him the unanimous suffrage of all parties; walking the dizzy heights of power in the perfect balance of every faculty, and surviving in that rarefied atmosphere which lesser frames could only breathe to perish.

Brilliant I will not call him, if the brightness of the rippling river exceed the solemn glory of old ocean. Brilliant I will not call him, if darkness must be visible in order to display the light; for he had none of that rocket-like brilliancy which flames in instant corruscation across the black brow of night and then is not. But if a steady, unflickering flame, slow rising to its lofty sphere, high hung in the heavens of contemplation, dispensing far and wide its rays, revealing all things on which it shines in due proportions and large relations, making right,

duty, and destiny so plain that in the vision we are scarce conscious of the light, — if this be brilliancy, then the genius of Washington was as full-orbed and luminous as the god of day in his zenith.

This is genius in rarest manifestation; and, as life is greater than any theory of living, in so much does he, who points the path of destiny and brings great things to pass, exceed the mere dreamer of great dreams.

The work of Washington filled the rounded measure of his splendid faculties. Grandly did he illustrate the Anglo-Saxon trait of just resistance to the abuse of power; standing in front of his soldier husbandmen on the fields of Boston, and telling the general of earth's greatest empire, who stigmatized them as "rebels" and threatened them "with the punishment of the cord," that "he could conceive of no rank more honorable than that which flows from the uncorrupted choice of a brave and free people, the original and purest fountain of all power," and that, 'far from making it a plea for cruelty, a mind of true magnanimity and enlarged ideas would comprehend and respect it." Victoriously did he vindicate the principle of the Declaration of Independence, that to secure the inalienable rights of man "governments are instituted amongst men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its power in such forms as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness." By these signs he conquered. And had his career ended here, none other would have surpassed — whose could have equalled it? But where the fame of so many successful warriors has found conclusion, or gone beyond only to be tarnished, his took new flight upward.

If I might venture to discriminate, I would say that it was in the conflicts of opinion that succeeded the Revolution that the greatness of Washington most displayed itself; for it was then that peril thickened in most subtle forms; that rival passions burned in intestine flames; that crises came, demanding wider-reaching and more constructive faculties than may be exhibited in war, and higher heroism than may be avouched in battle.

And it was then that the soldier uplifted the visor of his helmet and disclosed the countenance of the sage, and passing from the fields of martial fame to the heights of civil achievement, still more resplendent became the world-wide statesman, like Venus in her transit, sinking the light of his past exploits only in the sun of a new-found glory.

First to perceive, and swift to point out the defects in the Articles of Confederation, they became manifest to all long before victory crowned the warfare conducted under them. Charged by them with the public defence, Congress could not put a soldier in the field; and charged with defraying expenses, it could not levy a dollar of imposts or taxes. It could, indeed, borrow money with the assent of nine States of the thirteen; but what mockery of finance was that, when the borrower could not command any resource of payment.

The States had indeed put but a sceptre of straw in the legislative hand of the confederation; what wonder that it soon wore a crown of thorns! The paper currency erelong dissolved to nothingness; for four days the army was without food, and whole regiments drifted from the ranks of our hard-pressed defenders. "I see," said Washington, "one head gradually changing into thirteen; I see one army gradually branching into thirteen, which, instead of looking up to Congress as the supreme controlling power, are considering themselves as dependent upon

their respective States." While yet his sword could not slumber, his busy pen was warning the statesmen of the country that unless Congress were invested with adequate powers, or should assume them as matter of right, we should become but thirteen States, pursuing local interests, until annihilated in a general crash; the cause would be lost, and the fable of the bundle of sticks applied to us.

In rapid succession his notes of alarm and invocations for aid to Union followed each other to the leading men of the States, North and South. Turning to his own State and appealing to George Mason, "Where," he exclaimed, "where are our men of abilities? Why do they not come forth and save the country?" He compared the affairs of this great continent to the mechanism of a clock, of which each State was putting its own small part in order, but neglecting the great wheel, or spring, which was to put the whole in motion. He summoned Jefferson, Wythe, and Pendleton to his assistance, telling them that the present temper of the States was friendly to lasting union; that the moment should be improved and might never return; and that "after gloriously and successfully contending against the usurpation of Britain, we may fall a prey to our own folly and disputes."

How keen the prophet's ken, that through the smoke of war discerned the coming evil; how diligent the patriot's hand, that amidst awful responsibilities reached futureward to avert it!

By almost a miracle the weak confederation, "a barrel without a hoop," was held together perforce of outside pressure, and soon America was free.

But not yet had beaten Britain concluded peace, not yet had dried the blood of victory's field, ere "follies and disputes" confounded all things with their babel tongues and intoxicated liberty gave loose to license. An unpaid army with unsheathed swords clamored around a poverty-stricken and helpless Congress. And grown at last impatient even with their chief, officers high in rank plotted insurrection, and circulated an anonymous address, urging it "to appeal from the justice to the fears of government, and suspect the man who would advise to longer forbearance." Anarchy was about to wreck the arch of triumph; poor, exhausted, bleeding, weeping America lay in agony upon her bed of laurels.

Not a moment did Washington hesitate. He convened his officers, and going before them he read them an address, which, for home-thrust argument, magnanimous temper, and the eloquence of persuasion which leaves nothing to be added, is not exceeded by the noblest utterances of Greek or Roman. A nobler than Coriolanus was before them, who needed no mother's or wife's reproachful tears to turn the threatening steel from the gates of Rome. Pausing, as he read his speech, he put on his spectacles and said, "I have grown gray in your service and now find myself growing blind." This unaffected touch of nature completed the master's spell. The late fomenters of insurrection gathered to their chief with words of veneration; the storm went by, and, says Curtis, in his History of the Constitution, "Had the commander-in-chief been other than Washington, the land would have been deluged with the blood of civil war."

But not yet was Washington's work accomplished. Peace dawned upon the weary land, and parting with his soldiers, he pleaded with them for union. "Happy, thrice happy, shall they be pronounced," he said, "who have contributed anything in erecting this stupendous fabric of freedom and empire; who have assisted in protecting the rights of human nature, and establishing an asylum for the poor and oppressed of all nations and religions." But still the foundations of the stupendous fabric trembled, and no cement held its stones together.

It was then, with that thickening peril, Washington rose to his highest stature. Without civil station to call forth his utterance, impelled by the intrepid impulse of a soul that could not see the hope of a nation perish without leaping into the stream to save it, he addressed the whole people of America in a circular to the governors of the States: "Convinced of the importance of the crisis, silence in me," he said, "would be a crime I will, therefore, speak the language of freedom and sincerity." He set forth the need of union in a strain that touched the quick of sensibility; he held up the citizens of America as sole lords of a vast tract of continent; he portrayed the fair opportunity for political happiness with which heaven had crowned them; he pointed out the blessings that would attend their collective wisdom; that in their fate was involved that of unborn millions; that mutual concessions and sacrifices must be made; and that supreme power must be lodged somewhere to regulate and govern the general concerns of the confederate Republic, without which the union would not be of long duration. And he urged that happiness would be ours if we seized the occasion and made it our own.

In this, one of the very greatest acts of Washington, was revealed the heart of the man, the spirit of the hero, the wisdom of the sage, I might almost say the sacred inspiration of the prophet.

But still the wing of the eagle drooped; the gathering storms baffled his sunward flight. Even with Washington in the van, the column wavered and halted; States straggling to the rear that had hitherto been foremost for permanent Union, under an efficacious Constitution. And while three years rolled by amidst the jargon of sectional and local contentions, "the half starved government," as Washington depicted it, "limped along on crutches, tottering at every step." And while monarchical Europe with saturnine face declared that the American hope of Union was the wild and visionary notion of romance, and predicted that we would be to the end of time a disunited people, suspicious and distrustful of each other, divided and subdivided into petty commonwealths and principalities, lo! the very earth yawned under the feet of America, and in that very region whence had come forth a glorious band of orators, statesmen, and soldiers to plead the cause and fight the battles of independence, lo! the volcanic fires of rebellion burst forth upon the heads of the faithful, and the militia were levelling the guns of the Revolution against the breasts of their brethren. "What, gracious God, is man?" Washington exclaimed: "it was but the other day that we were shedding our blood to obtain the constitutions under which we live, and now we are unsheathing our swords to overturn them."

But see! there is a ray of hope; Maryland and Virginia had already entered into a commercial treaty for regulating the navigation of the rivers and great bay in which they had common interests, and Washington had been one of the commissioners in its negotiation. And now, at the suggestion of Maryland, Virginia had called on all the States to meet in convention at Annapolis, to adopt commercial regulations for the whole country. Could this foundation be laid, the eyes of the nation builders foresaw that the permanent structure would erelong rise upon it. But when the day of meeting came, no State north of New York or south of Virginia was represented; and in their helplessness those assembled could only recommend a Constitutional Convention, to meet in Philadelphia in May, 1787, to provide for the exigencies of the situation.

And still thick clouds and darkness rested on the land, and there lowered upon its hopes a night as black as that upon the freezing Delaware; but through its

gloom the dauntless leader was still marching on to the consummation of his colossal work, with a hope that never died, with a courage that never faltered, with a wisdom that never yielded that "all is vanity."

It was not permitted the Roman to despair of the republic, nor did he, our chieftain. "It will all come right at last," he said. It did. And now let the historian, Bancroft, speak: "From this state of despair the country was lifted by Madison and Virginia." Again he says: "We come now to a week more glorious for Virginia beyond any in her annals, or in the history of any republic that had ever before existed."

It was that week in which Madison, "giving effect to his own long cherished wishes, and still earlier wishes of Washington," addressing, as it were, the whole country, and marshalling all the States, warned them "that the crisis had arrived at which the people of America are to decide the solemn question, whether they would, by wise and magnanimous efforts, reap the fruits of independence and of Union, or whether by giving way to unmanly jealousies and prejudices, or to partial and transitory interests, they would renounce the blessings prepared for them by the Revolution," and conjuring them "to concur in such further concessions and provisions as may be necessary to secure the objects for which that government was instituted, and make the United States as happy in peace as they had been glorious in war."

In such manner, my countrymen, Virginia, adopting the words of Madison, and moved by the constant spirit of Washington, joined in convoking that Constitutional Convention, in which he headed her delegation, and over which he presided, and whose deliberations resulted in the formation and adoption of that instrument which the premier of Great Britain pronounces "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

In such manner the State which gave birth to the Father of his Country, following his guiding genius to the Union, as it had followed his sword through the battles of independence, placed herself at the head of the wavering column.

In such manner America heard and hearkened to the voice of her chief; and now closing ranks and moving with reanimated step, the thirteen Commonwealths wheeled and faced to the front, on the line of the Union, under the sacred ensign of the Constitution.

Thus at last was the crowning work of Washington accomplished. Out of the tempests of war, and the tumults of civil commotion, the ages bore their fruits, the long yearning of humanity was answered. "Rome to America" is the eloquent inscription on one stone contributed to yon colossal shaft, — taken from the ancient Temple of Peace that once stood hard by the Palace of the Cæsars. Uprisen from the sea of Revolution, fabricated from the ruins of the battered Bastiles, and dismantled palaces of unhallowed power, stood forth now the Republic of republics, the Nation of nations, the Constitution of constitutions, to which all lands and times and tongues had contributed of their wisdom. And the Priestess of Liberty was in her Holy Temple.

When Salamis had been fought and Greece again kept free, each of the victorious generals voted himself to be first in honor; but all agreed that Themistocles was second. When the most memorable struggle for the rights of human nature, of which time holds record, was thus happily concluded, in the muniment of their preservation, whoever else was second, unanimous acclaim declared that Washington was first. Nor in that struggle alone does he stand foremost. In the name of the people of the United States, their President, their senators, their

representatives, and their judges, do crown to-day, with the grandest crown that veneration has ever lifted to the brow of glory, him whom Virginia gave to America, whom America has given to the world and to the ages, and whom mankind with universal suffrage has proclaimed the foremost of the founders of empire in the first degree of greatness; whom Liberty herself has anointed as the first citizen in the great republic of humanity.

Encompassed by the inviolate seas stands to-day the Ameican Republic which he founded, — a freer, Greater Britain, — uplifted above the powers and principalities of the earth, even as his monument is uplifted over roof and dome and spire of the multitudinous city.

Long live the Republic of Washington! Respected by mankind, beloved of all its sons, long may it be the asylum of the poor and oppressed of all lands and religions; long may it be the citadel of that liberty which writes beneath the eagle's folded wings, "We will sell to no man, we will deny to no man, right and justice."

Long live the United States of America! Filled with the free, magnanimous spirit, crowned by the wisdom, blessed by the moderation, hovered over by the guardian angel of Washington's example; may they be ever worthy in all things to be defended by the blood of the brave who know the rights of man and shrink not from their assertion; may they be each a column, and altogether, under the Constitution, a perpetual Temple of Peace, unshadowed by a Cæsar's palace; at whose altar may freely commune all who seek the union of liberty and brotherhood.

Long live our country! Oh, long through the undying ages may it stand, far removed in fact as in space from the Old World's feuds and follies, alone in its grandeur and its glory, itself the immortal monument of Him whom Providence commissioned to teach man the power of truth, and to prove to the nations that their Redeemer liveth.

The delivery of the above was repeatedly interrupted with loud applause.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE. — In accordance with the programme, benediction will now be pronounced by Rev. Dr. Lindsay, Chaplain of the House of Representatives.

The Rev. John S. Lindsay, D. D., then pronounced this benediction: —

The blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be among you and remain with you always. *Amen.*

At 5 P. M. the President of the United States, the Supreme Court, the Senate, and the invited guests retired from the hall.

The weather was much more comfortable in the afternoon than it had been during the morning. The wind had abated and the sun shone with great brilliancy. Many of the Ancients were tempted by the improvement in the weather to devote the greater part of the afternoon to rambling along the magnificent avenues with which the city is so abundantly supplied; others preferred to rest in the hotel after the long march of the morning; while others, again, patronized

the matinées at the different theatres. There was a continual dropping in to the hotel of Bostonians residing in Washington who had friends among the Ancients; a number of the Ancients called upon friends resident in the city; and numerous old acquaintances were renewed and new ones formed among the members of other military organizations. Two or three Ancients called upon Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms Christie, and subsequently dined with him at Chamberlain's Hotel. Several members of the company presented Mr. F. W. Bird, formerly of Boston, but now of Washington, with a handsome cigar-holder as a pleasant reminder of their visit. Late in the afternoon, the Governor's Foot Guard, of Hartford, escorting the governor of Connecticut and his staff to the Arlington Hotel, marched past Willard's and paid a marching salute. Shortly before dinner, the attractions for the evening were announced in the following order: —

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY
OF MASSACHUSETTS,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 21, 1885.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 5.

The National Capitol will be open for the inspection of the Ancients this evening from seven to ten o'clock.

Fire-works at the monument at 8 P. M.

By order of

CAPT. WHITTEMORE.

J. P. FROST, *First Lieutenant and Adjutant.*

Dinner was generally partaken of at an early hour. At 6 P. M., and while many members of the company were at the dinner-tables, the Salem Cadet Band, stationed in the ladies' parlor, which adjoins the dining-room, gave a concert to a large and enthusiastic audience. The following programme was rendered: —

Overture, "Some Day"		Boettger.
British Patrol		Asche.
Solo for cornet, "Russian."	W. E. McQuinn	Levy.
Dream Faces		Meissler.
"Patience"		Sullivan.
La Mascotte		Audran.
Galop, "Railroad"		Collins.

The frequent requests made for particular selections, each of which was complied with, greatly prolonged the concert, which lasted in all a little over two hours. Every selection was received with great applause.

The fine display of fire-works at the monument, the display consisting of fifty set pieces, formed the great attraction of the evening, and was, it is estimated, witnessed by fully fifty thousand people. Many of the Ancients viewed the scene from the windows and the front of the hotel. The theatres were well patronized; quite a large delega-

tion attended a meeting of the Elks, were very cordially received, and passed a most enjoyable evening; and a large number of the members of the company visited the Capitol. Delighted with the reception which had been accorded them in Washington, and fully conscious that the honor and dignity of the corps had been maintained, the Ancients retired to rest, when the time for retiring came, well satisfied with themselves and with the world in general.

Sunday, Feb. 22.

No more pleasant day, considering the season of the year, could have been desired than was Sunday, and the Ancients eagerly availed themselves of the opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted with the city which they were visiting. The following order, posted just after breakfast, left them at full liberty to dispose of the day as they saw fit: —

Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company
of Massachusetts,
Washington, D. C., Feb. 22, 1885.

General Orders, No. 6.

A sacred concert, complimentary to the guests of Willard's Hotel, will be given in the ladies' parlor at 11 A. M., Feb. 22, by the band of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery (Second Cadet), Jean M. Missud, leader.

Monday's orders will be posted before 5 P. M. to-day (Sunday).

By order of
Capt. WHITTEMORE.

J. P. Frost, *First Lieutenant and Adjutant.*

Many of the Ancients attended the services held at the churches of different denominations. The Capitol was closed during the day, but members of visiting military organizations found themselves able to gain admittance, and some of those members of the company, who had not availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them to visit that building on the previous evening, included it in their Sunday tour of sight-seeing. The monument was open for part of the day, and many Ancients visited it and were taken to the top by the elevator. The most generally visited points of interest were, however, Arlington, the home of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and the Soldiers' Home, both of which places are distant from Willard's about two miles, although in opposite directions. Quite a favorite disposition of the day seemed to be a drive to Arlington in the morning, and to the Soldiers' Home in the afternoon, or *vice versa*. Congressmen Ramney, Collins, and Lovering called at the hotel and paid their respects to Captain Whittemore. Congressman Morse also called at the hotel. Several Ancients called upon different Massachusetts Congressmen. Major Ben: Perley Poore had quite a run of callers, and two or three members dined with Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms Christie

at Chamberlain's Hotel. At 11 A. M. the band, stationed in the ladies' parlor, gave a sacred concert, which was listened to by a very large audience. Again, the programme finished, numerous requests were made for particular selections, and all of these requests were responded to. Following is the programme: —

General Oliver March, introducing "Federal Street,"	Missud.
Grand selection, "Carmen"	Bizet.
Polka Fantastique, "The Baby"	Bial.
Solo rondo for piccolo. E. B. Elliot	Donjon.
Trois Temps, "My Queen"	Bucollosi.
Eisenbahn Galop	Collins.

The arrangements for the departure of the company from Washington on the next morning were outlined in an order which was posted towards the close of the afternoon, and which was as follows: —

Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company
of Massachusetts,
Washington, D. C., Feb. 22, 1885.

General Orders, No. 7.

Assembly, Feb. 23, 8.30 A. M.; line formation in rotunda, 8.45 A. M.; train leaves, 9.30 A. M.; due in Philadelphia, 1.28 P. M.; leave Philadelphia, 2 P. M.; due in New York, 4.30 P. M.

Baggage must be in rotunda before 8 A. M., and checked near Pennsylvania Avenue entrance to hotel.

The company will be photographed on its way to the depot.

Band concert in ladies' parlor, 6 P. M., Feb. 22.

By order of
Capt. WHITTEMORE.

J. P. Frost, *First Lieutenant and Adjutant.*

As announced in the above order, another sacred concert was given by the Salem Cadet Band early in the evening, the programme being as under: —

Overture, "Orphee"		Offenbach.
Paraphrase, "Jerusalem the Golden."		
Concert Medley, "Bric-a-brac"		Missud.
Wagnerian selections	*a.*	Tannhauser.
	b.	Lohengrin.
The Forge in the Forest		Michaelis.
Cornet solo, "Russian." W. E. McQuinn . .		Levy.
(By request.)		

This concert, which was even more largely attended than had been any of the others, was followed by a "request concert," called for by the ladies, lasting about two hours. During an interval in the proceedings, Mr. George L. Wright, of St. Louis, stepped forward, carrying

a handsome stand basket of flowers, and, addressing the leader of the band, said: —

Mr. Jean Missud, and Gentlemen of the Salem Cadet Band, — I have been requested by the lady guests of Willard's Hotel to present you with this magnificent basket of roses. It speaks more eloquently than I can, how much they appreciate your courtesy in giving this concert, and how brilliantly the music selected by you was executed by your band. Massachusetts has furnished much of the thought which has made this occasion illustrious, and she shows that she can furnish also the music. I have heard that the lot, even of a musician, is not always a happy one, but I feel quite sure that the pleasure you must have in being able, by your high degree of skill, to furnish so much enjoyment to those around you, cannot be small. Accept our thanks, accept these flowers, and the good-will and wishes which are implied in this gift, for your pleasant stay here, with the earnest hope that soon we again may enjoy a like pleasure.

In response to this speech, expressing so forcibly the thanks of the guests of the hotel for the concerts which had been given, the band rendered the "Flower Song," receiving greater applause at its close than had greeted any of its previous efforts. The children of the guests in the hotel presented each member of the band with a button-hole bouquet.

The visit of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company to Washington had been a great success. The reputation of the company, already well known in the District of Columbia, had assured it an enthusiastic reception, and the manner in which the honor and dignity of the corps had been upheld by its members, together with the appearance of the company on parade, had greatly increased that reputation among the residents of Washington and the members of visiting military organizations. Attentions and compliments had been showered upon the members of the company from all quarters, and many hopes were expressed that, at no late day, the Ancients would again be seen marching along Pennsylvania Avenue. Feeling that he had done his share towards attaining this result, each Ancient retired to rest soon after supper, which was on the tables until midnight, in a very happy frame of mind, and was soon wrapped in calm and restful sleep.

Monday, Feb. 23.

Early rising was incumbent upon the Ancients on the morning of the 23d, as baggage had to be placed in charge of the express agent before eight o'clock. Two or three members of the company could have been seen in the rotunda of the hotel shortly after six o'clock, and an hour later most of them had put in an appearance. By that time the rotunda began to wear a look of confusion, as the baggage from the different rooms which had been occupied by the Ancients was rapidly collected and piled up in a huge heap near the

main entrance, whence, about eight o'clock, it was carted away. To obtain a check for his baggage was almost the first thought of nearly every member of the company that morning, and, the check having been safely stowed away, he naturally at once turned in the direction of the breakfast-room, and a few minutes later was busily engaged in fortifying himself for the journey which was before him. A few Ancients, not intending to return with the company, were able to take things more leisurely.

The assembly was sounded at the hour appointed; and, at 8.45, line was formed in the rotunda. A handsome camp kettle and tripod, the kettle filled with roses and lilacs, and the posts of the tripod surrounded with smilax, had stood upon the desk of the clerk of the hotel for some few minutes, and had attracted a good deal of attention, especially as a card, bearing the following inscription, indicated that it was to be presented to the company: —

"May your camp fires
Never cease to burn."

TO THE ANCIENTS AND HONORABLES OF MASSACHUSETTS.
COMPLIMENTS OF WILLARD'S,
O. G. STAPLES, Proprietor.

Soon after the line formation, Mr. Staples, bearing in one hand this handsome floral offering, entered the square which was formed by the Ancients, and, addressing Commander Whittemore, said: —

Captain and Members of the Ancients and Honorables, — I take pleasure in presenting to you these flowers, this camp kettle, as a slight appreciation of your gentlemanly conduct and actions while guests at Willard's Hotel, and I hope that your fires may never cease to brightly burn under the camp kettle.

Captain Whittemore. — I have to thank you, in the name of the company, for this very elegant floral present, and also for the stand and kettle, which, when the flowers fade, we shall renew, and have in our armory as an ever-present remembrance of your politeness, your kindness, and your attention; and also as a memento of the satisfaction we feel with the attention with which we have been received and entertained at your hotel.

With three rousing cheers and a tiger for Willard's, the company left the hotel, and marched to the west side of the United States Treasury building. The Ancients were grouped on the steps on that side of the building, and photographed by Messrs. C. S. Cudlip & Co., of Washington. The line of march was then resumed to the Baltimore and Potomac Depot, the company marching along Pennsylvania Avenue in splendid style. The depot was reached at 9.40 A. M. Upon the platform were a number of members of the Washington Light Infantry Corps, and other military organizations, and quite a sprinkling of citizens, who had assembled to say farewell to the Massachusetts visitors,

and when, at 9.50, the "special" rolled out of the depot, and the Ancients began their homeward journey, it was amid loud cheers from the onlookers. In the "special," which consisted of seven cars and a baggage car, the Ancients again had as travelling companions the Lawrence Light Guard, who occupied the foremost car.

A quick run was made to Philadelphia, that city being reached by half past one o'clock, and there lunch was awaiting the travellers Jersey City was reached at 4 30 P. M., and the company was, without delay, ferried across the North River, a landing being made at the Fall River pier. Several members of the Old Guard of New York, in civilian dress, who had stationed themselves on the pier, loudly cheered the Ancients as they came in sight, and greetings were exchanged as soon as a landing was made. The company marched on board the Fall River steamer "Bristol," arms were quickly laid aside, and all else was forgotten in the desire to secure keys to the state-rooms at as early a moment as possible. The steamer pulled away from the pier soon after 5 P. M., and, as the lights of New York City gradually became lost to sight, the Ancients felt that they were, in truth, nearing home.

The trip was rendered much more exciting than usual by the difficulty which the steamer had in forcing its way through the ice. The Sound had for some days been impassable, and that trip of the "Bristol" was the first trip that had been made by a Sound steamer for nearly a week. Indeed, doubts were expressed as to whether the "Bristol" would have made the trip that evening, had not arrangements been made for it to take the Ancients to Fall River. For some time after leaving New York, it was feared that there would a serious delay, as the steamer each minute found it more difficult to make headway. The opinion was held that a landing would have to be made at Newport instead of Fall River, and the order outlining the arrangements for the following morning was written under that apprehension. But an hour or two sufficed to pass the greater portion of the ice, and Ancients who were anxious to return to business early the next day began to feel more assured. The bulletin board was hung in the main saloon, and the order referred to above, and which is appended, was posted: —

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY
OF MASSACHUSETTS,
STEAMER "BRISTOL," Feb. 23, 1885.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 8.

Reveille as soon as boat arrives at Newport.

Train leaves forty (40) minutes later.

If special is procured, assembly will sound forty (40) minutes before its departure.

By order of CAPT. WHITTEMORE.

J. P. FROST, *First Lieutenant and Adjutant.*

Supper was partaken of on the steamer. The evening was spent in listening to concerts given by the Salem Cadet Band and the drum and fife corps accompanying the Lawrence Light Guard, in pleasant intercourse, and in the various amusements incident to such a trip. But nearly all were thoroughly tired out with the exertions of the past few days, and sought their berths at an early hour, and by midnight the main saloon was almost entirely deserted.

TUESDAY, FEB. 24.

Fall River was reached without accident, and at 6.30 A. M. the steamer was securely fastened to the pier. Most of the members breakfasted on board. The company travelled to Boston by the regular steamboat train, which left Fall River at 7.50 A. M., and arrived at the Old Colony Depot in Boston at 9.35 A. M., where a large crowd welcomed the returning veterans. The Lawrence Light Guard escorted the Ancients, who received many compliments for their fine appearance and excellent marching, by way of South, Summer, Washington, and State Streets, and through Merchants' Row to Faneuil Hall, where the Guard drew up company front and presented arms as at 10 o'clock precisely the Ancients passed into the armory. The company was drawn up in the upper hall, and Commander Whittemore, addressing the members, said: —

Gentlemen of the Ancients, — Faneuil Hall sees us once more, after our pilgrimage to Washington. And now it seems to me that I should address you a few words of commendation. It seems to me that the Ancients never before have appeared as well, marched as well, or excited so much admiration, as they did in the city of Washington, where they had to compete with all the military organizations. The proceedings of our trip have been without a hitch, thanks to the good management of the committee of arrangements and their efficient clerk, Lieut. George H. Allen. [*Great applause.*] I now call for three cheers for Lieut. Allen.

The cheers were given with a will, and Commander Whittemore continued: —

Now, there is the military part of it. We have heard from the highest authority in Washington that we have not been excelled in our performance, and all this is due to our very efficient adjutant. I call for three cheers for Adjutant James P. Frost, and I want them hearty ones.

The cheers were enthusiastically given, and Commander Whittemore, resuming, said: —

I want to say that the Commander feels very proud that the company has done so well in every respect. Good order and good discipline have been preserved, and each and every one has done his share for the honor of the company. For myself, and Lieuts. Blasland and Gibson, I thank you for the aid that you have given us in making this trip a success.

Cheers for "our Commander" were called for by Sergeant Hedges, and were most enthusiastically given. In response to cries of "Frost," "Frost," mingled with the stamping of muskets on the floor, Adj. Frost, who was greeted with applause and cheers, said: —

Gentlemen of the Ancients, — You don't know how happy it makes me to hear you thump your muskets on the floor in this way, even if it is against the prescribed rules of Upton's tactics. [*Laughter and applause.*] I can only thank you, one and all, for the very handsome way in which you have supported me, particularly in the manner in which you attended our drills in Faneuil Hall. Let me remark just here, that Gen. Sheridan said on a call that I made upon him on Sunday, by direction of your Commander, that he did n't know how to express his thanks to the Ancients for the handsome way in which they helped him out on the grand parade. He says that if the Ancients had not come to Washington, he hardly knew what he should have done, and, to use his expression, in the verbatim way he gave it to me, "They did a sight better than the regulars." [*Laughter and great applause.*]

Commander Whittemore. — I am coming up again. On my way home to the Pilgrim and Puritan State, a little distich from the old primer came into my mind: —

Zacchæus, he
Did climb a tree,
His Lord to see.
And, therefore, I had to get up here. [*Loud laughter.*]

Loud cries were then raised for Lieut. Allen, and that officer, who was warmly received, in response said: —

Fellow Associates of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, — I thank you very much for your kind consideration and for your enthusiastic welcome. I have to say that if I contributed anything to the success of this excursion, it has been mainly due to the fact that the members of the organization have been considerate to me, and asked me no conundrums that I could not answer to their satisfaction. I thank you, gentlemen, for your kindly consideration.

Three cheers were then given for "our two worthy lieutenants," and Lieut. Blasland, responding, said: —

I am very proud of this cheer that you have given me. But it is getting a little cold here, the men are apt to get cold, and I will simply say that I am glad they did so well in Washington, and to-day in Washington Street. I trust that every one had as good a time while away as I had all through. Gentlemen, I thank you.

Loud calls were made and cheers given for the member from the "Garfield District," Lieut. Gibson, who said: —

Gentlemen, — I thank you very much for your kindness, and especially I wan to thank the artillery for their noble conduct on this trip. I think that they have kept up their reputation as well as the infantry.

Lieutenant Jones. — I understand that Battery A has been in harness since half past seven o'clock, waiting to tender us a salute, and through some misunderstanding, the telegram has not been received. I move that if such is the case, the thanks of the company be tendered.

The motion was seconded, and Commander Whittemore said, "We are very sorry they were not able to accomplish their object." The motion was then unanimously adopted, amid cheers for Battery A.

Adjutant Frost, — There is one word that we ought to say in commendation of an organization that has been with us for the first time on this parade. I refer to the Salem Cadet Band, which has played for us. [*Applause.*] I move that we give three cheers to the Salem Cadet Band.

The cheers were heartily given, and the band responded with "Home, Sweet Home." The company was then dismissed, at 10.13 A. M., and the Washington trip had passed into the history of the corps.

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY.

Roll of commissioned officers and staff doing duty under the command of Capt. Aug. Whittemore, Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, Washington, D. C., Feb. 19–24, 1885: —

Captain, — Augustus Whittemore.
First Lieutenant, — Lieut.-Col. E. B. Blasland.
Second Lieutenant, — Lieut. George H. Gibson.
Adjutant, — First-Lieut. James P. Frost.

COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Surgeon, — Lieut. John Sullivan.
Quartermaster, — Sergt. George P. May.
Assistant Surgeon, — Lieut. Thomas Restieaux, Jr.
Assistant Paymaster. — Lieut. G. H. Allen.
Chaplain. — Rev. A. H. Quint.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergeant Major, — Lieut. Edward E. Wells.
Quartermaster Sergeant, — John H. Peak.
Hospital Steward, — A. S. Dinsmore.
Commissary Sergeant, — F. J. Hutchinson.
Color Sergeant, — Sergt. W. F. Bacon.
Color Sergeant, — H. B. Emerson.
Band Guide, — William C. Pfaff.
Capt. George O. Noyes, Private Edwin Warner, } *Markers.*
Lieut. George E. Hall, Sergt. Isaac D. Dana, } *Flankers.*
Major John McDonough, Private S. H. Babcock, } *General Guides.*

HONORARY STAFF.

Major Charles W. Stevens (chief).
Major-Gen. N. P. Banks.
Gen. Samuel C. Lawrence.
Col. Isaac Hull Wright.
Col. Edward Wyman.
Major Ben: Perley Poore.
Col H. T. Rockwell.
Capt. A. A. Folsom.
Capt. John L. Stevenson.
Capt. John Mack.
Col. E. J. Trull, detailed to command 4th Company Infantry.
Capt. John Thomas.
N. S. Wilbur.
Capt. W. H. Cundy, detailed to command Color Company.
Lieut. W. H. Jones, detailed to command 5th Company Infantry.

SALEM CADET BAND.

Jean M. Missud, *Leader.*
H. E. Perkins, *Drum Major.*

W. S. Thomas.
E. B. Elliott.
E. Hennessey.
S. M. Jones.
W. E. McQuinn.
E. F. Richardson.
W. F. Murphy.
Henry Pitman.
George E. Nye.
Jas. Power.
Jas. Byrne.
E. Foster.
J. B. Edwards, Jr.
Geo. C. Rogers.
J. A. Davis.
L. A. Butman.
E. B. Holmes.
W. C. Davis.
J. P. Lamson.
E. A. Upton.
J. A. Messer.
J. B. Gage.
E. H. Damon.

ROLL OF FIRST COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Brig.-Gen. J. N. Patterson, *Sergeant.*

Col. A. C. Wellington, *Right Guide.*
G. J. Raymond.
G. B. Spaulding.
Lieut. J. T. Moriarty.
W. J. Smith.
Sergt E. R. Ellis, *Left Guide.*
Capt. W. S. Sampson.
J. B. Smith.
Major L. S. Hapgood.
B. J. Parker.

ROLL OF SECOND COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Sergt. H. E. Wade, *Sergeant.*

Lieut. Samuel H. Hobbs, *Right Guide.*
Sergt. David O. Clark.
K. H. Damon.
G. W. Spaulding.
J. H. Bowen.
J. Bensemoil, *Left Guide.*
Isaac Riley.
Capt. Chas. R. Brown.
Arthur Fuller.
Sergt. Fred. H. Adams.

THIRD COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Capt. Geo. H. Keeler, *Sergeant.*

Lieut. J. Henry Taylor, *Right Guide.*
Charles W. Parker, of Gloucester.
Lieut F. M Triffet.
Col. D. L. Jewell.
Christopher Kirmes.
Lieut. G. Howard Jones, *Left Guide.*
Sergt. H. J. Byrne.
Sergt. Wm. A. Hardy.
Sergt Geo. B. Martis.
Sergt. Charles W. Parker, of Boston.

FOURTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Col. Ezra Trull, *Sergeant.*

Col. J. H. Ammon, *Right Guide.*
Sergt J. Fred. Sampson.
J. C. Crafts.
Dexter Pratt.
H. Stumcke.
Capt. E. R. Frost, *Left Guide.*
Sergt. Wm. M. Maynard.
Sergt. A. K. Loring.
A. J. Simpson.
E. G. Scripture.

FIFTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Lieut. William Hatch Jones, *Sergeant.*

Lieut. Henry E. Smith, *Right Guide.*
J. N. Roberts.
Capt. W. M. Cross.
Albert L. Richardson.
Wilder Bennett.
Capt. Fred W. Wellington, *Left Guide.*
Frank F. Olney.
T. W. Carter.
Isaac A. Sylvester.
Lieut. Edward B. Wadsworth.

COLOR COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. W. H. Cundy, *Sergeant.*

Lieut. M. C. Grant, *Right Guide.*
Edwin Adams.
Lyman Boynton.
Franklin Smith.
H. B. Emerson, *Color Sergeant.*
Arthur E. Leach, *Left Guide.*
J. Henry Kelley.
Sergt D. A. Potter.
J. H. Baguley.
Wm. F. Bacon, *Color Sergeant.*

VETERAN COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Col. Henry Walker, *Sergeant.*

Major C. G. Davis, *Right Guide.*
Capt. S. V. Stillings.
Sergt. S. H. Leonard.
Lieut. J. C. Dalton.
Capt. J. M. Cushing.
Capt. S. Hichborn, *Left Guide.*
H. A. Choate.
Lieut. Thomas L. Churchill.
Rolla N. Start.
W. A. Cromwell.

FIRST COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

THOMAS SAVAGE, *Sergeant.*

Jacob Fottler, *Right Guide.*
Albert Webster.
C. F. Munroe.
Sergt. Abijah Thompson.
Frederick Mills.

Edward Sullivan, *Left Guide.*
Charles H. Dunham.
Emery Grover.
Albert H. Stearns.
James L. Burdett.

SECOND COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

SIDNEY M. HEDGES, *Sergeant.*

Major Charles B. Barrett, *Right Guide.*
Daniel H. Smith.
Chas. E. Smith.
Thomas G. Sandland.
John Galvin.

Henry H. Litchfield, *Left Guide.*
Lieut. Nat Grant.
Homer M. Daggett, Jr.
Wm. Tyner.
Oscar M. Draper.

THIRD COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Sergt. FRANK H. MUDGE, *Sergeant.*

W. C. Babcock, *Right Guide.*
A. B. Babcock.
R. S. Gray.
John Rindge.
W. H. Mitchell.

C. H. Glover, *Left Guide.*
E. Frank Lewis.
F. E. Merriman.
C. D. Weston.
W. H. Ford.

FOURTH COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Sergt. EDWIN E. SNOW, *Sergeant.*

Capt. William Pratt, *Right Guide.*
Capt. William Lewis.
Walter Russell.
James W. Vose.
Dr. J. C. Weeks.

Sergt. Winslow B. Lucas, *Left Guide.*
D. A. Snell.
Capt. William P. Blaney.
A. E Lockhardt.
H. S. Hussey.

FIFTH COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

CHARLES T. HOUGH, *Sergeant.*

Edw. Hale, *Right Guide.*
Col. J. W. Wolcott.
Sergt. G. W. Mills.
Alex. Ceppi.
Thos. F. Temple.

E. H. Grover, *Left Guide.*
C. C. Goodwin.
S W. Winslow.
Caleb Chase.
Chas. W. Trumbull.

LETTERS.

HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP,
President Massachusetts Historical Society, etc., etc.

BOSTON, MASS., Dec. 8, 1884.

My dear Sir, — The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, of which you have been an honored member for more than half a century, and a past officer, having decided to be present upon the dedication of the Washington Monument, on the 22d of February next, I beg to offer you their services as special escort upon that occasion.

It will afford great pleasure to myself and my command to perform such a duty to so distinguished a comrade and gentleman as yourself, whose delivery of the Oration upon the laying of the corner-stone of the monument is now, after a period of thirty-seven years, to be followed by a dedicatory address from the same illustrious source.

I am, my dear sir, with much respect, your obedient servant,

AUG. WHITTEMORE,
Captain Commanding.

BOSTON, Dec. 9, 1884,
90 Marlborough Street.

My dear Sir, — I thank you sincerely for your kind note of yesterday, communicating to me the formal invitation of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. I am deeply sensible to such a compliment from such a source. I have always cherished my relations to this oldest incorporated military organization in our country, whose charter was signed by my venerated ancestor in 1638, and with which I was actively associated as long ago as 1830.

But the duty which has been assigned me by Congress in connection with the dedication of the Washington Monument will compel me to leave home several days before the date which you propose to me, and may detain me some days after the return of your corps to Boston.

Indeed, I should not dare, at my advanced age, to involve myself in any ceremonious journey to the capital, even under the protection of so distinguished an escort.

I pray you to present my most grateful acknowledgments to your corps, and to accept for yourself the assurance of my high regards.

Believe me, dear Captain Whittemore,

Very faithfully, your obliged friend and servant,

ROBT. C. WINTHROP.

AUGUSTUS WHITTEMORE, Esq.,
Commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts.

COMMUNICATION FROM THE CHIEF MEDICAL PURVEYOR, U. S. A.

The following interesting communication was received from the chief medical purveyor of the army :—

OFFICE OF THE CHIEF MEDICAL PURVEYOR U. S. A.,
WASHINGTON.

Every citizen shall, after notice of his enrolment, be constantly provided with a good musket or firelock of a bore sufficient for balls of the eighteenth part of a pound, a sufficient bayonet and belt, two spare flints, and a knapsack, a pouch with a box therein to contain not less than twenty-four cartridges suited to the bore of his musket or firelock, each cartridge to contain a proper quantity of powder and ball; or with a good rifle, knapsack, shot-pouch, and powder horn, twenty balls suited to the bore of his rifle, and a quarter of a pound of powder; and shall appear so armed and accoutred and provided when called out to exercise, or into service, except that when called out on company days to exercise only, he may appear without a knapsack.

And all arms, ammunition, and accoutrements so provided and required shall be held exempt from all suits, distresses, executions, or sales, for debt or for the payment of taxes.

Each commissioned officer shall be armed with a sword or hanger and spontoon.

[Revised Statutes of the United States, Sec. 1628. Title XVI. — The Militia.]

J. H. BAXTER,
Chief Medical Purveyor U. S. Army.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 22, 1885.

TO THE HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

Historic gentleman! almost the last
Of those high names that link with our proud past
This "ignorant present," which less learned men,
And less heroic, wield with tongue or pen,
Thy State salutes in thee her noblest son!
For words of gold on glorious Washington.

In that same hour when thy great pæan, sung
By lips that lent their music to thy tongue,
Th' assembled nation did sublimely thrill,
Beneath yon dome that crowns our city's hill
One pilgrim looked upon the sacred form
Amid those banners torn by many a storm
Of later battle; and the more on Him
I gazed who towered there beautiful and dim
With dust and distance, more and more to me
A divine instrument I seemed to see;
And a voice whispered, as alone I trod
That pillared hall, "George *was* a son of God!"

Fairest creation of one master hand!
Was it an Englishman who gave our land
That matchless image? English too was he
Robed there in marble. Englishmen are we
Of that same stock; and if the modern type
Betray a flimsier web or cheaper stripe,
We call him kinsman. In whatever land,
Where Shakespeare's language gives a common brand
Of mental brotherhood, we largely claim
Lineage with them, if not an English name.

Haply some vision of more prescient power,
Looking beyond the triumphs of the hour,
May see a future when those orient realms,
Which darkness now, from falsehood, overwhelms
(Whose annals tell of tyranny alone,
A servile people, a perfidious throne,
Vast kingdoms crushed a despot's name to deck,
Whose fruitless conquest left no trace but wreck),
Shall study Western history and learn
Who Alfred was, and freedom's dawn discern,
Read what our fathers did, and what remains
Of joy and glory for their tears and pains,
Then schools and spires shall crowd the Caspian strand,
And Christian teaching soften Samarcand;
Yea, give Bokhara's bigotry a truce
From lines adulterate through power's misuse.
Perchance our name of Washington may be
More than their Mah'met's, — Prophet of the Free!
Then, too, His herald's clarion voice, that stirred
All souls but yesterday, may there be heard;
And hoary heads in Caucasus may bow
Before that eloquence we bend to now.

T. W. PARSONS.

Daily Advertiser, Feb. 25, 1885.

TO THE SOLDIERS' CARNIVAL.

THE ANCIENTS ESCORT HIS EXCELLENCY GOVERNOR ROBINSON, AND PARTICIPATE IN THE OPENING EXERCISES AT THE MECHANICS' FAIR BUILDING.

NEVER have the Ancients been found wanting when any deserving charity has appealed to this time-honored corps. The generosity of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery is proverbial throughout New England. When the project of a gigantic carnival for the benefit of the Soldiers' Home, at Chelsea, was broached, the company, by unanimous consent, plunged loyally into the enterprise, and from beginning to end labored incessantly for its success. From its earliest conception, the members were prominent in its administrative councils, and pledged the hearty co-operation of every member of the corps. How faithfully that promise was fulfilled is shown in the executive ability of Col. Austin C. Wellington, chief marshal; Lieut. Fred. G. King, adjutant-general; Lieut. Wm. H. Jones, quartermaster-general; Gen. A. P. Martin, chairman of the Executive Committee; and hundreds of other gentlemen, who, almost without exception, are members of this ancient organization. Notwithstanding the fact that many of the leading members of the company would be busily engaged at the scene of the carnival, in the manifold duties incumbent upon a staff position, or the care of some particular table, booth, or exhibit, the Ancients gallantly tendered their services as escort to His Excellency Gov. Robinson, on the evening of Wednesday, April 8, the opening night of the carnival. The entire company was imbued with the enthusiasm of the occasion, and it is estimated that, including the individual members of the corps who acted in various official positions that night, fully three hundred and fifty members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery participated in the opening exercises of this worthy charity.

By 6 P. M. the members began to arrive at the armory, in Faneuil Hall, and shortly after 7 P. M. the assembly was sounded by the First Regiment Drum, Fife, and Bugle Corps. Line was formed in South Market Street, with the Salem Cadet Band (augmented to thirty-two pieces) on the right. The line was turned over by Adjutant Frost in a twinkling, and Capt. Whittemore broke the organization into column of companies to the right, and the route of march was begun with the following formation: —

JAMES W. CLARKE, *Drum Major.*
SALEM CADET BAND, 32 *Pieces*, JEAN M. MISSUD, *Leader.*
FIRST REGIMENT DRUM, FIFE, AND BUGLE CORPS, 45 *Pieces.*

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Capt. AUGUSTUS WHITTEMORE, *Commander.*
Lieut.-Col. E. B. BLASLAND . . . . . *First Lieutenant.*
Lieut. GEO. H. GIBSON . . . . . *Second Lieutenant.*
First Lieut. JAMES P. FROST . . . . . *Adjutant.*

STAFF.

Lieut. JOHN SULLIVAN, *Surgeon.*
Sergt. GEO. P. MAY, *Quartermaster.*
Capt. P. E. DOLLIVER, *Commissary.*
Lieut. GEO. H. ALLEN, *Assistant Paymaster.*
Lieut. THOMAS RESTIEAUX, *Assistant Surgeon.*
Sergt. EDWARD E. WELLS, *Sergeant Major.*
Sergt. JOHN H. PEAKS, *Quartermaster Sergeant.*
Sergt. F. I. HUTCHINSON, *Commissary Sergeant.*
Sergt. A. S. DINSMORE, *Hospital Steward.*
Sergt. I. D. DANA, Private S. H. BABCOCK, } *Flankers.*
Capt. GEORGE O. NOYES, Private EDWIN WARNER, } *Markers.*
Sergt. WM. C. PFAFF, *Band Guide.*

HONORARY STAFF.

Col. EDWARD WYMAN, *Chief of Staff.*

Major-Gen. N. P. BANKS.	Major BENJAMIN F. TALBOT.
Capt. ALBERT A. FOLSOM.	Major HENRY G. JORDAN.
Capt. JOHN L. STEVENSON.	Capt. THOMAS F. TEMPLE.
Capt. WM. H. CUNDY.	Capt. JOHN THOMAS.

Capt. THOMAS L. CHURCHILL.

DETAILED AS FLANKERS.

Major JOHN MCDONOUGH.	Sergt. GEORGE B. MARTIS.
Capt. WARREN DAVIS.	Sergt. G. B. SPAULDING.
Lieut. WM. H. MARSH.	Sergt. E. R. ELLIS.
Lieut. F. M. TRIFET.	Private E. M. PLATT.

FIRST COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Sergt. HENRY F. WADE, *Sergeant.*

Lieut. Samuel Hobbs, *R. Guide.*	J. Bensemoil, *L. Guide.*
Capt. G. H. Philbrook.	Capt. W. S. Sampson.
J. H. Proctor.	F. D. Wentworth.
Major L. S. Hapgood.	Marshall Lincoln.

J. B. Smith.

SECOND COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. CHARLES W. KNAPP, *Sergeant.*

Col. E. J. Trull, *R. Guide.*	Lieut. J. Henry Taylor, *L. Guide.*
Capt. W. J. Smith.	Capt. J. M. Cushing.
Kendall H. Damon.	Fred H. Adams.
Henry H. Litchfield.	Thomas H. Harding.
	Isaac Riley.

THIRD COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. GEORGE A. KEELER, *Sergeant.*

Lieut. G. H. Washburn, *R. Guide.*	Dr. G. Howard Jones, *L. Guide.*
Sergt. W. A. Hardy.	Christopher Kirmes.
Col. D. L. Jewell.	Sergt. Chas. W. Parker.
Sergt. George B. Martis.	Sergt. H. J. Byrne.
	Lieut. F. M. Trifet.

FOURTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. WM. H. RUSS, *Sergeant.*

Col. J. H. Ammon, *R. Guide.*	F. Shores, *L. Guide.*
J. C. Crafts.	G. S. Russell.
Charles W. Parker.	C. W. Parker.
J. Fred. Sampson.	W. A. Cromwell.

FIFTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. EZRA J. TRULL, *Sergeant.*

M. C. Grant, *R. Guide.*	Arthur E. Leach, *L. Guide.*
J. N. Roberts.	J. H. Baguley.
J. H. Kelly.	D. A. Potter.
Lyman S. Hapgood.	Edwin Adams.
Color-Sergt. Wm. F. Bacon.	Color-Sergt. H. B. Emerson.

FIRST COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Sergt. THOMAS SAVAGE, *Sergeant.*

Jacob Fottler, *R. Guide.*	Edward Sullivan, *L. Guide.*
Albert Webster.	Sergt. George G. Stratton.
C. H. Dunham.	C. A. Faxon.
Emory Grover.	A. H. Stearns.
Fred. Mills.	J. L. Burditt.

SECOND COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Sergt. SIDNEY M. HEDGES, *Sergeant.*

C. B. Barrett, *R. Guide.*	George E. Jacques, *L. Guide.*
C. E. Smith.	H. M. Daggett, Jr.
Wm. Tyner.	E. H. Grover.
J. B. Hathaway.	Walter Russell.
John Salom.	Wm. Pratt.

THIRD COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Sergt. CHARLES T. HOUGH, *Sergeant.*

W. C. Babcock, *R. Guide.*	C. H. Glover, *L. Guide.*
A. E. Lockhart.	Robert T. Bath.
F. W. Vose.	John Rindge.
A. C. Richardson.	D. A. Snell.
Seth Winslow.	M. J. Grodjinski.
A. B. Babcock.	E. Frank Lewis.
	Sergt. Winslow B. Lucas.

The route of march was as follows: —

South Market, Commercial, State, Washington, School, Tremont, and Boylston Streets, and Huntington Avenue, to the Charitable Mechanics' Association Building. On passing the Parker House, a beautiful illumination was given the company, and red, blue, and green lights were burned as the company marched past. This was due to the thoughtful generosity of Mr. Wm. P. Tyler, a warm friend of the company. On reaching Tremont Street, the company formed line on the right, with the centre directly opposite and facing the main entrance to the Tremont House. His Excellency Gov. Robinson was awaiting the company, and soon made his appearance at the entrance. The customary honors were tendered him and duly acknowledged. His Excellency was accompanied by Major-Gen. Samuel Dalton, adjutant-general; Brig.-Gen. E. P. Nettleton, judge-advocate-general; Brig.-Gen. Alfred F. Holt, surgeon-general; Col. Horace T. Rockwell and Col. Edward E. Currier, assistant inspectors-general; Cols. Allen, Russell, Greenough, and Stearns, aides-de-camp. Carriages had been provided, and under the supervision of Gen. Dalton and Adjutant Frost, the distinguished guests were soon seated and driven to position between the wings of the company and flankers placed at the side of each carriage. Line of march was then continued to the scene of the carnival. A large calcium light had been erected on a large two-horse vehicle, and was placed in the rear of the column, casting its dazzling light over the entire line, and lighting up the streets like day.

Arriving at the building, Gov. Robinson and party retired to the reception-room, and the Ancients removed their overcoats and capes, and soon were in full-dress uniform. In the mean while, Chief-Marshal Wellington had formed his army of aids and marched into the main hall, where line was formed and everything was in readiness to receive the chief executive of the State with all possible honors. Soon the sound of the Ancients' gigantic band and drum corps was heard, and the famous organization appeared at the entrance of the hall, escorting Gov. Robinson and staff. Their entrance was the signal for tumultuous applause. Capt. Whittemore brought the company into line and paid to His Excellency the honors due to his rank. Besides his staff, Gov. Robinson was accompanied by Gen. A. P.

Martin, chairman of the Executive Committee of the carnival; Commodore Badger, Col. Mendelhall, and other officers. Col. Wellington immediately stepped forward and welcomed the governor and party, and escorted them to the platform, where seats had been reserved for their comfort. Adjutant Frost then formed the Ancients in a hollow square in front of the speaker's desk, and placed the band and drum corps in the centre, the staff, division commanders, and aids forming in rear of the company, — a most effective grouping.

By this time the vast assemblage completely filled the immense hall, and when Gen. Martin arose to speak there were fully 8,000 people in the building. Among the more prominent civil and military gentlemen on the platform were: —

Hon. John D. Long, Gov. Robinson, Adjt.-Gen. Dalton, Surgeon-General Holt, Judge-Advocate-General Nettleton, Colonels Rockwell, Allen, Russell, Greenough, and Stearns of his staff, Gen. Charles Devens, Mayor O'Brien, Col. Carpenter, J. C. Wellington, Chaplain Ryder, Micah Dyer, Jr., Henry Cabot Lodge, Hon. Rufus S. Frost, Hon. J. C. Bennett, Col. Hugh Cochrane, C. M. Clapp, Hon. A. E. Pillsbury, Speaker Brackett, Gen. William Cogswell, Col. Charles H. Taylor, Hon. Henry B. Peirce, Senators Simons, Howland, Walker, Thayer, Boynton, and Trull, and Representatives Walker, Gore, Beard, Randall, Cross, Doherty, Parker, and Cushing. Among the officers of the Grand Army of the Republic were Senior Vice-Commander Tobin, Junior Vice-Commander Nash, Assist. Adjt.-Gen. Monroe, and Comrade Horace A. Sawyer, of the Council of Administration. The Woman's Relief Corps were represented by National Secretary Mrs. S. E. Fuller, National Treasurer Mrs. L. A. Turner, Past National President Mrs. E. Florence Barker, Department President Mrs. Susie M. Goodale, Senior Vice-President Mrs. Parker, of Brockton, Treasurer Mrs. K. T. Beedle, Guard Mrs. H. F. Johnson, of Charlestown, and others.

At 8.30 P. M. Gen. Martin stepped to the front of the platform and spoke as follows: —

REMARKS OF GEN. A. P. MARTIN.

It is my pleasant duty, as chairman of the Executive Committee of this carnival, to present to you at this time a gentleman who is well known to all of you, and who has been selected as the most fitting and appropiate president of this carnival. I take great pleasure in presenting Hon. John D. Long.

Ex-Gov. Long was received with great enthusiasm. He spoke in the following vein: —

SPEECH OF HON. JOHN D. LONG.

The undying gratitude of the Commonwealth was the promise of her great war governor to the men who rallied at his call in 1861. Well has that promise been kept. Never yet has Massachusetts, nor have her citizens, forgotten the

soldiers and sailors of the war for the Union and freedom, — the patriots who survive or the martyrs who sleep. While the unstinted bounty of the national government has no parallel in history, maintaining soldiers' homes and pouring out annually $60,000,000 for army and navy pensions, our own Commonwealth leads all the rest in its local aid to its veterans and their families; our cities and villages contribute with cordial hand to the maintenance of the Grand Army Posts and their charities, to the decoration of graves and the keeping of Memorial day; and our individual citizens are deaf to no appeal for the comfort and honor of the soldiers and sailors. It is in the same spirit that this carnival now rolls up its curtain. The scene is not that of a beggar holding its trembling hat to a grudging passer-by. It is rather that of a grateful beneficiary whom fortune has blessed with wealth and power, hastening, with swift feet and open hand, to the side of one who, years ago, rescuing him from impending danger and death, insured his wealth and power, and to whom he is glad to pay back the debt. Tell me, you who love your country; you who remember with what loyal fire of heart you cheered on to the war the fair-faced young heroes of 1861; you who remember the tears of pride with which you welcomed them back from victory in 1865; you who have read their story in the poet's verse or on the painter's canvas, or in their own recital of their service; you who would teach your children the education of patriotism, — tell me what monument of bronze, what pillar of marble, what marvel of architecture, half so fitly or instructively, half so touchingly, embodies all these as a soldiers' and sailors' home, — a home procured by the free gift of the people, incorporated and aided by the Commonwealth, sustained by the loving contributions of old comrades in arms, and calling, when in special need, as it now calls, upon your responsive and undoubted gratitude to come to its rescue and enlarge its usefulness. If only because the old soldiers of Massachusetts, who ask nothing for themselves, but who — some of them among our foremost public spirits — take this means of helping their comrades, — if only because they ask our co-operation, let us haste to give it! Let our giving be a joy, and not a burden. For after all that has been done for the soldiers and sailors, there are yet some for whom, unless you now care for them, nothing remains but the almshouse, and that misery which is sadder than poverty, the misery of neglect and of being forgotten.

The Soldiers' Home, on Powder-Horn Hill, in Chelsea, is an institution that had its birth in the very heart of the grateful patriotic instinct of the Commonwealth. Its object is to supplement that liberal State and national provision, to which I have referred, at just the one point where that has hitherto failed. Our great national soldiers' homes meet the case of no soldier or sailor who is not pensionable. They shut their doors here and there to a veteran whose sickness or strait cannot be traced to-day to his service in the war; yet none the less is he in sore need of the helping hand. Pensionless, sick, yet with the memory of a soldier's pride, it shocked the sense that he should perish by the wayside, and no Samaritan bind up his wounds and cheer him. Thus it was that the thought of a home for such as he wrought in the heart of General Sargent and his associates. For years it was the dream and passion of the men who founded it. A generous merchant gave $10,000. A loyal woman — always the soldiers' friend — bequeathed $3,000 more. Smaller contributions were made from time to time by individuals and by Posts of the Grand Army. The great soldiers' fair held in this building in 1881 brought in $43,000. The land and buildings now

occupied for the home, and so admirably adapted to that purpose, were bought for $20,000, — one fifth of their cost. For three years, without a dissenting voice, the Commonwealth has each year given $15,000 towards the administration and maintenance of the charity, thereby adding no expense to the people, because at once relieving local municipalities, and itself escaping the reproach of forsaking any of its veterans. There are to-day one hundred and ten inmates in the Home. Every bed is full. Other applicants wait at the door. The flag never flies at half-mast in token of the death of a beneficiary, that his vacant place is not eagerly sought. Under the patient and tender ministrations and superintendence of General and Mrs. Cunningham, the veteran finds indeed a home. And yet, as years go on, as disease, wounds, poverty, break him, it is a home no longer so much as a hospital. There is no debt, but some more permanent financial foundation is needed than the limided fund now rapidly exhausting. More hospital room must be had. More beds must be set. And in aid of this charity so deserving, and appealing so swift and straight to every generous impulse of a free and patriotic people, I open this carnival, which throws wide its doors to the public generosity.

It is a fitting time to open it, and to let its appeal go out. The hero of Appomattox is at this hour winning another victory, — a greater victory than that which crowned the war of which he was the genius, — the victory over death and over the unbounded love and affection of 50,000,000 people, — alike the people he led and the people he overcame, — all now leaning in hushed expectancy to catch his last whisper, and dropping flowers from their outstretched hands. It is the same calm face, the same iron will, the same unflinching persistence, even unto the end, — the same sure, quiet conquering. This is not death. It is for him the Easter of risen and glorified life. And as the great, gentle soul of Grant goes up, without fear and without reproach, what fitter accompaniment can we give to bear it aloft than our benefaction to his comrades in arms, — the men whose captain he was, and who will not fear again to follow where he leads them?

Fellow-citizens, — The fair opens, and my first duty and your first pleasure is the presentation of His Excellency the Governor of the Commonwealth.

GOVERNOR ROBINSON'S ADDRESS.

Governor Robinson was received with applause. He said: —

Ladies and Gentlemen, — The president of this carnival has spoken so eloquently and so comprehensively that there is left no word for me to speak or idea to present. And yet it is fitting indeed that the Commonwealth, in her official voice, should at least welcome this great gathering. Go where you may, up and down along the borders of the State, and you find here and there memorials that attest the affection for the memory of the great and brave that are gone. As the seasons come and go, Memorial day brings the touching and tender ceremony of placing flowers on the graves of the departed. There are mingled the expressions of honor and tears and sympathy, and the nation weeps and rejoices in contemplation of the heroism of the past.

And yet one feels in his heart that that is not the most suitable testimonial to the soldier. He who went out into the strife of battle, — who gave his life and time that the nation might live and liberty survive, — who fought for country, — yes, who put himself into the breach for liberty, — yes, who offered himself for the integrity of the Union, — there was through it all, and sanctifying it

all, a tender and touching feeling for him. What do men fight for most valiantly but affection for their kindred and birthplace, and the soul of love most of all?

So it is indeed most fitting that the recognition of the soldier's services and sacrifices should be the establishment and maintenance of a home for him in the time of want and suffering. Massachusetts has always appreciated her soldiers; she does so as keenly now as when they marched to the front, and so it is good for us to-night and this year that this carnival is opened, and the fountain of labor and generosity started in abundance in support of this noble charity. In the name of our old Commonwealth, for which we stand in our best definition, I give to you all, and the thousands upon thousands that shall come here in the days to come, most abundant greeting and welcome, and I know that your patronage of this worthy charity will be most abundant and satisfactory. (*Great applause.*)

Congressman Long now stepped to the front and said, "I present to you his Honor the Mayor of Boston." (*Applause.*)

MAYOR O'BRIEN'S REMARKS.

Mayor O'Brien, after bowing his acknowledgments, said: —

Ladies and gentlemen, if His Excellency the governor of the State hesitated to follow the eloquent Long, how much more embarrassing it must be to me to follow the eloquence of a Long and a Robinson. (*Applause.*) On behalf of the city of Boston, however, I rejoice that this carnival for our Soldiers' Home opens so auspiciously, and I will, in the name of the city of Boston, in the name of the wealthy city of Boston, wish it all success. I hope that all your anticipations will be more than realized. (*Applause.*)

COL. WELLINGTON'S WORDS OF THANKS.

Congressman Long and Col. Wellington now came to the front of the platform, and the ex-governor said: —

Col. Wellington (*great applause*), by authority of the Executive Committee of this carnival, well confiding in your ability, I place this administration in your hand from now until its close. (*Great applause.*)

Col. Wellington said: —

Mr. President, I thank you for your words given in such a complimentary manner. The words of eloquence here to-night should give us encouragement to work with greater energy. I accept the trust placed in my hands, and ask from one and all a most hearty and cordial support that this carnival may be carried to a successful issue. (*Applause and cheers from the floor.*)

Hon. John D. Long: —

The further exercises of the carnival will take place around the tables in the adjoining hall. (*Laughter and applause.*)

The company then marched to the Exhibition Hall, where ranks were broken, and time was allowed the members to visit the booth, presided over by the ladies of the corps, and the hundred and one attractions to be found in the mammoth hall.

The officers of the Ancients' table were as follows: —

President, Mrs. Isaac D. Dana.

Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Wm. H. Jones, Mrs. J. B. Hathaway, Mrs. C. L. Buxton, Mrs. J. H. Baguley, Mrs. Geo. E. Hall, Mrs. C. G. Davis, Mrs. A. S. Dinsmore, Mrs. Geo. P. May, Mrs. John H. Peak, Mrs. H. F. Wade.

Secretary, Mrs. D. H. Follett.

Assistant Secretary, Mrs. Livermore.

Treasurer, Mrs. W. H. Cundy.

Assistant Treasurer, Mrs. J. L. Burditt.

The table realized the sum of	$2,060 84
For the sale of tickets	190 75
	$2,251 59

to the treasury of the carnival.

On the staff of the chief marshal, division commanders, and their aids were many members of the corps, and hence the following roster is given, to fully bring out every member of the company that participated in the opening of this worthy charity.

CHIEF MARSHAL AND STAFF.

Chief Marshal, COL. A. C. WELLINGTON.

Chief of Staff, Col. Charles H. Taylor; *Adjutant-General*, Lieut. Frederick G. King; *Quartermaster-General*, Capt. William H. Jones; *Inspector-General*, Gen. A. P. Martin; *Surgeon-General*, Major Otis H. Marion; *Provost Marshal-General*, Gen. Francis A. Walker; *Judge-Advocate-General*, Col. Carroll D. Wright; *Engineer*, Capt. William H. Whitney; *Paymaster-General*, Capt. Henry B. Peirce; *Commissary-General*, Col. C. F. King; *Chief of Artillery*, Dr. William H. Ruddick.

Signal Officer, Mr. F. H. Buffum.

Inspector Rifle Practice, Lieut. F. H. Brownell.

Assistants Adjutant-General. — Col. Augustus N. Sampson, Capt. Oliver C. Livermore, Capt. Horace B. Clapp, Capt. Albert F. Fessenden, Capt. Bowdoin S. Parker, Lieut. Charles B. Rohan, Lieut. Charles W. Reed, Lieut. John A. Lowell, Lieut. James P. Frost, Sergt.-Major W. S. Pepperel.

Assistants Quartermaster-General. — Capt. W. H. Cundy, Capt. Albert E. Proctor, Capt. W. W. Kellett, Mr. Joshua S. Sanborn, Lieut. Edwin G. Smith, Lieut. Howard K. Blair, Mr. Sidney M. Hedges, Mr. Edward E. Wells, Mr. Elmer A. Messenger, Lieut. George E. Hall, Mr. Arthur E. Leech.

Assistants Inspector-General. — Major-Gen. Samuel Dalton, Major-Gen. James A. Cunningham, Brig.-Gen. Hobart Moore, Brig.-Gen. Morris Schaff, Brig.-Gen. W. F. Draper, Major George O. Carpenter, Capt. George W. Creasey, Capt. Alfred C. Monroe, Lieut. Gardner A. Churchill, Mr. George H. Patch.

Medical Directors. — Col. John L. Hildreth, Brig.-Gen. A. F. Holt, Dr. W. D. Hodges, Dr. William Appleton, Lieut. George Stedman, Major George W. Snow, Lieut. H. F. Vickery, Major P. O'M. Edson, Major W. J. Otis, Major H. L. Burrill.

Provost Marshals. — Col. Herbert E. Hill, Major Charles A. Young, Mr. Lemuel Pope, Capt. James T. Davis, Major H. G. Kemp, Gen. W. O. Fiske, Capt. D. W. Lawrence, Major George R. Rogers, Col. P. T. Hanley, Lieut. Newell A. Thompson.

Judge Advocates. — Brig.-Gen. E. P. Nettleton, Col. Henry Walker, Capt. Henry E. Fales, Capt. J. Q. A. Brackett, Brig.-Gen. William Cogswell, Col. George A. Bruce, Mr. Godfrey Morse, Hon. George L. Ruffin, Major James F. Jackson, Brig.-Gen. Samuel M. Quincy, Hon. T. J. Dacey.

Assistants Paymaster-General. — Lieut.-Col. E. B. Blasland, Mr. Charles A. Ruggles.

Personal Staff. — Brig.-Gen. B. F. Peach, Jr., Brig.-Gen. Nat Wales, Col. William M. Strachan, Col. B. F. Bridges, Jr., Col. W. A. Bancroft, Col. Charles L. Ayres, Col. Henry G. Greene, Mr. John W. Hersey, Mr. Micah Dyer, Jr., Mr. J. C. Wellington.

FIRST DIVISION.

Division Marshal, WILLIAM H. SAYWARD.

Assistant Marshals. — Robert T. Swan, Andreas Blume.

Aids. — I. W. Adams, J. B. Foster, William H. Allen, Joel Goldthwait, Emery Cleaves, George K. Guild, L. H. Dutton, G. W. K. Guild, William Dodge, Major Charles L. Hovey, George S. T. Fuller, Capt. Gideon F. Haynes, R. J. Ford, Capt. Arthur Hodges, W. C. Fiske, J. B. Hathaway, Ira G. Hersey, Henry C. Hobbs, A. F. Holt, Charles E. Harris, G. F. Hollis, Charles D. Jordan, Col. J. P. Jordan, John H. Keeler, Albert H. Lewis, James P. Little, Capt. John Mack, H. B. Parker, Robert T. Swan, Ralph H. Sawyer, J. T. Slattery, Capt. Charles F. Thurston, W. A. Tarbell, George W. Tyner, Lieut. F. M. Trifet, George M. Towle.

SECOND DIVISION.

Division Marshal, GEORGE S. EVANS, *Department Commander Massachusetts G. A. R.*

Assistant Marshals. — Lieut.-Col. P. Allen Lindsey, Mr. J. W. Walker.

Aids. — Charles S. Anthony, Dr. John H. Abbott, Major Charles F. Allen, John Adams, 2d, B. S. Atwood, A. S. Buswell, Leopold Bartoll, W. S. Bliss, J. Walter Bradlee, J. O. Bullard, Abe O. Brown, M. C. Beadle, Lieut. C. H. Coburn, B. F. Chamberlin, Austin M. Copp, John M. Davis, Daniel T. Duhig, Gen. Dimon (G. A. R.), John M. Dean, Gen. William T. Draper, William E. Ellsworth, Lieut. John D. Edgell, Capt. George A. Fletcher, John S. Fay, Capt. M. J. Folsom, Myron J. Ferren, Capt. George T. Fayermather, W. Y. Grose, M. A. Galucia, Lieut. H. H. Goodell, Major T. B. Griffith, Samuel Hall, Harrison Hinckley, Henry C. Hall, Charles H. Harding, W. S. Hixon, Lieut. Fred G. Hyde, Lieut.-Col. Samuel Hart, E. P. Jewett, Daniel T. Kiley, James P. Litch, J. K. Lashure, Charles W. Lanman, William E. Long, J. R. Loring, J. A. Lakin, George B. Martis, Benjamin M Merchant, L. M. Maxham, Arthur Neilson, Henry Newman, Charles H. Parsons, A. E. Perkins, Hon. Mathew Ryan, Hiram B. Reed, C. N. Skillings, Austin J. Sylvester, Robert Torrey, J. Cushing Thomas, E. W. Thompson, Henry E. Turner, Jr., Albert Tuttle, William H. Wade, Lysander Wood, Capt. Charles W. Wilson, J. S. Whittaker, C. F. Whitney, Lieut. Charles F. Winch, Henry A. Walker, Henry Wakefield.

THIRD DIVISION.

Division Marshal, MAJOR DEXTER H. FOLLETT.

Assistant Marshals. — Mr. Charles D. White, Mr. Alexis Torrey.

Aids. — Lieut. George W. Brooks, Charles F. Bosworth, Ralph G. Brown, Joseph H. Baguley, A. W. Bailey, Jacob Bensemoil, James M. Burditt, I. D. Dana, Major C. G. Davis, Arthur Dixwell, Albert Fitzemeyer, Dexter F. Follett, Capt. A. A. Folsom, Jacob Fottler, J. H. Goodspeed, Lieut. William F. Hall, Nelson A, Hallett, Oscar A. Jones, John A. King, Weston Lewis, Winthrop M. Merrill, James R. Murray, Henry A. McCarthy, C. H. Montague, Charles E. Phœnix, George F. Presby, G. F. Perham, A. L. Richardson, Capt. Timothy Reed, Wm. R. Sanderson, Walter L. Sampson, Roger F. Scannell, Thomas F. Temple Lieut.-Col. J. W. Wolcott, J. B. White.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Division Marshal, CAPT. LAMONT G. BURNHAM.

Assistant Marshals. — E. E. Locke, C. F. Crosby.

Aids. — W. H. Bowker, George H. Dean, Capt. L. S. Ford, John L. Harrington, Capt. George E. Lovett, Elmer E. Locke, Frank L. Locke, W. A. Meheffey, Samuel L. Powers, George W. Powers, Walter Potter, George M. Potter, Charles H. Potter, Henry Parkman, Capt. W. W. Rhodes, Lieut. George A. Reed, Capt. C. J. F. Madigan, Capt. John W. Mahoney, E. R. McPherson, John Namara, Major George H. Maynard, L. B. Nichols, H. B. Sprague, Lieut. Aaron S. Taft, Capt. John Thomas, Charles W. Trainer, Lieut. H. T. Vickery, W. S. Waite, Capt. H. G. Wells, Lieut. E. B. Wadsworth, Lieut. Charles A. Wyman, Lewis Weisbein, F. L. White, Charles Young, Capt. George T. Sears, Lieut. Patrick T. Sullivan, Capt. J. W. Smith, Capt. John E. Smith, Charles L. Smith, Ephraim Stearns.

FIFTH DIVISION.

Division Marshal, LIEUT. D. AUSTIN BROWN.

Assistant Marshals. — Capt. Nicholas N. Noyes, Capt. Theodore L. Harlow.

Aids. — Capt. John H. Andrews, George B. Brown, Lieut. William L. Bullivant, Silas E. Buck, C. H. Baker, James Henry Buffum, William E. Barker, Walter H. Brock, H. G. Cushing, Otis E. Chamberlain, J. W. Caverly, George Chase, A. H. Chapman, Charles A. Dewing, William H. Duncan, E. W. Darrow, Emmons R. Ellis, Richard L. F. Evans, Capt. Dalton Fallon, Capt. William L. Fox, Capt. A. F. Fessenden, Capt. A. G. Faye, Jr., Capt. T. L. Harlow, Capt. Geo. E. Harrington, Capt. E. A. Hammond, Harry L. Hiscock, Charles F. Hill, K. S. Hackett, C. Fred Howe, George E. Hersey, Jr., G. H. Jacobs, Charles A. Locke, Col. Horace E. Marion, C. H. Mandell, Frank H. Mudge, Frank Moseley, Capt. George O. Noyes, C. L. Pope, Gardner F. Packard, Dr. George H. Payne, Charles B. Rogers, R. L. Richardson, L. P. Rounds, Lieut. E. G. Smith, William G. Shillaber, Paul D. Sheppard, John Stalker, Dr. George Steadman, Capt. Henry A. Thomas, George William Taylor, A. K. Trainer, Abbott H. K. Timson, A. W. Wright, Arthur L. Woodward, J. H. Webb, Samuel H. Wing.

SIXTH DIVISION.

Division Marshal, LIEUT. FRANCIS BATCHELLER.

Assistant Marshals. — Capt. William T. Lambert, Lieut. Frank H. Briggs.

Aids. — Lander M. Bouve, Dwight Braman, George B. Billings, W. I. Bigelow, R. Batcheller, A. Batcheller, Frank N. Brown, Lieut. Frank H. Briggs, C. F. Cutter, Frank H. Cutler, Fred B. Carpenter, Henry M. Cunner, Charles F. Crosby, Henry B. Callender, Dr. S. B. Clarke, David H. Coolidge, Jr., George A. Doane, Jr., Charles J. Hayden, Edward B. Hill, Edward Howland, E. G. Hamblen, Major R. M. Lawrence, Edward L. Osgood, Albert Partridge, Clarence H. Poor, George A. Draper, Lieut. F. W. Dallinger, Fred B. Ferris, Mr. Faxon, Capt. Elijah George, Chester Guild, Jr., Curtis Guild, Jr., William M. Hill, S. Henry Hooper, Lieut. C. Merton Haley, Frank C. Potter, Henry A. Pemberton, A. H. Proctor, Charles Pfaff, F. E. Puffer, Le Van S. Peck, William M. Rice, C. H. Rollins, Arthur H. Sargent, Henry A. Solis, C. Henry Sampson, Fred S. Stanwood, George A. Valentine, William F. Wesselhœft, Frank D. White, Edward C. Williams, Charles C. Williams.

SEVENTH DIVISION.

Division Marshal, COL. EZRA J. TRULL.

Assistant Marshals. — Lieut. A. C. Betteley, Capt. Charles A. Campbell.

Aids. — C. C. Adams, Lieut. O. J. Brown, Charles S. Bartlett, J. Harrison Brown, F. H. Bogan, Capt. Geo. F. Chapin, Major T. N. Cook, George A. Donne, A. S. Dinsmore, Lieut. C. E. Edgerly, Capt. Samuel Hichborn, Capt. Edward A. Harris, George H. Howard, Capt. F. E. Jackson, Capt. Charles W. Knapp, Capt. George A. Keeler, George W. Little, Henry A. McGlenen, Col. G. B. Dyer, Brig.-Gen. M. F. Donahoe, William Daggett, Jr., John McNamara, Andrew Noland, Lieut.-Col. Henry Parsons, J. Phillips, John C. Pratt, John N. Roberts, John D. Reed, Major George N. Snow, Lieut. Henry E. Smith, Major N. A. Smith, Capt Henry A. Snow, Lieut. Charles F. Shaw, Henry N. Sawyer, H. E. Swasey, George W. Spaulding, E. E. Stevenson, Lieut. J. Henry Taylor, E. A. Taft, W. C. Ulman, Henry F. Wade.

EIGHTH DIVISION.

Division Marshal, AUGUSTINE SANDERSON.

Assistant Marshals. — Augustus Jacobs, Benjamin Noyes.

Aids. — Capt. W. H. Alline, Thomas H. Atwood, Gen. W. W. Blackmar, Francis E. Bixby, Charles H. Boardman, Nathan B. Boutwell, George T. Brown, James Bruerton, James W. Cartwright, John H. Cook, George W. Carpenter, James W. Dolliver, John H. Dee, J. Waldo Denney, Sterling Dow, C. S. Ellis, E. T. Everett, Orrin Brent, E. R. Brenn, Walter Burns, John C. Cook, Russell Curruth, Henry W. Fernald, Robert S. Gardiner, Joseph W. Gilsey, I. B. Goodrich, Lowell B. Hiscock, Cyrus S. Haldeman, J. A. Haskell, A. W. Hersey, Lewis Eddy, Frank D. Eddy, Capt. Benj. F. Field, Jr., Capt. C. C. Howland, Major J. A. Ingalls, George C. Irwin, Augustus Jacobs, Major E. J. Jones, Paul H. Kendricken, Luke R. Landy, J. D. Leatherbee, F. S. Hazeltine, C. N. Hodgdon, E. A. Holton, J. E. Hollis, David N. Howard, George F. Hall,

Samuel Harrington, Benjamin S. Howe, Benjamin Noyes, Otis H. Neale, Major T. H. Mathews, Lieut. William H. Millar, E. A. Messenger, Leslie Millar, I. N. Moody, Martin A. Monroe, F. W. Moss, J. H. Meserve, John B. Reed, E. H. Richards, Caleb Niebuhr, T. L. O'Brion, William M. Osborn, Capt. B. S. Parker, George C. Phillips, Francis W. Parker, Charles E. Pierce, A. C. Pond, James M. Porter, Nathaniel M. Putnam, C. C. Richards, Edward W. Robins, Capt. Augustus Sampson, Thomas A. Swords, G. A. Swain, William A. Simmons, S. V. Stillings, James S. Swords, Silas Sanborn, Jr., Fred G. Storey, Major George R. Rogers, William G. Reed, Major John H. Roberts, Charles W. Reed, James Thompson, Charles R. Todd, Louis N. Tucker, James Tucker, Lieut. W. W. Waugh, Brig.-Gen. Nat Wales, Clifford E. Walker, James A. Wallace, Henry G. Weston, Justus P. Weston, George F. Whall, Edwin D. White, Joseph L. White, John C. White, Col. D. D. Wiley.

NINTH DIVISION.

Division Marshal, LIEUT. FRANK D. HOWE.

Assistant Marshals.— Capt. Harry C. Gardner, Frank W. Andrews.

Aids.— F. E. Atteaux, F. W. Andrews, C. H. Betteley, S. W. Bates, George E. Barnard, William A. Bunton, G. G. Banchor, J. H. Chadbourne, Major P. O'M. Edson, A. D. Field, George R. Fogg, Capt. C. J. Foye, Lieut. J. H. Frothingham, E. B. Grant, T. B. Grant, J. W. Hitchings, T. C. Johnson, Brevet Brig.-Gen. Edward Keeler, C. B. Lichtenstein, Frank Locke, W. J. Luke, E. B. Palmer, C. H. Potter, George W. Parker, Charles L. Parker, M. S. P. Pollard, Arthur Pope, W. B. Ropes, F. S. Saxton, S. Sanford, F. H. Sherman, W. F. Skelton, Charles C. Shaw, H. R. Trainer, C. B. Tibbetts, J. M. Vennard, George F. Virtue, John T. Wogan, Capt. William B. Topham.

TENTH DIVISION.

Division Marshal, MAJOR GEORGE S. MERRILL.

Assistant Marshals.— Major David W. Low, Col. J. C. Linnehan.

Aids.— William E. Blunt, A. B. Bruce, Capt. J. J. Barry, Capt. L. H. Bateman, Capt. T. F. Butler, Lieut L. P. Benton, Capt. George W. Brady, J. C. Chappelle, Lieut. W. K. DeLue, M. C. Davy, Capt. J. E. Fiske, Lieut. J. M. Fogg, Major P. J. Grady, J. M. Gleason, Lieut. Charles H. Hawes, Lieut. R. B. Henderson, Lieut. James Ingalls, Lieut. William D. Kittridge, John Kennedy, Col. John C. Linnehan, Lieut. Charles H. Littlefield, Major David W. Low, George C. Neal, H. P. Oakman, Dr. A. E. Paine, Lieut. John C. Potter, William W. Reed, Peter S. Smith, J. W. Sawyer, Capt. N. G. Smith, Samuel Valentine, Aram Warburton, Lieut. Charles P. Whittle, W. V. Warfield, George W. Wilder, W. H. Warren, William O. Webber.

During the interval the band played several selections. Line was formed shortly before 10 P. M., and line of march was taken up over Huntington Avenue, Boylston, Washington, and State Streets, and Merchants' Row to the armory. Here an appetizing cold lunch was in readiness, and after a few commendatory words from Commander Whittemore, the company was dismissed, and all fell to about the tables, and one of the most notable parades of this gallant old company was at an end.

CELEBRATION

OF THE

TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY,

AND

Two Hundred and Forty-eighth Election of Officers.

ANNUAL ELECTION.

THE weather on the morning of Monday, June 1, was not remarkably propitious. The clouds were threatening, and the recent rains had made the streets slippery, too slippery, it was evident, for fine marching.

The members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company were early astir. At daybreak, Adjt. Frost, with a detachment of the First Regiment Drum and Fife Corps, in accordance with the custom, beat the reveille at the residences of several past commanders of the corps, and in each case found them in readiness to answer the roll-call. Little more than an hour later, Lieut. Allen, clerk, and Sergt. May, quartermaster, were at Faneuil Hall, and commenced the work of the day. Very soon afterwards, other members of the old corps began to arrive. Those who came from out of town were provided with breakfast at the hall. By eight o'clock quite a number of Ancients were present for duty. At 9 A. M. Adjutant Frost began the formation of the infantry in the upper hall, and Lieut. Gibson that of the artillery in Quincy Market. The staff, as usual, formed in the library. Twenty minutes later, the companies filed out of Faneuil Hall and formed line on South Market Street. As soon as the staff and invited guests had taken position, Commander Whittemore gave the command, and the parade began. The music was furnished by the Salem Cadet Band, supplemented by the First Regiment Drum and Fife Corps.

The company marched from South Market Street, through Commercial Street to Custom House Square, where a halt was called. The Ancients were grouped upon the high steps of that building, and were photographed by the instantaneous method, by C. S. Cudlip & Co., of Washington. The march was then resumed, and the company passed through State, Washington, and School Streets, where they were reviewed by Mayor O'Brien, to the State House, where they received the governor and staff and a few of the invited guests, and taking them in escort, proceeded through Tremont and Boylston Streets to the New Old South Church, Dartmouth, corner Boylston Street, where the annual sermon was preached.

SERVICES AT THE CHURCH.

The spacious interior of the New Old South Church was well filled with friends of the corps, when, at 10.45 A. M., the company arrived. The governor, invited guests, and staff of the Commander marched into the church and occupied front seats, the company following them. At the word of command, all were seated. Friends of the corps arrived rapidly, and the edifice was soon filled to overflowing.

The following is the

1638. 1885.

ORDER OF EXERCISES

ON THE

TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY,

AT

NEW OLD SOUTH CHURCH,

MONDAY JUNE 1, 1885, 10.30 O'CLOCK, A. M.

ORGAN VOLUNTARY.

INVOCATION.

BY PROF. WILLIAM LAWRENCE.

Direct us, O Lord, in all our doings, with thy most gracious face, and further us with thy continual help, that in this our service and in all our works, begun, continued, and ended in thee, we may glorify thy holy name. And may the words of our mouth and the meditations of our heart be acceptable in thy sight, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

"VENITE EXULTEMUS" . . . . . HOWARD M. DOW.

READING OF SCRIPTURES.

HYMN.

BY THOMAS POWER.

(*Written for the occasion, and sung on the Anniversary of the Company, June 4, 1838.*)

While low before our altars now,
With grateful hearts we humbly bow,
No hostile thought, nor warlike sound,
Shall, on our festal day, be found.

Our fathers — rest the honored dead! —
A halo round their country shed,
And patriot thoughts and deeds of fame,
Achieved a proud and deathless name.

Should angry foes, in hostile train,
Invade our peaceful shores again,
Let valor nerve each patriot arm,
To guard our shores from threatening harm.

For God, and for our homes, we bear
The dearest hopes that time can share;
That truth and valor here may trace
The worth of Freedom's resting-place.

In coming time, when years are known,
Like seasons past and centuries gone,
Then gathered be our ancient band,
And blest and free our native land!

PRAYER.

O Almighty God, who art the King of kings, and Lord of lords, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, we give thee hearty thanks for all thy mercies to us and to our fathers. From thine hand came the covenant and the spirit of liberty which brought our fathers across the seas to this land. From thine hand came the spirit of freedom which provoked our fathers to claim their rights, and in thy name, conquer. From thine hand also has come the spirit of patriotism which inspired thy sons to go forth and to fight not only for the nation but also for the down-trodden and despised people. We give thee humble and hearty thanks for all these thy mercies. We bless thy holy name for all thy servants who in our halls have departed this life in thy faith and fear; and we beseech thee that we from their spirit may gain such inspiration that we also shall uphold the spirit of liberty, freedom, and patriotism. We thank thee, O Father, for having crowned this year with plenty, for having given a reasonable reward to the harvestmen and to all thy workmen. We pray thee, O Lord, that thou wilt continue thy many mercies, and especially wilt thou give peace within our halls. Give peace, O Lord, in all time for the name of thy Son, who is the Prince of Peace. And now, in virtue of thy gifts, may we live true to thee, may we show forth our praise, not only with our lips, but with our lives, by devoting ourselves to thy service. Wilt thou look upon all of those who are in authority in this land, the executive, the legislative, and the judiciary. Give the executive a strong arm, ready to act under the laws of the country and under the laws of righteousness. Give the judiciary clear and quick discernment, just minds, a true thought, and wilt thou, O Lord, lead them in all their many and righteous undertakings. Give the legislative a sense of responsibility in all their many duties. May they work and live and do as under thy service; not to the favor of man, but under the arm of God. Wilt thou pour thy spirit also upon the institutions of the land for good and sound learning? May thy truth there be taught. Give the teachers patience; give the scholars humility; and may there be trained up in those institutions, schools, and colleges a youth who will be like our fathers, strong to act, true to pray, and full of the spirit of truth. Wilt thou also, O Lord, give comfort to those who are distressed, who are afflicted, who are in trouble, who have been overthrown by the hard rush of the world? Give comfort, we also pray thee, to those who are lying in prison, and wilt thou help them to see the error of their ways? Pour thy spirit upon all charitable institutions, and fill the hearts of thy people with charity, that they may pour forth bounteously, not only of their means, but which is of far more value, their time and even, unto the example of their Master, their very life blood. May thy churches gain courage and enthusiasm. May thy ministers, and may thy people also, be ready to go into the highways and the by-ways of our great and growing cities, and may they reclaim many from error and vice. May they be true to their religion, and strong to preach righteousness. We pray thee, O Lord, that thou wilt bless all the people of this land. Give them a hearty desire to serve thee, to live for thee, and to sustain their country, not in their own name or by their own might, but by the might of thine own hand and power. Pour thy spirit also upon this company, the connecting link between the new and the old. May they gather strength, comfort, and courage from the spirit of their fathers. May they do what they can to cement the spirit of peace and good-will between all English-speaking people, and may they live

so loyal and true in this life that each one of them may have a crown in the life to come. Help us now in our service. Give us strength to speak. Give us comfort and give us the truth. We ask it in the name of him who is also the way, the truth, and the life, thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

DUET — "O Lovely Peace" (Judas Maccabeus . . . . . HANDEL

SUNG BY MRS. RICHARDSON AND MISS LORD.

SERMON.

PROF. WILLIAM LAWRENCE, OF CAMBRIDGE.

HAIL! COLUMBIA!

SOLO SUNG BY MRS. F. P. WHITNEY.

Hail! Columbia, happy land!
Hail! ye heroes, heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won;
Let independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

CHORUS.

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more!
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize;
While offering peace sincere and just,
In Heav'n we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice may prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail!

CHORUS.

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Sound, sound the trump of fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Let ev'ry clime to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear:
With equal skill, with steady power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease,
The happier time of honest peace.

CHORUS.

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

(The following additional stanza has been written for this occasio by MINOT J. SAVAGE.)

O hail, thou mighty, modest man,
Birth of our soil, American,
Who crushed rebellion 'neath thy heel!
Who crushed rebellion 'neath thy heel!
He gave us back a nation grand,
One common, free, united land!
To-day he fights the last great foe!
While he 's still with us, let him know
The people that his sword made free,
Shout GRANT, COLUMBIA, LIBERTY!

CHORUS.

We, like him, if we must fight,
Fight for only peace and right.
North and South henceforth we 'll be
Brothers true and brothers free.

BENEDICTION.

The company were loud in their praises of the sermon delivered by Prof. Lawrence, which was conceded by all to be among the best that have been delivered before the corps. The music was beautifully rendered.

THE DINNER.

At the conclusion of the religious exercises, the company again formed at 12.05 P. M., and taking its guests under escort proceeded through Boylston, Washington, Summer, High, Federal, Milk, Congress, and State Streets and Merchants' Row to Faneuil Hall, where the annual dinner was to be served. When the members of the company had laid aside their arms, they, and those gentlemen whom they were entertaining, took their places at the tables. The old Cradle of Liberty was elaborately decorated with flags and streamers, and the portraits of past commanders adorned the gallery railing. The galleries and the table on the platform were masked with bunting, and all the tables were adorned with flowers. Capt. Whittemore presided. On his right were Gov. Robinson, Lieut.-Gov. Ames, Gen. Samuel Dalton, Col. W. S. Greenough, Col. John J. Whipple, and Col. E. E. Currier. On his left were Prof. William Lawrence, of Harvard College; the Hon. Le Barron B. Colt, of Bristol; the Hon. John D. Long; Major George W. McLean, of the Old Guard of New York; Harvey N. Shepard, and Col. Charles H. Taylor.

The past commanders and Adjutant Frost, toast-master, were seated at the table to the left of the platform; the Committee of Arrangements were seated at the table to the right of the platform. The invited guests were seated directly in front of the platform. In addition to the gentlemen named, the guests invited, most of whom were present, were as follows: —

Hon. A. E. Pillsbury; Hon. J. Q. A. Brackett; Sheriff John B. O'Brien; Com. Kimberly, of the Navy Yard; Lieut.-Col. John L. Broome, of the United States Marine Corps; Col. John Mendenhall, Commander at Fort Warren; Capt. J. P. Story, of Fort Warren; Capt. George G. Greenough, of Fort Warren; Col. Thos. C. Sullivan, United States Army; Major E. A. Robinson, United States Army; Mayor O'Brien; Aldermen Charles V. Whitten, William J. Welch, Charles H. Allen, George Curtis, P. J. Donovan, James Smith, Benjamin F. Cutter, J. H. Mullane, and James H. Nugent; E. J. Jenkins, President of the Common Council; Howard M. Dow; Mayor W. E. Russell, of Cambridge; Hon. John D. Long; Hon. P. A. Collins; Hon. A. A. Ranney; H. A. M'Glenen; G. Prince; Capt. H. D. Andrews, of the Lancers; Capt. Geo. E. Lovett, of the Boston Light Infantry; Capt. J. E. Clark, of Medford; Col. C. M. Van Slyck, of the United Train of Artillery, Providence, R. I.; Daniel Simpson, the veteran drummer; Robert B. Brigham; Lieut.-Col. A. C. Eddy; Major-Gen. C. R. Dennis and Adjt. S. T. Douglass, of the Providence Light Infantry Veterans; Capt. John N. Morse, Jr., and Geo. H. Harlow, of the Worcester Continentals; Capt. James W. Cusack, Lieut. James L. Thompson, Lieut. George D.

Smith, and Lieut. John H. Tupper, of the Troy (N. Y.) Citizens' Corps; Col. Augustus P. Sherman, Col. Wm. A. Stedman, Lieut.-Col. Thos. S. Nason, and Lieut. B. B. H. Sherman, of the Newport Veteran Artillery Association; Major C. H. Case and Wm. H. Barnard, of the Hartford (Conn.) Phalanx; Rev. E. A. Horton; Rev. M. J. Savage; Rev. M. K. Schermerhorn, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Rev. E. C. Bolles, of Salem; Rev. A. H. Quint, of Dover, N. H.; Rev. L. T. Townsend, of Watertown.

Commander Whittemore rapped to order at 1.25 P. M., and Prof. William Lawrence then invoked the Divine blessing. Caterer Dooling had provided a tempting display of the good things of life, and they were at once attacked. Following is the

MENU.

BOUILLON.

FISH.

Boiled Salmon, Green Peas.

BOILED.

Turkey, Oyster Sauce.

Capon, Cream Sauce. Chicken, Truffle Sauce.

Mutton, Caper Sauce. Ham. Tongue.

ROAST.

Green Goose, Apple Sauce. Spring Chicken. Spring Lamb, Mint Sauce.

Sirloin Beef. Stuffed Pig. Mutton. Veal.

ENTREES.

Potted Wild Squabs. Beef à la Mode. Chicken Croquettes.

Fillet of Beef, with Mushrooms. Sweetbreads, Larded, Tomato Sauce.

Lobster Salad. Salmon Salad.

GAME.

Philadelphia Squabs. Plover.

VEGETABLES.

Mashed Potatoes. Green Peas. Asparagus. Sliced Tomatoes.

Green Corn. Radishes. Cucumbers. Pickles. Olives.

CAKE AND PASTRY.

Sheet Cake in variety.

Sponge Drops. Cocoanuts and Macaroons.

Tipsy Cake. Hunting Pudding.

Apple Méringues Pie. Lemon Pie.

DESSERT.

Frozen Pudding. Charlotte Russe.

Biscuit Tortoni. Vanilla.

Strawberry. Pineapple.

Lemon. Orange Sherbet.

Roman Punch.

FRUIT.

Bananas. Pineapples. Oranges. Walnuts.

Raisins. Pecan Nuts. Figs.

Strawberries and Cream. French Coffee.

Scarcely had the dinner commenced, when the veteran drum-major, Daniel Simpson, and fife-major, Stanley, entered the hall. The appearance of "Dan Simpson" at the anniversary gathering of the Ancients is always sufficient to raise the members of the corps to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and it proved so in this instance. Everybody in the hall rose to his feet, and the new arrivals were greeted with deafening applause. This was the sixty-fifth occasion on which the veteran drummer has been present at the anniversary dinner of the company.

When the cigars had been passed and the smoke began to curl ceilingward, Commander Whittemore rapped for attention. To photograph a military company seated at the dinner-table was something never successfully accomplished; but, by way of experiment, the company were photographed by Messrs. C. S. Cudlip & Co. The photograph taken, Commander Whittemore addressed the company as follows: —

COMMANDER WHITTEMORE'S SPEECH.

Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, — I congratulate you upon this auspicious celebration of your Two Hundred and Forty-seventh Anniversary.

To you, gentlemen, our guests of to-day, I give, in behalf of the company, our most cordial greetings, and for the honor conferred upon us by your presence, our most hearty thanks.

Comrades, when in the progress of events it becomes the duty of your Commander to make this final report, upon what subject shall he address you? How shall he avoid repetition, following, as he does, more than two hundred predecessors? We have had many able speakers among our commanders in the past, and they have enlarged upon the history of the company from its earliest days, upon its connection with the State, the church, the schoolhouse, and Harvard College, and have left no kindred topic untouched. Permit me, then, to present a plain, unvarnished statement of the events of the year, leaving to other and abler minds to instruct and charm you with flights of eloquence and flashes of wit.

Two hundred and forty-seven years old, and yet no sign of decay! Let me rejoice with you on the sturdy vigor of your age. Never has your roll of membership been larger; never has your standing as a veteran corps been higher, never better appreciated. During the last few years there has been a steady improvement in the quality of your new members, in love for your organization, in devotion to its interests, in attention to drill and discipline; and you may proudly claim that no other veteran company can surpass your anniversary celebration in perfection of all arrangements and in generous hospitality.

Let us briefly review our work for the year just closing.

Our parade, under the newly elected Commander, on Tuesday, June 3, 1884, having as our guests the Old Guard of New York, commanded by that gallant soldier and gracious gentleman, Major George W. McLean, was a great success, due to the able management of the Committee of Arrangements, whose plans for the parade, excursion in the harbor, and escort of our guests to the railroad station, were promptly carried out; and we have the satisfaction of knowing that our friends of the Old Guard were pleased with our efforts to honor and entertain them. In this connection, our thanks should be given to Capt. Lovett, of the Tigers, and his command, for their handsome and very acceptable escort of the Ancients and their guests from the steamer to the station.

Our October parade, inaugurating a new departure, a one day's celebration, was a notable event. New Bedford welcomed us with open arms. Capt. Topham and his command, Company E, First Regiment, received and escorted us through the principal streets; the fire department paraded, the schools were given a holiday, the citizens generally decorated their offices and homes in our honor, our banquet was good and plentiful, and nothing happened to mar the pleasures of the day.

On Monday, Dec. 1, 1884, the company voted to visit Washington, to take part in the ceremonies on Feb. 21, incident to the dedication of the Washington Monument. Our excursion has passed into history; and to set before you in proper light and glowing colors the eminent success of our five days' trip is beyond my power of expression. Our reception by President Arthur was the most gratifying feature of our visit. Our marching salute to his Excellency, our chief magistrate, although it was given "over the left," was but a slight manifestation of the high esteem with which we regard him. Gen. Sheridan recognized, in most flattering terms, our services as a part of the military escort. Carrying to Washington a company of one hundred and ninety-seven, all told, it is cause of congratulation that no untoward event occurred to interfere with our unalloyed enjoyment of the occasion. The plans of your committee for the comfort and happiness of the members were absolutely perfect.

A labor of love, all too short, was our duty of escorting Gov. Robinson to the opening of the Soldiers' Carnival. This noble charity enlisted our active sympathy, and many of our members labored most earnestly in its aid. The ladies of the Ancients, our wives, "our sisters, our cousins, and our aunts," gave their time, their energies, and their money to the sacred cause, with what great pecuniary result you all know.

As the representative of our organization for the past year, I have been honored by invitations from all the veteran corps in affiliation with us, to attend their festivities or parades, and when able to do so I have accepted their courtesies. The grand ball of the Old Guard of

New York can never be excelled. It was my envy and my delight. I would respectfully urge upon our company to consider the feasibility of giving some such feature to the long interval between our fall and spring meetings.

As your Commander,

> "I 've touched the highest point of all my greatness;
> And, from that full meridian of my glory,
> I haste now to my setting."

In rendering my final acknowledgments for all the kindness and courtesy received at your hands during my term of office, I give you my most sincere thanks for your kindly toleration of my shortcomings as Commander and presiding officer, and for your unwavering support. My election to your highest office was a great honor, for which I shall always feel a profound gratitude while memory lasts. The assistance given me by the officers elected to serve with me, by the members of my staff, by the several committees of arrangements, deserves and receives my fullest commendation; and especially am I under great obligations to Adjutant Frost, for earnest work in improving the company in tactics and drill, and for his careful attention to all matters of importance to the reputation and soldierly appearance of the company relieving the Commander from much care and anxiety. I will now call upon Adjutant Frost, your toast-master.

Gentlemen, Lieut. James P. Frost, our Adjutant, — the Ancients never had a better one.

Three cheers for Adjutant Frost were called for, and were most heartily given. Quiet having been restored, he said: —

Gentlemen of the Ancients, — I will say but one word. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the handsome and cordial support which you have shown me upon every occasion during this year. [*Applause.*] I will call the first regular toast, —

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts: Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.

Adjutant Frost resumed his seat amid cheering and applause.

COMMANDER WHITTEMORE. — Gentlemen, I present to you his Excellency Governor George D. Robinson. Like Massachusetts, he needs no eulogy.

Governor Robinson was very warmly received. He said: —

Mr. Commander and Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, — In this little lull of the roar of battle [*laughter*], amid the rising clouds of smoke of the conflict [*laughter*], it may be befitting, perhaps, that a word be said in response to the toast that has been uttered in your hearing. For the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, your testimony is most acceptable, your compliment abundantly appreciated. More than one hundred and fifty years before the State took her existence under her present Constitution, your organization

was established. So much you antedate the present form of government of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and if the character of this company, and its deeds of courtesy for the last year, have been but the repetition of the two hundred and forty-six years that have preceded it, it may truly be said for all the executives of the Commonwealth, that the company has done nobly by the State that it honors. [*Loud applause.*] For myself, speaking officially, I feel that I am under great obligation for the courtesies extended on many occasions, and I take a little to myself personally. There is just a little delight in being able to stand up for the old Bay State, and feel the current of good-will rushing all around you, and knowing that of that, some little fragment or fraction may possibly cluster around yourself. [*Great applause.*] You went to Washington, gentlemen; I saw you there. I bear the Commonwealth's testimony that your appearance and conduct were entirely most honorably creditable, not only to yourselves but also to the State that you represented. [*Great enthusiasm.*] Our fathers laid the foundations for the common schools, for the college, and for the church in the early days of the settlement. They at the same time organized this Ancient military company as expressive of the force and the power that lies behind every government, and is put into the hands even of a free people, in which every man is a ruler, in order that there may be complete obedience to the lawful commands of the executive. And from that time down, the relations between the governor and this company have been most intimate. Those under the first and second charters, those holding office under the Constitution, have been called upon to commission the officers in this ancient corps; and although governors have been, they have ceased to be, and yet the company goes on and on forever, outliving the power and the administration of any popular ruler. [*Loud applause.*] And yet it is not the cause of anxiety or alarm. You know very well that in the historical account we read that the fathers dreaded for a time the institution of such a company, for fear it might take to itself and keep too much of power. But wisely the originators provided that every year there should be an election of officers, recognizing the principle that those are best fitted to command who know best how to obey. [*Applause.*] Akin to the principle that runs through our popular government was the establishment of discipline in this corps, making from the private in the ranks the commander of the company, and then passing him down to the rear and elevating somebody else. Why, gentlemen, think, just at this moment, of the anxiety that is residing in every heart before you. [*Laughter.*] You are soon to take your march to yonder green, and there, upon the drum-head, it will be determined, what of course no one of you now knows [*laughter*], who shall be your commander for the next year. [*Renewed laughter.*] The effect, of course, is visible to-day; every single Ancient is on his best behavior [*laughter*], every one determined to show that he is fit to lead the lines [*applause*], and there is more military spirit visible here to-day among the Ancients [*a voice, "That's good" and laughter and applause*] than has scarce ever been known in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts [*laughter*], except upon just such occasions as this. [*Renewed laughter.*] This corps is said to be the nursery of soldiers. [*Applause.*] Now, I read in the Ancient records that it was required of them that on all days of annual election and all public parades, they should exhibit all improvements in exercise and manœuvre. [*Laughter.*] Now I know, I never did before, why so many of the present active militia are in this corps. [*Laughter.*] They are there to learn [*renewed laughter*]; and next week, when we go to the encampment at

Framingham, I trust that you will all come up to see how fairly well your pupils will perform on that tented field. [*Great laughter and applause.*] What the Ancients cannot teach the militia of Massachusetts, I will not undertake to tell. [*Laughter.*] And the Commonwealth is at no expense for the maintenance of this school; not a dollar [*laughter and cheers*], so says the Adjutant-General, who is high authority in military matters. It has troubled me very much to see how you could manage this organization without any expenditure of money. We could not do it in the active militia. It takes money to buy overcoats. [*Great laughter and applause and loud cheers; three cheers and a tiger were called for the Commander-in-Chief, and were most enthusiastically given. The uproar continued for some minutes, and Commander Whittemore vainly attempted to restore order.*] I want to say, gentlemen, that he is only the Commander, I am the Commander-in-Chief. [*Great laughter and applause.*] Now I find by examination of the Ancient records that the annual expense to each member, irrespective of uniform, is ten dollars. We could not run our military department on any such outlay as that. A great service was rendered by your annual election day in calling together so many of you, to bring within the hearing and instruction of so able and eloquent a discourse as it was your privilege to hear this morning. You better appreciate your duties and obligations as citizens. You were taught to feel reverence for the law, to have convictions and the courage of them, and also, more than all these, to carry alongside your citizenship and culminate it, Christianity supplementing and forming the foundation of the best type of manhood and citizenship for the State. [*Loud applause.*] If in the years that have gone, and I doubt not it has been so, as worthy sentiments have been expressed when your company has met on former occasions, the influence cannot be overestimated. You feel that the task is greater because of the demand that is made upon you. You know that while you are soldiers, you are more and oftener citizens, and that he is the best soldier who is the most orderly citizen. [*Loud applause.*] You have other duties to perform. Some persons have said that you joined this corps to keep out of the jury box. [*Cries of "No."*] Now, undoubtedly, that is a slander. [*Laughter.*] It was seen early, and hence the law was passed, that in the conduct of the administration in the affairs of the courts of justice, the juries might some time or other break out into a riot, and therefore it was necessary to have at all times a body of men like yourselves, ready to rush up and quell any disturbances that might occur in the courts. [*Loud laughter and applause.*] That is perfectly plain, because you know that it is written in the Constitution of the Commonwealth, far back in the earliest lines of the instrument, that the presence of such a military body as that should be essential. It is written that the governor shall not oblige any of the inhabitants of this Commonwealth to go beyond the boundaries of the State without their free and voluntary consent. So you see that even the governor has not the power to send the Ancients out of the State. [*Laughter.*] It struck me to-day that there is no duty that you more readily entered upon the performance of than you did to submit yourselves to the perils of photography. [*Laughter.*] Indeed, every single Ancient was able to put his eye unflinchingly upon the muzzle of that camera, and hold it there for sixty seconds, and no damage done. The wonder is that the steamer that has just left our shores did not wait long enough to take this impression of this corps to-day, so that it might be carried over to "merry England" with the other photograph that has gone. [*Loud applause.*] And why should you gentlemen be disturbed at any effects that the

sun may produce, you, in your perennial youth, you in your matchless beauty and infinite virtue [*laughter*], the pride and pomp and circumstance of glorious war. Gentlemen, I will not detain you any longer. [*Cries of "Go on! go on!"*] There are others that you will be much more delighted to hear; you only hear me officially. [*Cries of "No, no."*] It is a good thing in this bright summer day, when the skies are clear, and everything is fresh and promising, that you come together to renew the associations that cluster around this command. Looking along your records, you find men high in all the official walks that have held honorable positions in your corps. It has been no disgrace, and it is not now, that a man may pass from the governor's chair to command this corps; possibly it may be the case yet [*loud and continued applause*]; at all events, it has been discovered that even governors joined the corps [*laughter*] and contributed very handsomely to its membership. [*Loud applause.*] In the spirit of what has been taught you to-day, in fidelity to the memories that cluster around your association, if the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is to be preserved, if she is to be as grand in her history to those who shall assemble here two and a half centuries hence, it will be because you of to-day have done your duty by her. I can trust, in speaking for her, that she appreciates your citizenship, that she recognizes your devotion to her welfare, that she has confidence that you will transmit what you now have in your possession undiminished and untarnished to those who shall succeed. [*Loud and continued applause and cheering as Governor Robinson resumed his seat.*]

As Gov. Robinson took his seat, the venerable Daniel Simpson was escorted to the platform, and as he stood there in view of all the members, they rose to their feet and gave him an ovation. The applause and cheering continued for some minutes, and when it had ceased, Capt. John L. Stevenson said: —

Mr. Commander and Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, — It is my pleasure once more to be enabled to present to you an old friend, now approaching his ninety-fifth birthday, Major Daniel Simpson, who has been a drummer since he was ten years old. He is accompanied by Major Stanley, who is eighty-five years old.

With trembling hands the aged drummer grasped the sticks, the fifer placed the fife to his lips, and the two old veterans played "The Campbells Are Coming," amid a storm of cheers and applause. "Same old drum!" shouted some one in the body of the hall, and this remark was followed by renewed applause.

COMMANDER WHITTEMORE. — Gentlemen, we have Senator Myron P. Walker, the drummer boy, and a member of the company, present. He will give you the roll.

Great applause and continued cheering followed this announcement, and cries of "Walker, Walker," were heard from all parts of the spacious hall. Senator Walker, the drummer boy of the Tenth Massachusetts Volunteers, ascended the platform, and silence having been partially restored, said: —

Mr. Commander and Comrades, — It is not right; it is not fair; I do it under protest [*laughter*], to match, or attempt to match, my youth and strength against the gray hairs which I, as perhaps one of the youngest drummers of the Commonwealth in times gone by, — I say, to match my youth and strength against the gray hairs of long ago, which you reverence, and which I, as a drummer, can reverence even more than you. I ask you even now to excuse me [*cries of "No, no"*], and permit me with that sentiment to refuse to accept the compliment you offer to bestow upon me. I had rather not drum. [*Cries of "Go on, go on," and applause.*] I believe that my comrades, I believe that the soldiers who knew me in late years, — and there are many of them here, — when I was a drummer boy, will sustain me in excusing me from drumming in the presence of the man whom we reverence and love.

Commander Whittemore put the question as to whether or no Senator Walker should be excused from drumming. The yeas were in large numbers, but there were also a large number of nays.

Commander Whittemore declared that the yeas had carried the day, and, amidst applause, Senator Walker left the platform.

The second regular toast was then read as follows: —

The President of the United States: Chief magistrate of the mightiest nation on earth; whose institutions are founded on the principles of liberty, patriotism, and equality to all.

In response to this toast the band played "The President's March."

The third regular toast was —

The City of Boston: The home of Franklin, Hancock, and Adams; the influence of her solid men is felt throughout the length and breadth of the land.

COMMANDER WHITTEMORE. — Gentlemen, allow me to present the chief magistrate of a noble city, the Hon. Hugh O'Brien.

As Mayor O'Brien, who occupied a seat upon the floor, rose to respond to this toast, there were loud cries of "Platform" and applause.

RESPONSE OF MAYOR O'BRIEN.

No platform for me, gentlemen. I am placed here by your Commander [*loud applause*], and I shall "fight it out on this line" to the end of your festivities. I don't know when I have enjoyed the hospitality of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company so much as I have to-day. I am surrounded by my Board of Aldermen, and I ask you all to turn your attention in this direction and you will find that your city is represented by the "solid men of Boston" [*loud applause*]. Two hundred and forty-seven years! What a history! Your excellent governor says you have owed allegiance to the State one hundred and fifty years. Two hundred and fifty years ago old Boston was settled. Eight years after its settlement your company was inaugurated. You have owed allegiance to the State one hundred and fifty years, but I know that your affections have been centred in this old city for two hundred and forty-seven years, and there they will remain forever. [*Applause.*] I intend to be very brief. The city of Boston is proud of her Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. [*Great applause.*] You have

existed, as I remarked, two hundred and forty-seven years, and I know that you will exist as long as we exist. I will close by saying to you, stand up for old Boston. She is first in your affections, although I know it won't take away one jot of your allegiance to the State. [*Applause.*]

The fourth regular toast was —

The Judiciary: Ever faithful to the solemn trust imposed in them.

COMMANDER WHITTEMORE. — Gentlemen, the United States Circuit Court lends us, for this occasion, a special pleader in behalf of good fellowship, the brilliant lawyer and able judge, the Hon. Le Baron B. Colt.

Judge Colt, who was received with applause, said: —

RESPONSE OF HON. LE BARON B. COLT.

Mr. Commander, Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, — In the age and in the country in which we live, amidst the progress and the change which we see going on about us, it is interesting and instructive to reflect upon that which is ancient and permanent in our society. Your organization goes back to the time when a few bands of colonists were all that fringed the Atlantic. Your organization is coextensive with the history of our country. You have witnessed its birth, its development, and you behold it now, in part through your efforts, one of the freest, the most powerful, and the most ancient nations that ever existed. [*Loud applause.*] And, gentlemen, you have not been passive actors in this scene of national development. You have taken part in the history of the country, and the history of Massachusetts and of the whole land can never be written without it includes your deeds. [*Applause.*] Your record has been high. It has been as ancient as it is honorable, and as honorable as it is ancient. [*Applause.*]

I have been called upon to respond to the judiciary. I should in this presence hesitate to speak of anything which is more ancient than your organization, but I beg leave for a few moments, and but for a few moments, to refer to the law, that body of ancient customs and usages which antedates your organization itself, but a part of which, in preserving these forms and ceremonies, you are. The law, the common law, the old usage and custom, this is the most ancient, the most powerful, and the most permanent force in our social life. Why, have you ever thought of the antiquity of what we term the law? Its origin goes back to the primitive customs of our ancestors in the forests of Germany. It was brought by them to England, and when our ancestors passed from the worshippers of Oden to the worshippers of Christ, it remained intact. It has survived Norman conquest and Stuart despotism and British aggression. Before letters were known to our race, before science, or art, or civilization existed, it was in full form. Generations of men have come and gone, bearing witness to its growth but never to its decay. The map of Europe has been reconstructed, a new world inhabited and peopled, only to witness its extension. It is the sole monument which remains of the antiquities of our race. It shows us the continuity of our civilization. It is the living, vitalizing force to-day which makes the continued existence of this free government a possibility.

And now, gentlemen, what support has the law received from its infancy to the present? Why, it has been sustained from the very beginning down through the lapse of centuries by the citizen soldier. [*Loud applause.*] It is the citizen soldier that has upheld civil institutions in the hour of trial. Why, you know way back — and we can only speak of ancient things here — with the dawn of civilization, that the assembly was the army and the army was the assembly, and I, as I have sat here, have felt that we have gone back to the old assembly, for you seem indeed to be an assembly, and the clashing of your swords to denote whether a motion was carried or not. [*Applause.*] The old assembly met either for war or to legislate as the occasion might offer. And you, gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, have carried this old custom into this free land, you have shown what a citizen soldier can be, and you demonstrated in the great war of 1861 that the nation was the army and the army was the nation. [*Cries of "Good" and applause.*] You showed what a citizen soldier could accomplish. You showed that in the hour of trial we must rely upon the patriotism of the citizen soldier.

And your record has been honorable. I have not the time to go over it. Its deeds are known to all. Massachusetts is proud of them. The country is proud of them. And we all know that while we are at peace now, while no one can tell how soon any trouble may arise, while we seem to have the most powerful, the most peaceful people on the face of the globe, yet the hour of trial and of trouble will again come. And when it does come, I know from your past that you will be true to your traditions, true to your history, and when future trouble may arise, that your ancient and honorable body will be found upon the side of law, upon the side of justice, upon the side of humanity, upon the side of liberty to all. [*Loud and continued applause.*]

The next regular toast was —

Our Honorary Members: Thrice welcome they, for they count but three; *Long* may our *Arthur* live to greet the *Prince of Wales.*

Applause followed the reading of the toast.

COMMANDER WHITTEMORE. — Gentlemen, our accomplished ex-governor, the Honorable John D. Long, member of Congress from the Second District, will respond to this toast. [*Three cheers were given for Hon. John D. Long.*]

Ex-Governor Long was greeted with loud applause and cheers. He said: —

RESPONSE OF HON. JOHN D. LONG.

Mr. Commander, — I am too old a Castilian not to know my duty better than to dull this occasion with many words, and the afternoon is already so well spent, when the so-called functionaries have exceeded the time, and when the Ancients are all so full of [*cries of "What?" and applause*] — so full of impatience and things. But, sir, I am ready and happy to answer to your call to respond for the honorary members. For myself, although your principles do not permit me to carry either a musket or a sword, although I am not reckoned in the list of the substantial veterans, yet so many times have I joined with your company, so

constantly for many years have I been with your rank, that I think I may almost claim to belong, not to the honorary, but to the active list. [*Cries of "Good," and applause.*] Recalling my public service, I have not served upon the battle-field, but members of your organization have won illustrious names there in the service of their country [*applause*], and on many an occasion you have stood for the honor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. [*Applause.*] Such was the discharge of your duty when, as has been said, you carried her white banner last through the streets of Washington, and aided in paying her tribute at the dedication of the national monument to the father of our country, winning, as I, too, bear testimony, unbounded and deserved respect for your excellence, — two, at least, of your honorary members watching you with pride, — me and Chester. [*Loud applause.*] Remembering your many years of illustrious existence, your identification with the history of the Commonwealth, — remembering the eminent men who have stood at your head and been in your ranks, — let me assure you that I do recognize it as an honor to be an honorary member of this organization. If I might speak for those other members who are absent, I am sure that he who dwells across the sea recognizes it as worthy even of his great name — as an honor even to him — that he is enrolled among your ranks, and that the only thing lacking in his recent pilgrimage through the Emerald Isle was that he was not escorted by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery. [*Great applause.*] I will not say, lest I might betray confidence, that he has suggested to me that when, after the demise of an excellent lady now sitting upon the throne, he shall succeed to her place, it will be his pleasure that at his coronation you shall be present and assist in the ceremonies. [*Tremendous applause.*] And as for the other of the trio, leaving the best, as is usual, to the last, — as for the second of the great trio, what can I say, that is not already in your hearts, of respect and admiration for that man who, under such difficulties, succeeded to the chief magistracy of this Union, — filled the greatest office in the world with such simple dignity, such consummate wisdom, that to-day you only share the general sentiments when you pay your tribute of respect to that able statesman and prince of gentlemen, Chester A. Arthur. But those are not your only honorary members who personally sit, or might personally sit, at this table. I want to take the larger view of an organization like this, so venerable with years; and, arising out of this hilarity and these present circumstances, its larger historic reign, the great historic course of the two centuries and a half, are your honorary members, Winthrop and Savage, the heroes of the Revolutionary War, are with you; Choate, Webster, and Andrew are your honorary members. If any poor word of mine may lift this occasion high, it is because the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company so far incorporates into its own existence the traditions, the sentiments, the principles of Massachusetts that it is not really an artillery school, that this day is not merely a holiday, picturesque as it is, but one of the institutions of the city and the State, keeping alive among us the sense of duty, of patriotism; keeping alive among us the highest ideals of citizenship and fidelity to the State, and constituting certainly the most delightful reminder of those who, whether as active or as honorary members, or as invited guests, are permitted to join in its pleasant festivities. [*Loud and continued applause.*]

The next regular toast was —

The Massachusetts Bar: May it never falter in its struggle for justice and costs. [*Laughter.*]

COMMANDER WHITTEMORE. — Gentlemen, to respond to this toast I shall call upon one who has shown his ability to speak whenever and wherever called upon, the Honorable Harvey N. Shepard.

The Hon. Harvey N. Shepard was received with applause. He said: —

RESPONSE OF HON. HARVEY N. SHEPARD.

Mr Commander and Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, — I never rose to speak with more diffidence in my life than now in this presence, and to follow the eloquent gentleman who has just taken his seat, our most popular and honored ex-governor, who has added to the other honors he so gracefully wears the proud distinction of being one of your three honorary members. [*Applause.*] I have listened to the response for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, by his Excellency the governor; for the City of Boston, by his Honor the mayor, and for the Judiciary, by one who is an eminent representative thereof, Judge Colt. Their sentiments are all large and inspiring. Who that was born or dwells in the city of Boston, or who knows aught of her history, and does not love her? We love her because she is the home of Franklin and of Bancroft and of Adams, because of this historic hall, the old State House, the granite shaft on Bunker Hill, such institutions as the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, her schools and museums, the philanthropy of her citizens, and because, for over two centuries and a half, with some lapses, she has been a model of self-governing communities. She has taken upon herself change after change, from a town government to a municipal government, until finally the legislative power has been taken away from her city council and her chief magistrate is invested with such responsibilities as were never given to any of his predecessors. We rejoice, gentlemen, to welcome him here this afternoon, and now, on the threshold of his new duties, we rejoice that he may imbibe some of the spirit that has actuated this honorable company, some of that spirit of patriotism which has been with you for nearly two centuries and a half, to abide with and strengthen him in the bold and fearless discharge of his high and responsible duties. The judiciary is the best representative of the true principles of civil-service reform, in that men are called to the bench after long service, practice, and experience at the bar.

Were I to speak of those things which are requisite for a lawyer, — the long years of preparation, the dry and musty studies, the spotless integrity of character, the universal knowledge which must go to make up a perfect lawyer, — it would require volumes. But at this late hour in the afternoon, you will pardon me if I only say that so long as there shall be found in the land men who strive for selfish advantage, so long as there shall be found men who seek after gain, whether by violence or by deceit, so long there will be need of lawyers in the land; and as the symbol of justice is never represented truly unless with sword in hand, just so long we shall find also that when the arm of the law is not strong enough to reach guilt and repress disorder, that it needs the mightier and stronger arm of the soldier; so long as wheat and tares grow together on the same soil, so long will there be found need of the soldier and of the lawyer. And as the lawyer should strive in his career to emulate the virtues of the eminent men who have been called from the bar to the bench, so should the soldier strive to emulate in his profession the record of this Ancient and Honorable Artillery

Company, which, for two centuries and a half, has maintained its honor bright, has held its flag aloft without spot or stain, and has had its sword ever drawn and ready in defence of right and of truth and of justice. [*Great applause.*]

The next regular toast was —

Our Invited Guests: Most heartily we welcome you to our two hundred and forty-seventh; and, in the words of the favorite Jefferson, "May you live long and prosper."

COMMANDER WHITTEMORE. — I shall call upon Col. Van Slyck, of the United Train of Artillery, of Providence. He is a brilliant young officer, and fitted to serve us either at the table or in the field. This time I shall call upon him to serve at the table.

Col. Van Slyck, who was greeted with applause, said: —

RESPONSE OF COL. VAN SLYCK.

Gentlemen of the Ancients, — In spite of the flattering words with which your Commander has introduced me, the duty that has been imposed upon me of responding to this toast is not easy. I have to express the sentiment that your guests feel on this occasion. But to worthily voice the sentiments which rise in their hearts as they partake of your celebration, is a duty that can be done with difficulty. We have come from and represent not only the various parts of New England, but this great and glorious country. At home most of us think we are ancient, and when we are feeling particularly pleasant, we think we are honorable. Many of us have celebrated our centennial anniversary, but in this presence we are silenced by the awe which true antiquity always inspires. Your two hundred and forty-seven years of corporate existence, the fact that you represent, are the worthy daughter of, the Honourable Artillery Company of London, teach us that here indeed we have found an organization that is both ancient and honorable in fact. I cannot say more, speaking for your guests to-day, than to say that we are glad to be here, we are proud to have this opportunity of partaking of your hospitality. And in closing, I will express the wish that for many years your reveilles may wake the citizens of Boston to the fact that the first Monday in June is the Ancients' day, and in the closing words of our toast, and the words of the immortal Rip Van Winkle, "May you live long and prosper."

Eighth regular toast —

The Army and Navy: Little, but active; when duty calls, they will prove themselves the nucleus of an invincible host.

COMMANDER WHITTEMORE. — Gentlemen, Col. Mendenhall, whose assistance to our State soldiery while learning how to handle heavy artillery, deserves our hearty recognition, will now be presented to you. Col. Mendenhall.

When the applause which greeted the announcement of his name had subsided, Col. Mendenhall said: —

COL. MENDENHALL'S RESPONSE.

Mr. Commander and Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, — I am called upon to respond to the toast, "The Army and the Navy," to-day. Speech-making is not my forte, and I have written out a few words, and if you will allow me to read them, I will do so the best I can. [*Applause.*] It gives me great pleasure to once more partake of the hospitalities of this ancient and honorable organization.

In reply to your toast, "The Army and Navy," I will say of the army that it is very small for the work it is expected to accomplish. There are a few men at some of our principal forts seeing that those antediluvian stone walls look formidable, if they are comparatively worthless as a means of defence. Should England, France, Germany, Italy, or some one of the lesser powers, send here one or two of their heavily armored ships, with guns throwing two-thousand-pound shells a distance of from five to ten miles, they could do this great and beautiful city more damage in a few hours than it would cost to fortify our whole coast and arm it with the heaviest and best guns. We have not a gun in the harbor that could do them the least harm, and you would be completely at their mercy, or, as an officer remarked in New York a few days ago, a fleet of armed vessels outside of the harbor, or rather in the outer harbor, could do more damage to the great city than the combined force of a hundred years.

The bulk of our army is in the Indian country, acting as a police force over those ruthless savages who are ever ready to pounce down upon the brave but helpless families of the pioneer, the moment the soldier's back is turned, and he is not there to punish their misdeeds. You have all seen in the newspapers in the last few days accounts of the outrages committed in New Mexico and Arizona. The young Indian grows up to feel that he cannot call himself a brave until he can count his coups, and the young maidens will not smile upon a young buck until he can call himself a warrior, and relate to her the dangers he passed through in getting his coups. To make a coups is to steal a horse, take a scalp, or do some other such brave, dastardly act as those you read about in New Mexico. Suppose the young men of Massachusetts had to make their coups before they were smiled upon by the beautiful girls of the State, how many of you would have hair left on the top of your head, how many horses would you have in your stables? [*Applause.*]

Our little army in the Indian country does its duty and its whole duty as far as it is possible, and I assure you that it is no child's play. There is more hard work done by our little army to-day, and for less money, than by any other class of citizens in our country, having the same average capacity and intelligence. We also have a gallant little navy that always does its duty and does that duty well. I seem to have a difficulty in speaking of the navy, with the commodore on my right, who is the commandant of your navy yard in Charlestown; and besides, there are other officers connected with the service present, who might do better and tell you more of its gallant service. But the navy is as badly off as our harbor defences. It has no ships or guns to compete with the heavy armament of ships of almost every nation on the globe. We want strong, well-

armed ships for our navy, and for our harbor strong forts and turrets armed with the heaviest and most destructive guns, and a few more soldiers to keep them oiled and the powder dry, ready to turn over to your excellent militia when troublous times come upon us. [*Prolonged applause.*]

COMMODORE WHITTEMORE. — Commodore Kimberley, he was with Farragut in all his naval service in the late unpleasantness, and I am proud to see him here. [*Applause.*]

RESPONSE OF COMMODORE KIMBERLEY.

Mr. Commander and Gentlemen of the Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, — I thank you one and all for calling upon me, in this historic hall and before this assembly, to answer to your toast. My friend the colonel, on the right, has just said that the army is small. Turning to the navy, it is still smaller, and is fast passing away like the last of the Mohicans. [*Cries of "Good," and applause.*] Where it will end, no man now can tell. Let us hope for better times. Let us have our flag once more respected abroad. Let it be shown that it is a protection to our citizens who are in foreign countries, and who now have to rely upon the assistance of foreign men-of-war to protect them in their duties and from the assaults of all those with whom they are thrown in contact in foreign lands. Let us hope that in the future all this may be changed, and that the change may come erelong, and I have no doubt that we will soon be able to look with pride once more upon our navy. It has never yet shirked its duty, and it never will. When called upon, it is ready to do the best it is able. And it has never yet been found wanting. You can't expect a web-footed man to address an assemblage like this after those many orators who have passed before him. I therefore, as time passes on and it is drawing to a close, will say once more that I thank you one and all. [*Applause.*]

The next toast was —

The Old Guard of New York: Gotham's pet and pride. Their bravery is only equalled by their social triumphs. [*Three cheers and a tiger were given for Major McLean.*]

COMMANDER WHITTEMORE.—

"A man of sovereign parts he is esteemed,
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms,"

Major George W. McLean. [*Tremendous applause and waving of handkerchiefs.*]

Quiet having been restored, Major McLean said: —

MAJOR McLEAN'S SPEECH.

Mr. Commander and dear old Ancients,— [*Cries of "Good," and applause*],— The Old Guard drunk as usual, I would have said, but [*the remainder of the sentence was drowned in the applause and cheers that greeted this remark*]. Mr. Commander, the enthusiasm and hearty good-will and love extended to the Old Guard by their

comrades of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston come nearer and dearer to the hearts of the Old Guard than all the honors that are bestowed upon them in any city throughout the land. It was in the city of Boston, or rather through the citizens of Boston, over sixty years ago, that the Old Guard was first organized. You are our fathers; we are proud of our ancestry. I have told you that before; it is unnecessary for me on this occasion to repeat it. Had it not been for the visit of the Boston Light Infantry to New York in 1826, I should not have had the pleasure of being here to-day to receive your cheers and to accept your hospitality. It was because of our desire after the war to keep up associations that had existed so many years previous, that the Old Guard was reorganized. It was with the hope that we might come together, and that the old friendships of the militia of Boston and New York might be renewed, and the old good-fellowship restored and strengthened. Has it been a success, sir? The fact of our being here to-day shows that it has been; that we have been, as you have been, good soldiers, good citizens, ready to do our duty as citizen soldiers in the Empire and old Bay State, and we thank God have never been one dollar expense to the Commonwealth. [*Applause.*] When we were organized as a military organization, we bought our own uniforms, we paid for our own music and for our own armory, and were the most independent company that ever existed. Emulating your example, the example of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, we have always kept up that independence, and we propose to do so as long as the Ancients sets us the example. The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company has existed two hundred and forty-seven years; and if they exist two hundred and forty-seven years longer, the Old Guard will always be following them up to welcome them to the Empire City, and I trust that those who will fill our places, may have the honor of being welcomed as you have welcomed us to-day and on previous occasions.

I don't know, gentlemen, that I can add one word to emphasize what has been already said. You know my love for you, and I know your love for me and for the Old Guard. If that same spirit continues to exist between us as gentlemen and soldiers, the Empire State and the old Bay State will always march hand in hand in defence of the Union and of the country. Politics has no part in such associations as these, political and sectional prejudices are overlooked and forgotten. We meet together as citizens and soldiers, as we met in Charleston when we went down there to celebrate the centennial of the battle of the Cowpens, with Boston represented by the old Boston Light Infantry, where the right hand of fellowship was extended to the Old Guard and the left hand to Boston. It was the first opportunity offered to rekindle the good, kind feelings between the North and the South, and to heal the wounds left by the war. Following was the visit of the Charleston Light Infantry to Boston just ten years ago to-day. The Old Guard had the honor of receiving your guests, the Charleston Light Infantry, in New York, and I will never forget, as I went aboard the steamer to extend them a hand of welcome, they said to me, How shall we be received? Very cordially here, but wait till you arrive in Boston. There awaits you the hearty welcome that cold New England (as she is styled) ever extends to those whom she receives as friends within her hospitable limit. Gentlemen, I am making these remarks too long. [*Cries of "Go on."*] In regard to you and your royal welcomes, my comrades of old, a lady once said to me, "Why, you must have been born in New England." "Madam," I said, "I am native and to the manner born in New York." I learned early in life a love for New England hospitality,

and to appreciate it very thoroughly if I have any reputation among my friends. My first lessons were taught me in that line, nearly fifty years ago, by my comrades in Boston. [*Great applause.*] Gentlemen, it is not necessary for me to thank you for myself or for the Old Guard. We are one. [*Laughter.*] We are just one together (Ancient and Old Guard) [*renewed laughter*]; may we ever remain inseparable. Never surrender; never die. [*Great applause as Major McLean resumed his seat.*]

The next regular toast was —

Our Past Commanders: "Their names familiar in our mouths as household words, shall be in our flowing cups freshly remembered." — [*Shakespeare.*]

COMMANDER WHITTEMORE. — Gentlemen, I have invited the Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, one of our oldest past commanders, to respond to this toast. He has sent me a letter declining. As the time is late, I will not read his letter. But I have a young man at my right hand who has been a past commander, and who will respond to this toast [*loud applause*], Major Ben: Perley Poore. [*Renewed applause.*]

Major Poore was very warmly received. He said: —

RESPONSE OF MAJOR BEN: PERLEY POORE.

Mr. Commander and Fellow-Members of the Ancients, — I have been unexpectedly called upon as a substitute for Gen. Banks. It is not the first time when the Banks have failed that the Poore have been remembered. I wish that I had his oratorical talent to say a very few words about the fine appearance presented by this Ancient and Honorable Company of Massachusetts in Washington City. In ancient Rome there is a highway, a Via Sacrae, that leads from the Capitol, along which the legions of Cæsar passed on their return from victory; and our Pennsylvania Avenue at Washington has become the Via Sacrae of this Republic. Along it George Washington and his brother Masons marched to lay the corner-stone of the Capitol; along it successive Presidents have passed to be inaugurated; along it some of them have been borne in sadness to their graves; along it the troops of Massachusetts (one regiment of which was commanded by a past commander of this company) came to the defence of the capital in 1861; along it the victorious armies of Grant and of Sherman marched in triumph when the war was over; and along it in February last, I saw the Ancients marching with a military precision which I, as an old Ancient, never dreamed the company could attain. [*Applause.*] It was not only the Ancients of to-day that I saw. I saw in imagination the members who had fought in the old Indian wars of the Commonwealth; I saw those who had fought in the French wars at Louisburg and at Ticonderoga; I saw those who had fought in the war of 1812, in the war with Mexico, in the war for the suppression of the Rebellion, marching under the same white flag of Massachusetts, and keeping proud step to the music of the Union, and I felt proud that I was an Ancient. [*Prolonged applause.*]

Comrades, I will go home and resume my pen with new life, to complete the history of this company. I make no excuse for the delay. It was a job that could not be accomplished in a few years, but I am happy to tell you that this fall the work will be done, and the history of the company will be in readiness for publication. [*Loud applause.*] In conclusion, I can only congratulate you, Mr. Commander, on the appearance of the company to-day, and on the fine military discipline which has been displayed, for which credit is due to the Adjutant as well as to yourself. I hope, gentlemen, that this company will "live long and prosper," and that every Ancient will say of it as the old Romans did of their city, *Esto perpetua,* — "Be thou eternal."

The eleventh regular toast was —

Our Sister Veteran Corps: We extend to you a royal "Ancients'" welcome.

COMMANDER WHITTEMORE. — Gentlemen, to respond to this toast, I am going to call upon one whom you will be glad to hear. He has earned the honors; he has had honors thrust upon him, — Gen. Augustus P. Martin.

Gen. A. P. Martin, who was received with applause, said: —

GEN. MARTIN'S RESPONSE.

Mr. Commander and Comrades of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, — I have been before you on many previous anniversaries and responded to various setiments, both in military and civic positions, as an official of this organization, and as a private in this company, which I thought, sir, was sufficient to exempt me from any further duty in this direction. When you called upon me this morning to respond to that toast, I felt it my duty, and did then most emphatically and decidedly decline to respond to any sentiment upon this occasion. But after listening to the eloquent and timely and beautiful discourse by our chaplain this forenoon upon the duties of the citizen soldier and the reverence for the authority of law, I could not then find it in my heart to refuse to appear before you and say a word upon this occasion. I was not only refreshed, as you were, by the sentiments there expressed, but I was instructed and inspired by the sentiments which he uttered. I wish that every word of that discourse could be written in letters of living light upon the broad panoply of heaven, where every man, woman, and child in this country could read it morning, noon, and night. [*Loud applause.*] My special object in complying with your request, sir, was more particularly to respond to the question which he there propounded, Are we living up to the spirit of our ancestors? I stand here as the representative of the militia for seven years previous to the war, as an humble representative of that patriotic response to the call of the President in 1861 to put down the most gigantic rebellion on record, of this organization, and by your courtesy to-day, of all the veteran military companies, who are always welcome at our festive board, to say in response to that inquiry, Yes, we are living up to the spirit of our ancestry. [*Loud and continued applause.*] Whatever others may do in different walks of life, it cannot be charged that the militia of this country, from the breaking out of the Rebellion to the surrender of Lee at

Appomattox, has not at all times and under all circumstances lived up to the spirit of our ancestors. [*Cries of "Good," and applause.*] There is no organization in America to-day that contains so much of the patriotic spirit of this country, that represents so much patriotism upon every battle-field from Bunker Hill to Appomattox, as this grand old organization. [*Tremendous applause.*] I am proud, as its representative, sir, to stand here and say that I believe every man who boasts the membership of this organization does to-day live up to the spirit of our ancestors. [*Applause.*]

If the laws of this country are violated in Utah, in Texas, or in Massachusetts, it is not the fault of the militia of this country; it is the fault of the officials, of the civil authorities of this country, who have not the courage of their convictions to call upon the militia [*loud applause*] to enforce the laws of this country. The position of the citizen soldier to-day is not the less honorable or his duty the less important, because, besides being soldiers, we are also citizens, engaged in the peaceful avocations of civil life. The flippant reformers and wise children of this generation, who affect to sneer at the citizen soldiery of their country, exhibit only a smallness of mind which might well be regarded as but one symptom of smallness of soul. In point of discipline, indeed, and for quickness and brilliancy of evolution, the troops of the regular army, the main business of whose life is to drill, must, of course, be very far our superiors. But so far as regards the importance of every branch of the service to the welfare and safety of our common country, he must be not alone a shallow thinker, but very ignorant of the fundamental principles upon which our government is founded, who does not know that upon the shoulders of the militia the founders of the nation have placed the burden of its defence in war and its security in peace. [*Great applause.*] To the general army we must look as a nucleus, it is true, around which the defenders of the country cluster in time of war. But it is to her sons in every position and occupation in life, to the people themselves, and not to any special class, however brave or however efficient, that America looks for protection in the time of danger. [*Great applause.*]

COMMANDER WHITTEMORE. — I want to claim your indulgence for a few moments to Lieut.-Col. Broome, from Charlestown Navy Yard, who wishes to relate a little narrative which occurred on Dec. 20, 1860.

REMARKS OF LIEUT.-COL. BROOME.

Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, — I have been requested to tell you a story of the war, and it gives me pleasure to tell it right here in Faneuil Hall, because to-day is the first time I have been within its historic walls; and besides, you have probably never heard of the matter I will as briefly as possible endeavor to tell you. In talking of this matter I must refer to the first person, because I know more about things I have seen than of things I have heard of; besides, it so happened I was an actor in the scenes I tell you of.

In the month of October, 1860, I was attached to the United States steam frigate "San Jacinto," cruising on the west coast of Africa, which ship on the same cruise became famous or notorious because of its capturing or taking from an English steamer those two arch rebels, Slidell and Mason. Well, as I was saying, we were on the coast of Africa, and on the tenth day of October, 1860, we

captured off Congo River the slaver brig "Bonito," with six hundred and nineteen Africans on board, and who were on their way to a life of slavery in Cuba. Lieut. James P. Foster, known as Corporal Foster to the navy (because, of his soldier proclivities), was ordered on board the prize as prize master, and I was ordered on board the same vessel as executive officer. We put the captain, officers, and slave crew in double irons, and as ordered proceeded to Monrovia, Liberia, where we arrived in sixteen days and landed, and turned over to the Rev. John Seyes, the United States agent for liberated Africans, six hundred and sixteen Africans, three of the original number having died on the passage, two females and one male. These poor unfortunates we did all we could for to save their lives, and after they died, we buried them with the usual Episcopal services into the sea. After landing the Africans, we proceeded on towards our destined port, which was Norfolk, Va., and I remember the first news we had of the election of the venerated Abraham Lincoln was when we approached the coast of the United States early in the month of December, 1860, we met a new bark or brig and we read on her signboard, on her starboard quarter, her name, "Abraham Lincoln," so we were then sure Lincoln was President, as it was unlikely a new vessel just out of a United States port in the month of December following the November election would be named after an unsuccessful candidate; so as Foster and I were anti-slavery men, we immediately adjourned from the quarter-deck to the cabin to drink forty drops to the health of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States. As we approached nearer the coast, we encountered terrific gales, ice, snow-storms, and sleet; our spars were sprung, sails split, crew became frost-bitten and we were in a terrible plight. Covered with ice, we were more in appearance like an iceberg than a vessel. We tried to get to Norfolk, but were blown off the coast far away to sea, and, after thawing out in the Gulf Stream, we made an effort to get into this patriotic city of Boston; but Boston gave us a colder shoulder than Norfolk had a short time before, and so to express it, we were fairly bounced off to sea again by an icy northwester, such as Boston can serve up in December. Well, we were used up, and under such circumstances we determined to make our way as best we could to Charleston, S. C. We had strong objections to going there, knowing it was an improper place to take a captured slaver, but it was our only resource, and on the 19th of December, 1860, we arrived off Charleston, and one of the so-called pilots of that place came on board and says he, "Look here, I don't know about taking you Yanks in here, 'cause we going to have war here." Seeing we looked doubtful, the pilot said, "Wall, if you don't believe me just read them ar papers," at the same time handing us the newspapers by which we soon saw that we had arrived at the headquarters of secession. Capt. Foster insisted upon going in, and the pilot reluctantly complied and ran us up to Charleston, and anchored us off Castle Pinckney in the harbor of Charleston. Capt. Foster immediately reported our arrival, with the slaver's crew on board, to Secretary of the Navy Toucey. The next day, the 20th of December, I went on shore, taking with me our colored cabin boy, George Simons, and a pretty bad boy at that, to carry my wash-clothes in a basket which he carried on his arm. As soon as I got out of the boat I said to the coxswain, Stone, "Now, Stone, shove off from the dock and lay on your oars in the slip, and wait there till I return, and don't come alongside of this dock while I am away." I then proceeded up into the city, which was then quiet enough, went to a tailor's store, ordered a suit of clothes, then to the washerwoman's and left my clothes. After this I commenced my return to the dock, where I had

left my boat, and proceeded down some apparently principal street, the name of which I do not recall, I think, King Street. I saw a commotion in the street, men running, and a disturbance on the corner of a street, and while looking at it I was assailed by some men, who said, "Get out of this, you damn Yankee, so and so." One man shoved me, not lightly I assure you, and by this time there was great excitement; bells ringing and guns firing as a salute in honor of the passage of the secession ordinance which they had just passed. Quite a sidewalk committee escorted me down to the boat, using abusive language principally, "Get out of this, you damn Yankee." As soon as we came within sight of the boat's crew who were in the boat lying on their oars, as I had directed them in the middle of the slip, they at once pulled in alongside the dock, where we were hustled into the boat, and as we pulled out of the slip (not very deep ones in Charleston) the crowd ran along the pier of the dock and stoned the boat, some of which struck us, inflicting a painful bruise. While stoning us as I describe, they shouted among other things, "Let us know, you damn Yankees, when you are coming again." Our coxswain, Stone, was standing up in the stern sheets of the boat while steering her out of the slip, and he shouted out to the ruffians on the dock in reply, "Yes, and God damn you; when we do come again, and be damned to you, we will come with something that has teeth in her," meaning guns in a man-of-war, as we were then in only an unarmed prize vessel. How prophetic this rejoinder was, you well know. Stone was one of the old-time Yankee man-of-war's men, one of those who wore curls under his lamp-blackened and beeswaxed tarpaulin hat, every hair in his head a rope-yarn. We don't see such tars nowadays.

When I arrived on board, our crew were quite excited, every man full of fight, no disunion sentiments among those humble Jack Tars. A day or two after this occurrence, Lieut. Foster was on shore, and he met Commodore Shubrick of the navy, who, Lieut. Foster told me, said to him that the Secretary of the Navy (Isaac Toucey) had instructed him to make inquiries in regard to the prisoners, that is, he meant the slaver's crew, then on board, and of other matters connected with the capture of the "Bonito." Lieut. Foster told me that he gave him an account of the large quantity of provisions we had on board, that is, all the provisions, rice, peas, etc., which had been intended for the use of the six hundred and nineteen Africans across the Atlantic to Cuba, but which, through the capture of the Africans and landing them at Monrovia, had not been used, and were now on hand on board the vessel, besides all the unused portion of the ship's stores. A few days after this we received an order from the Secretary of the Navy, Toucey, to obey the writ of habeas corpus served on us by the secessionists of South Carolina; and a gang of insolent secessionists who styled themselves deputy marshals arrived with their writ of habeas corpus, which the Secretary of the Navy, Isaac Toucey, had ordered us to obey, on board, and demanded all the slaver's crew then prisoners. I was in command of the "Bonito" at that time, as Lieut. Foster was on shore. I told the so-called marshals to do their duty and take the prisoners, and I compelled them to shut their mouths and cease their treasonable utterances on board that vessel. The marshals then left, with all the crew of the slaver, fifteen or eighteen pirates of the worst kind, with their captain, the notorious slaver, Capt. Stackpole; and we heard that evening that, as soon as the piratical crew landed on the wharf, they were received by a cheering mob, released at once, and invited to the nearest rum-shops. So much for the habeas corpus. At this time, Lieut. Foster received an order from the Secretary of the

Navy to leave the port of Charleston for Savannah; to sail there if we were in a condition to do so, otherwise to hire a steamer to tow us around. As Lieut. Foster did not consider the vessel in a fit condition to sail to Savannah, he sent me on shore to see the governor, and request him to allow us to hire a steamer to tow us around. This was after Major Anderson on the 28th of December, 1860, had evacuated Fort Moultrie, and occupied Sumter. I accordingly went on shore on this errand, and also to say other things to the governor (Pickens) or his representative. On this occasion you may be sure that after my experience of the 20th of December, I was not ambitious to make much of a show in my dress, so I went on shore in citizen's dress, and as soon as I got there I thought it would be well for me to see my German friend, the tailor (and a Union man at that), where I had ordered my suit of clothes on the 20th of December, when last on shore. So I went up there without being molested, as I was unknown. When I went in the tailor's store, I found it filled with partially uniformed soldiers, Charleston Tigers, I think they called themselves, but I am not sure. I found them discussing the subject of the nearest road to New York, and one of these Tigers was describing how easy it would be to shell the Yanks out of New York City by placing mortars at Hoboken. I got out of that tailor shop without unnecessary delay, as I felt it might become too hot for me, so I proceeded up to the Mills House, where I found Governor Pickens, or a person who represented him, as I never had seen him before. I delivered Lieut. Foster's request, and he replied, that none of the steamers could be spared, as the "Gov. Clinch," he mentioned, and all the other steamers, were required to send down troops to garrison Fort Moultrie. He then said, "I cannot see why, as your vessel is disabled, you don't leave her here instead of taking her to Savannah." I replied, "We are ordered to go there." He then remarked that the trouble would soon be over, and said it would probably be an affair of ninety days, a sort of a holiday excursion, or to that effect. I replied, "Yes, I should judge you all thought so, because as I came up here I stopped in a tailor store where your men, who were ordering uniforms, were explaining how easy it would be to shell New York." I also said, "Don't you think there is the same spirit in the North there was in 1776, and do you think the North will allow the United States to be broken up? Because, sir, if you do, I don't think so." He replied, "Oh, yes, there is spirit enough there, but the North has degenerated into a commercial people, while we are a military people." I then told him I had been directed also to say to him, that if the threat daily made or frequently published in Charleston newspapers of the intention of an armed party in boats to capture the "Bonito" was attempted, that Lieut. Foster was determined to resist; that although we had not any cannon, we had plenty of small arms, and whoever made the attempt to capture the vessel would sustain great loss. "Lieut. Foster desires me to say, it was his duty to defend the vessel in his charge to the last extremity, and he intended to do so." I then left, and with the telegram given me by Lieut. Foster to send to Savannah for a steamer to tow us to that place in the event of my being unable to get a steamer in Charleston, I sent the telegram. I returned on board the "Bonito," and reported the result of my mission to the brave and patriotic Corporal Foster; the answer to the telegram I had sent to Savannah for Lieut.-Commander Foster was in these words, "We do not tow Yankee vessels." Lieut. Foster then obtained from the captain of the port of Charleston a pilot, and we sailed out of Charleston on the fourth day of January, 1861, for Savannah, Ga. As we passed Fort Sumter, then in command of Major Anderson, we dipped our colors and gave the garrison three cheers, and

the next day, Jan. 5, we arrived in Savannah and turned over the vessel and cargo of provisions to a so-called deputy marshal, evidently an incipient rebel, as Georgia had not at that date seceded. I wish here to call attention to the fact, that at the very time there was such a hullabaloo about provisioning Fort Sumter, it was known in Washington that the "Bonito" was in the harbor with at least three months' provisions for the garrison of Fort Sumter, besides a re-enforcement of men, consisting of the sixteen able seamen who were all excellent gunners (the crew of the "Bonito"), including Corporal Foster and myself, who all would have been delighted to assist our beleaguered brethren of the army. I call attention to the fact, that we in the "Bonito," loaded, so to express it, with provisions as I have described, were ordered out of and sailed out of Charleston Harbor close past Fort Sumter, on the fourth day of January, 1861, and the very next day, Jan. 5, 1861, the "Star of the West" made the abortive attempt to relieve Fort Sumter, which could easily have been done, to a very great extent, in the manner I have described the day before, if it had been so desired. A few days after our arrival in Savannah we, the officers and crew of the "Bonito," took passage in the steamer "Montgomery" for New York, where we arrived on or about the seventeenth day of January, 1861, reported our arrival, and were given a short leave of absence.

I have thus, gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, given you a brief narrative of an occurrence you have not heard of before; and it is no fancy sketch, because I have now in my possession written official evidence of all the prominent parts of the story I have told you to-day. I will also add, that after my leave expired in January, 1861, I was ordered to Boston Navy Yard in February, 1861, where I remained until the fifth day of April, 1861, on which day, at or about 10 A. M., I was not like that distinguished Ancient at his plough, but was in Charlestown Square in a stove store, surveying a dilapidated government stove, when by the hands of a marine drummer boy I received a telegraphic order from Washington to leave Boston immediately and report for duty on board the United States steamship "Powhatan," New York Navy Yard. On such a summons there was no time to lose, and as the first train left the Providence Depot at that day at 11 A. M., I started immediately as I stood, without my baggage, and just caught the 11 A. M. train, and the next day, 6th of April, 1861, at 2 P. M. I was outside of Sandy Hook, in the United States steamship "Powhatan," commanded by Lieut. David D. Porter, United States Navy, on my way to assist in relieving Fort Pickens, Fla. It was in this way I happened to be the first man who left New England for the war of the Rebellion, as Col. Arnold A. Rand, recorder of the military order of the Loyal Legion, writes me, it has been so recorded in the records of the military order of the Loyal Legion of Massachusetts.

Now, gentlemen, I have done, and it only remains for me to thank you for the invitation you gave me to be here, also for your hospitable entertainment; and whenever any of you come over to the Navy Yard, I hope you will let me know you are there, that I may have an opportunity of returning in some small degree your kindness of to-day.

The next regular toast of the day was —

Our Chaplain: "What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice, of Attic taste?" — [*Milton.*]

COMMANDER WHITTEMORE. — Gentlemen, I wish to introduce our Chaplain properly. I knew him as a little boy, and I take a good deal of pride in him. He is the grandson of that merchant prince and that good man, Amos Lawrence, and he is the great-great-grandson of Amos Adams, who preached our election sermon in 1759. [*Three hearty cheers were given for Prof. Lawrence.*]

Then that gentleman said: —

RESPONSE OF PROF. LAWRENCE.

Five o'clock is the hour for the Common. I will take one minute, if the press will take four minutes; that will give twenty minutes for the Common. I want therefore simply to thank you for the honor that you have done me, and for having placed me in the list of those worthies who have preached before this Ancient and Honorable Company. I must say one word, suggested by one of the speakers, and that is that this company has within it the spirit, and gives the spirit to all its past commanders, that it has given to one whom I never met before, but whom I have known by reputation, to Gen. Martin and Mayor Martin, who in his military and his civil duties has, so far as I have known him, exemplified before this State and this city the spirit of our fathers. [*Great applause.*] Thanking you, gentlemen, and trusting that every past commander and also every past member will catch more of that spirit even than they now have, I will be proud to continue as Chaplain for this year, and also proud of the privilege of being an ex-chaplain in years to come. [*Loud applause.*]

The thirteenth and last regular toast was —

The Press: "They are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have had a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you lived." — [*Shakespeare.*]

COMMANDER WHITTEMORE. — Gentlemen, this is our last regular toast, and therefore I hope you will give the gentleman who is to speak your careful attention. You won't get any more speaking to-day. I present the able and successful journalist, Col. Charles H. Taylor. [*Loud applause, followed by three cheers and a tiger for Col. Taylor.*]

RESPONSE OF COL. CHAS. H. TAYLOR.

I have heard a rumor, Mr. Commander and gentlemen, that the man who takes more than two minutes at the Ancients' dinner, in response to the thirteenth toast, is always shot. It relieves some of the terrors of the execution to know that it is your custom for Past Commander Folsom to check the remains and baggage of the departed for Sheol over the Providence line. [*Laughter and applause.*] But I am young, gentlemen, and I have a future which I trust is not altogether behind me, and I propose to stick to the two-minute rule, that my life insurance may not be gathered in, and that my days may be long in the land where Ancients' dinners and other blessings contribute to the happiness of man. As you all know, the press is a very modest, retiring, unassuming institution. [*Laughter.*] Its great drawback in life has always been its lack of cheek and assurance. You know that it has a mission. The mission of the press is to culti-

vate the good and the beautiful, and that is why I am here to-day. The mission of the press also is to relieve the needy, to cheer the down-hearted, to fight corruption, to carry on and help everywhere every virtuous cause, and incidentally to make money. [*Laughter.*] The press has great respect for age, and this organization was sixty-six years old before the first Boston newspaper was started, and it is for that reason that we take off our hat and give you a very low bow when you pass by. But since the Boston newspapers were first established in 1704, the press has gone along with the Ancients hand in hand in every good work that there has been. I question whether the Ancients have more modesty and more patriotism than the press. But we are both so very heavily stocked that we shall have to leave it to arbitration. But I think that in individual instances of patriotism, the Ancients have a clear lead, for it is on your records that your first commander left in his will over five hundred or five thousand pounds for the purpose of supplying the town of Boston with pure water. Either his peculiar military experience as commander of the Ancients showed him what Boston must have [*laughter*], or else his foresight was much better than the hind sight of people nowadays. There is no record in the press of any such shrewd estimate of what Boston might want in the future, and it is probably due to the fact that there were no Boston newspapers, that his scheme was not carried out at that early period in Boston's history. But my two minutes are nearly up, and I desire to live. I have said that the press and the Ancients have always moved together in harmony. May that harmony continue in the future as it has in the past, and may every member of the press and every member of the Ancients ever emulate each other in representing and promoting the best interests of the good old city of Boston. [*Loud applause as Col. Taylor resumed his seat.*]

Commander Whittemore. — Gentlemen, our services in the hall are over. You will now fall in promptly, because we are late.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

At the conclusion of the speeches, shortly before five P. M., the Ancients left Faneuil Hall and were formed in line on South Market Street. The company marched up Commercial Street to State, through Washington to School, to Beacon, and halted at the State House, where Gov. Robinson and his staff, who had retired from the dinner-table at the conclusion of Mayor O'Brien's speech, were taken under escort. The march to the Common was then resumed.

The company entered the parade ground by the Charles Street gate, the guns of Battery A thundering the governor's salute. The governor took his position, and then, preceded by the band, the company passed in review; the appearance of the Ancients and their excellent marching calling forth frequent plaudits from the on-lookers. The review over, the Ancients formed a hollow square, and the usual drum-head election took place, with the following result: —

OFFICERS FOR 1885 AND 1886.

Commander — Col. Ezra J. Trull, of Charlestown.
First Lieutenant — Lieut. Henry E. Smith, of Worcester.
Second Lieutenant — Sergt. Isaac D. Dana, of Boston.
Adjutant — Sergt. Edward E. Wells, of Boston.
First Sergeant of Infantry — Major Lyman S. Hapgood, of Boston.
Second Sergeant of Infantry — Capt. Aaron A. Hall, of Dorchester.
Third Sergeant of Infantry — F. F. Olney, of Providence.
Fourth Sergeant of Infantry — Sergt. William H. Marsh, of Boston.
Fifth Sergeant of Infantry — Lieut. William J. Smith, of Boston.
Sixth Sergeant of Infantry — Sergt. Charles H. Betteley, of Roxbury.
First Sergeant of Artillery — Jacob Fottler, of Boston.
Second Sergeant of Artillery — Lieut. Daniel H. Smith, of North Attleboro'.
Third Sergeant of Artillery — Albert E. Lockhart, of East Cambridge.
Fourth Sergeant of Artillery — Lieut. Charles B. Barrett, of Boston.
Fifth Sergeant of Artillery — Lieut. Thomas L. Churchill, of Chelsea.
Sixth Sergeant of Artillery — Capt. Charles T. Robinson, of Taunton.
Treasurer and Paymaster — Sergt. Vincent Laforme, of Boston.
Clerk and Assistant Paymaster — Lieut. Geo. H. Allen, of Boston.
Quartermaster and Armorer — Sergt. Geo. P. May, of Boston.

The result of the election was announced to his Excellency by Adjutant Frost. The governor at once proceeded to commission the newly elected officers, addressing a few remarks to each officer as he came forward to surrender his old or receive his new commission. The speeches are appended: —

COMMISSIONING OF THE NEW OFFICERS.

REMARKS OF CAPT. WHITTEMORE, ON SURRENDERING HIS COMMISSION AS COMMANDER.

May it please your Excellency, — My term of office as Commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company having expired, I appear before you to surrender these insignia of the office. I have to report the command in a high state of efficiency, and much elated with the evidence of your appreciation of their efforts to honor and serve you. I desire to thank you for the many tokens of courtesy and favor shown me and my command, during the past year; and I can assure your Excellency that my official relations with the Commander-in-Chief will always remain among my most cherished memories. [*Applause.*]

GOV. ROBINSON'S REPLY TO COMMANDER WHITTEMORE.

It was my pleasant duty, one year ago, to commission you as the Commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. At the same time it was my privilege to address to you some suggestions upon the responsibility of that high office. How well you heeded the words that were then said, with what fidelity

you rformed the duties of the office that was then assigned you, your command full well knows and the Commonwealth appreciates. It has been personally and officially the source of much gratification to receive from you, as Commander of the corps, so many courtesies during the year that has passed, and for them all you will accept the most sincere thanks. I direct the Adjutant-General to receive from you the badge of your office, and to say to you further that upon its delivery you will return to the ranks of the company to become obedient instead of Commander. [*Loud applause.*]

GOV. ROBINSON'S ADDRESS TO THE NEW COMMANDER.

Col. Trull, — You have been elected by the suffrages of your fellows to the high post of honor and authority as Commander of the company. Were one to search among the members to find a suitable person, he would be very likely to select one who had borne the heat and the burden and the danger of war upon the field of battle. He would also love to honor and give credit to one who had endured the fatigues and the distress and the dangers of disease and imprisonment. And if he could combine with that, experience in the civil and military service of the State, long and faithfully and honorably performed, if he could combine all this quality and experience in one man, and find that his fellows in his company had selected him, it would be a pleasing duty to invest him with the authority. That is the position which you occupy at this moment. I make you by my commission the Commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. For all that you honor in your past, for all that entitles you to the gratitude of your fellows, for everything that you appreciate in the record of this company and in the credit of the State, you owe your best service, your highest character and capacity, and your courage to declare your convictions and command reverence for law. I direct the Adjutant-General to place in your hands the symbol of power, and I trust that you will carry it through the year, and return it in no way disgraced or discredited. [*Applause.*]

COL. TRULL'S REMARKS ON RECEIVING HIS COMMISSION.

Your Excellency, — As you very well know, from my record in the Senate, I am a man of few words. I would rather that my actions would speak, than that I should speak of them. I can say, sir, that this is one of the happiest days of my life, when I have been invested by you with these emblems of office. I shall endeavor to do my duty toward the company. I shall endeavor to improve it in its military drill and appearance, and by the assistance of the members, I shall place it higher than it now stands, although it stands high. I have no doubt, sir, that this company, although it has been laughed at in years past, would, if it were called upon in case of riot or tumult, do as good service, if not better, as some of the organizations which are in the militia of the State, for we have in our ranks, as you very well know, soldiers who were in the last war. I think we have in our ranks more veteran soldiers than any other organization in the United States, and from that training and from their courage they would be really a strong arm in case of need. I thank you again, sir, for the very complimentary manner in which you have spoken to me, and I fully appreciate it. [*Loud applause.*]

LIEUT.-COL. BLASLAND'S REMARKS ON SURRENDERING HIS COMMISSION AS FIRST LIEUTENANT.

Your Excellency, — The term of office to which I was elected has expired. I therefore return the badge of office conferred upon me a year ago, and retire to the ranks, trusting that my official duties have been performed in a manner satisfactory to the Commander-in-Chief.

GOV. ROBINSON'S REMARKS TO FIRST LIEUT. BLASLAND.

By the unwritten law of this company, the Commander-in-Chief has no option but to accept your resignation. Were it the desire of your associates that you should continue longer in office, that would not conform to the requirements of the company. It is therefore but my duty to take from you the symbol, in order that it may be transmitted to him who shall succeed you. There is abundant, evident assurance open for any that your duties have been performed with fidelity, and that you can retire with credit to the ranks, and you will accord patient obedience and support to him who shall be placed in command. I direct the Adjutant-General to receive the emblems of your office. [*Applause.*]

GOV. ROBINSON'S REMARKS TO LIEUT. SMITH.

It is no empty custom that we obey to-day in coming upon this Common. For nearly two and a half centuries people have gathered here from year to year by thousands to witness a ceremony of a similar character. It has been deemed wise, from the foundation of this organization, that the officers elected by the members of the company should receive their commissions in the open field. You have been elected to the office of first lieutenant of the company, a position of high honor and great responsibility, which will call for your firmness and integrity and good standing as a man, and your reliability as a soldier. You are entitled to the distinction which the office gives you. It is well known from your record in the past, in the performance of duties that have been heretofore intrusted to you, that the Commonwealth will receive, and your company will receive, the highest degree of excellence.

LIEUT. SMITH'S REMARKS ON RECEIVING HIS COMMISSION.

Your Excellency, — I thank you, sir, for the kind words that you have said to me. I also thank you, as well as the command, for this honored position, which I realize and fully appreciate. My whole heart is in this old and ancient organization. I love it, and I love to parade with it. I loved to parade with it before they put me in this position. Serving as a private in the ranks, I felt proud to be one of this old and ancient organization. And I will assure you, sir, that I hope and trust that I shall not do anything in the performance of my duty to bring disgrace or dishonor upon this office. I again thank you, sir.

LIEUT. GIBSON'S REMARKS ON SURRENDERING HIS COMMISSION AS SECOND LIEUTENANT.

Your Excellency, — My term of office having expired, I respectfully return to you this insignia of rank which I received from you one year ago. During the past year, it has been my endeavor to fulfil the duties of my office in a creditable manner. I hope and trust that my efforts have met with your approval as well as with that of my comrades.

GOV. ROBINSON'S REMARKS TO LIEUT. GIBSON.

I desire to say, in receiving your resignation, the performance of your duty has been eminently successful and acceptable. To carry the burden of power brings responsibility, and every man feels, when prepared to lay it down and return to the ranks of the private citizen or private soldier, that he is relieved from anxieties, cares, and responsibilities that he has borne for the good of the whole. I make no question that as you shall take your place in the ranks, you will give abundance of respect, support, and co-operation to him who shall succeed. The Adjutant-General will receive the emblem.

GOV. ROBINSON'S REMARKS TO LIEUT. DANA.

Your title to the office that you are now about to take rests in the confidence of your fellows, as expressed by the ballot. No higher testimonial to your character, and to their confidence, could be demanded by any person. You are to take the second lieutenancy of the company now made vacant, and you will be intrusted with its responsibilities, its duties, and its cares. It calls for your manhood. It demands your patriotism. The State wants your service, is entitled to have it, and knows she will receive it. You will be invested with authority.

LIEUT. DANA'S REMARKS ON RECEIVING HIS COMMISSION.

I thank your Excellency for the honor conferred upon me. I intend to do my duty with honor both to yourself and to the corps to which I belong. I thank you for the honor.

ADJUTANT FROST'S REMARKS ON SURRENDERING HIS COMMISSION.

Your Excellency, — I have only, after one year of service in this company, to return to you the insignia of office which you handed me one year ago to-day, with so many kind words. If my work as adjutant of this company has met with your approval, I am well repaid for any little work that I have done. [*Loud applause.*]

GOV. ROBINSON'S REPLY TO ADJUTANT FROST.

Had I any option in the matter but to accept your resignation, I should decline it. The plaudits of your friends gathered about here confirm the conviction of my own judgment, that you have rendered, and are still rendering, high and honorable service to the Commonwealth, and all her interests. As a member of the militia, we shall still depend upon you, equally as a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. Your associations with myself, personally, have been, during the year, of the most agreeable character. They will continue so to be, whatever the official action. As you retire to the ranks, you have not only my official, but also my personal good wishes. The Adjutant-General will receive the emblems of office.

GOV. ROBINSON'S REMARKS TO THE NEW ADJUTANT.

As adjutant elect of the company you are about to receive your commission of authority. The confidence expressed by your fellows, appreciation of the services that you have rendered to the Commonwealth in times past, the record that you have made in the bloody strife that determined the perpetuity of the American Union, all these convince me that you are one worthy to bear the honor and the duty of this office, exacting as it may be. Your associates have the right to expect your best, and I have no doubt that they will fully receive it. The Adjutant-General will give you your insignia.

ADJUTANT WELLS'S REMARKS ON RECEIVING HIS COMMISSION.

Your Excellency, — I thank you for the kind manner in which you have spoken to me. I accept this insignia of office as adjutant of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and I shall endeavor to perform the duties that devolve upon me.

FINAL PROCEEDINGS.

The speeches were finished at 6.30 P. M., line was quickly formed, and the company escorted Gov. Robinson and his staff to the State House, and then returned to Faneuil Hall. The Ancients having been assembled in the upper hall, Commander Trull addressed them as follows: —

I desire to express to the members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company my most hearty thanks for the honor which you have conferred upon me to-day, by electing me to this highly honorable position. I fully appreciate it, gentlemen, and consider it one of the happiest days of my life to be able to say that I am in command of this old and ancient company. I shall endeavor, not only by my words but by my acts, to prove to you all that I fully appreciate it. [*Loud applause.*] I thank you for so many having returned to the armory to-night, and I hope that on all our parades this year, every man will endeavor to be present, and especially the sergeants of the companies must be present so that if they are a little rusty they will be brightened up, and learn how to command their companies in proper and military shape.

Three cheers and a tiger for Commander Trull were most enthusiastically given. The cheering having ceased, Capt. A. A. Folsom said: —

Mr. Commander, — I move you that the thanks of the company be extended to Prof. William Lawrence, for his able and patriotic sermon delivered to-day, and that a copy be requested for publication. An addition to my motion is that the history of the past year be prepared under the supervision of the old commander, the clerk, and three members of the company to be appointed by the Commander. I make this motion, because the past year our history has been extraordinary, more remarkable than any year we have passed through, and I think the history ought to be prepared in a very careful manner.

The motion was unanimously adopted, and the Commander appointed on the committee Capt. A. A. Folsom, Capt. John L. Stevenson, and Lieut. James P. Frost.

Sergeant Savage. — I move that the thanks of this company be extended to the Old South Society, for the use of its edifice on this occasion, a society coequal in its influence and coeval in its responsibility with this honorable corps.

The motion was carried unanimously.

In response to loud calls for Lieut. Smith, that officer said: —

REMARKS OF LIEUT. HENRY E. SMITH.

Gentlemen, — Those who know me best know that I am not a speech-maker, and it is the duty I feel the weakest in of all others of this office to perform. I feel very proud, and can only utter what Capt. Trull has said, that this is one of the proudest days of my life. And I will assure you that in my career as a military man, I have had many occasions to feel proud. Upon the occasion of my visiting Washington with your ancient corps, I was proud to be there in your ranks when I was reminded that only some twenty-five years before then, I, as a mere lad, marched those same streets in Washington, went down through Pennsylvania Avenue with the old Fifteenth Regiment, and returned after going through the battles of Balls Bluff and Antietam, and the various scenes of the Army of the Potomac. I was brought back with a rebel bullet that had pierced my breast. I lay there in that same city for several months. Imagine the reminder, gentlemen, for me to parade with this Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company twenty-five years after that. Do you wonder, gentlemen, that I thank God that I live? Do you wonder that I feel proud to be a member of this old organization? I doubt that there is one here but what would feel as I felt, proud, and as I do now. Now, gentlemen, I assure you that I won't keep you by making any further remarks. You all know that I am proud, and that I feel the honor which you have conferred upon me, and I again thank you. [*Applause and cheers for Lieut. Smith.*]

Capt. Whittemore. — Mr. Commander, I received, while upon the field this afternoon, the following telegram, which I will read to the company, as it belongs to them: —

New Orleans, June 1, 1885.

Capt. Augustus Whittemore, A. and H. A. Co.,
Faneuil Hall, Boston:

We heartily congratulate you on this your anniversary. That your present members may celebrate many more, is the heartfelt wish of your Southern friends, the Continental Guards.

Chas. W. Drown.

Three cheers for Major Charles W. Stevens, now on the ocean, were called for, and were given with a will. The company were then dismissed, and the two hundred and forty-seventh anniversary of the corps had passed into history.

ROLL OF OFFICERS AND MEMBERS,

Parading on Monday, June 1, 1885,

PREPARED BY THE ADJUTANT.

Commander. — Capt. Augustus Whittemore.
First Lieutenant. — Lieut.-Col. E. P. Blasland.
Second Lieutenant. — Lieut. Geo. H. Gibson.
Adjutant. — Lieut. James P. Frost.

STAFF AND DETAILS.

Chief of Staff. — Col. Edward Wyman.
Surgeon. — Lieut. John Sullivan.
Quartermaster. — Sergt. Geo. P. May.
Commissary. — Capt. Peter E. Dolliver.
Paymaster. — Sergt. Vincent Laforme.
Assistant Surgeon. — Lieut. Thomas Restieaux, Jr.
Assistant Paymaster. — Lieut. Geo. H. Allen.
Chaplain. — Rev. William Lawrence.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergeant Major. — Lieut. Newell A. Thompson.
Quartermaster Sergeant. — John H. Peak.
Commissary Sergeant. — Sergt. Fred. H. Hutchinson.
Hospital Steward. — Sergt. A. S. Dinsmore.

HONORARY STAFF.

Past Commanders. — Capt. James A. Fox, Major Geo. O. Carpenter, Gen. Samuel C. Lawrence, Major Ben: Perley Poore, Major Dexter H. Follett, Capt. Albert A. Folsom, Capt. John L. Stevenson, Gen. Augustus P. Martin, Capt. John Mack, Major Geo. S. Merrill.

Commodore L. A. Kimberley, Commandant U. S. Navy Yard, Charlestown.
Lieut.-Col. I. L. Broome, United States Marines, Charlestown.
Lieut.-Col. John Mendenhall, United States Army, Fort Warren.
Lieut.-Col. T. C. Sullivan, United States Army.
Major E. A. Robinson, United States Army.
Capt. G. G. Greenough, United States Army.
Major. Geo. W. McLean, Old Guard, New York.
Capt. H. H. Brockway, Old Guard, New York.
Capt. Morrison Hoyt, Old Guard, New York

Capt. Harry E. Kane, Old Guard, New York.
Col. Wm. A. Stedman, Newport Veteran Artillery.
Col. Augustus P. Sherman, Newport Veteran Artillery.
Lieut.-Col. Thomas S. Nason, Newport Veteran Artillery.
Lieut. B. B. Sherman, Newport Veteran Artillery.
Lieut.-Col. Cyrus M. Van Slyck, United Train Artillery, Providence.
Lieut.-Col. A. C. Eddy, Veteran Infantry, Providence.
Major-Gen. Charles R. Dennis, Veteran Infantry, Providence.
Adjt. Samuel T. Douglas, Veteran Infantry, Providence.
Major C. H. Case, Putnam Phalanx, Hartford.
Wm. H. Burnard, Putnam Phalanx, Hartford.
Major Horace G. Kemp, First Battalion Cavalry, Mass. Volunteer Militia.
Capt. H. D. Andrews, National Lancers.
Capt. L. G. Burnham, Roxbury Horse Guards.
Capt. Geo. E. Lovett, Boston Light Infantry.
Capt. Joseph E. Clark, Lawrence Light Guard, Medford.
Capt. James W. Cusack, Troy Citizens Corps.
Lieut. James L. Thompson, Troy Citizens Corps.
Lieut. George D. Smith, Troy Citizens Corps.
Lieut. John H. Tupper, Troy Citizens Corps.
Capt. John N. Morse, Jr., Worcester Continentals.
Geo. H. Harlow, Worcester Continentals.
Capt. John C. Kenney, Governor's Foot Guard, Hartford, Conn.
Finance Committee. — Capt. Thomas F. Temple, Nathan S. Wilbur.
Committee of Arrangements. — Capt. Samuel J. Hichborn, Capt. Geo. E. Hall.
Members of the Company. — Lieut.-Col. Edward J. Jones, Col. Henry Walker, Major Henry G. Jordan, Major Benj. F. Talbot, Lieut. Henry E. Smith.

DETAILED OFFICER TO ACCOMPANY HIS EXCELLENCY THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Major Geo. O. Carpenter.

DETAILED MEN.

Sergt. Wm. C. Pfaff, *Band Guide.*
Sergt. David F. Hall,
Capt. Jacob Silloway,
Capt. Geo. Going,
Capt. Lieut. D. Foster Farrar, } *At Church.*

FLANKERS TO THE COMMAND.

Sergt. Isaac D. Dana.
Sergt. Samuel H. Babcock.

FLANKERS TO THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Lieut. Wm. H. Jones.
Major Charles G. Davis.

Major B. F. Field, Jr., *Right General Guide.*

ROLL OF FIRST COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. H. F. Wade, *Sergeant.*

Sergt. E. E. Wells, *R. Guide.*
D. O. Clark.
Lieut. A. C. Betteley.
W. H. Marsh.
J. E. Kinney.
Frank F. Olney.
H. H. Litchfield.
Sergt. J. Bensemoil, *L. Guide.*
Sergt. C. H. Betteley.
J. B. Smith.
Wm. J. Smith.
J. O. Littlefield.
J. Herbert Bowen.
Capt. E. R. Frost.

SECOND COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. C. W. Knapp, *Second Sergeant.*

Lieut. E. E. Allen, *R. Guide.*
P. J. Vaughan.
Chas. R. Brown.
S. Stubbs.
Howard J. Byrne.
D. L. Jewell.
E. R. Ellis.
Lieut.-Col. L. C. Lane, *L. Guide.*
Arthur Fuller.
Isaac Riley.
A. J. Hathaway.
G. B. Martis.
Chas. W. Parker.
J. Fred. Sampson.

THIRD COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. Geo. A. Keeler, *Sergeant.*

Lieut. Geo. H. Washburn, *R. Guide.*
G. H. Philbrook.
D. J. Parker.
Fred. H. Adams.
W. B. Hathaway.
Sergt. W. M. Maynard.
H. A. Thorndike.
Lieut. G. Howard Jones, *L. Guide.*
Sergt. E. Coggins.
G. B. Spaulding.
K. H. Damon.
E. L. Hull.
R. S. Byam.
J. Chauncey Crafts.

FOURTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. W. H. Russ, *Sergeant.*

Sergt. G. W. Spaulding, *R. Guide.*
Sergt. Chas. J. Hayden.
E. B. Reynolds.
Henry N. Cass.
W. E. Jones.
E. Beach.
E. G. Scripture.
Mr. W. G. Fish, *L. Guide.*
Lyman S. Hapgood.
C. N. Wallace.
W. Messenger.
E. H. Whitney.
Dexter Pratt.
C. W. Parker.

FIFTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Lieut. J. Henry Taylor, *Sergeant.*

Lieut. H. E. Smith, *R. Guide.*
W. G. Shillaber.
W. F. Hall.
E. M. Platt.
M. Lincoln.
J. H. Smith.
Lieut. J. Payson Bradley.
Capt. W. S. Davis, *L. Guide.*
J. Harry Welch.
J. E. Atkins.
Robt. Burlen.
Joseph L. White.
A. S. Weld.
Col. E. J. Trull.

SIXTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Col. A. C. Wellington, *Sergeant.*

Major John McDonough, *R. Guide.*
Capt. F. W. Wellington.
Capt. L. J. Bird.
Lieut. J. T. Moriarty.
Lieut. E. B. Wadsworth.
W. A. Hardy.
Edward Codman, *L. Guide.*
Sergt. Joseph L. R. Eaton.
Thos. H. Harding.
Lieut. F. G. King.
Lieut. F. M. Triffit.
Lieut. A. K. Loring.

SEVENTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. David W. Lewis, *Sergeant.*

A. E. Proctor, *R. Guide.*
L. Boynton.
J. H. Baguley.
Sergt. H. B. Emerson, *State Color.*
I. A. Sylvester.
A. E. Leach.
J. H. Proctor, *L. Guide.*
J. N. Roberts.
T. W. Carter.
Sergt. W. F. Bacon, *Gen. Color.*
J. H. Kelley.
D. A. Potter.

VETERAN COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Gen. S. H. Leonard, *Sergeant.*

Lieut.-Col. A. N. Proctor, *R. Guide.*
Capt. S. V. Stillings.
Lieut. F. W. Dallinger.
Wilder Bennett.
Capt. H. B. Wilder.
W. A. Cromwell.
Capt. J. M. Cushing, *L. Guide.*
Capt. Jno. Thomas.
Capt. T. L. Churchill.
D. L. Ware.
J. C. Dalton.
Henry A. Choate.

FIRST COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Sergt. Thomas Savage, *Sergeant.*

Jacob Fottler, *R. Guide.*
Albert Webster.
Emery Grover.
Abjah Thompson.
J. Alba Davis.
J. B. Hathaway.
C. S. Eaton.
Edwin Sullivan, *L. Guide.*
C. H. Dunham.
Chas. F. Munroe.
A. H. Stearns.
Fred. Mills.
C. A. Faxon.
J. L. Burditt.

SECOND COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Sergt. Sidney M. Hedges, *Sergeant.*

D. H. Smith, *R. Guide.*
Nathaniel Grant.
Caleb Chase.
William Tyner.
H. F. Johnson.
D. H. Lane.
C. T. Robinson, *L. Guide.*
C. E. Smith.
G. G. Stratton.
E. J. Hill.
W. M. Mills.
A. C. Richardson.
John D. Dwyer.

THIRD COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Sergt. Frank H. Mudge, *Sergeant.*

W. C. Babcock, *R. Guide.*
Wm. H. Haley.
N. W. Norcross.
Wm. Lumb.
C. D. Weston.
Asahel Wheeler.
E. H. Grover.
Wm. H. Mitchell, *L. Guide.*
J. A. Iasigi.
A. B. Babcock.
J. H. Harlow.
L. L. Jones.
Wm. H. West.
Elijah Beal.
Oliver G. Pearson.

FOURTH COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Sergt. Edwin E. Snow, *Sergeant.*

Winslow B. Lucas, *R. Guide.*
J. Frank Miles.
Robert M. Cross.
J. C. Weeks.
Wm. L. Dolbeare.
O. M. Draper.
C. B. Barrett.
Wm. W. Sias, *L. Guide.*
Harry H. Hale.
A. E. Lockhart.
Wm. S. Brazer.
H. M. Daggett, Jr.
A. T. Cook.
Horace Partridge.

FIFTH COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Sergt. Chas. T. Hough, *Sergeant.*

John Albree, *R. Guide.*
F. W. Flitner.
W. H. Howard.
M. J. Grodjinski.
A. W. Bailey.
T. Emerson.
J. P. Brewer.
E. A. Boardman, *L. Guide.*
C. B. Codding.
J. W. Vose.
J. C. Smith.
Walter Russell.
S. L. Byam.
A. H. Miller.

SIXTH COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Capt. WILLIAM PRATT, *Sergeant.*

John W. Mackintosh, *R. Guide.*
Sam. W. Winslow.
John Galvin.
Rob. E. Bath.
Roland Winslow, *L. Guide.*
John Rindge.
Geo. E. Jacques.
A. L. DeRibas.
John D. Morton.

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY,
BOSTON, June 8, 1885.

Dear Sir, — On return of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company to the armory in Faneuil Hall at the close of the anniversary ceremonies, it was voted unanimously that the Past Commander be authorized to convey to you the thanks of the company for your eloquent discourse preached before the company, and that a copy be requested for publication in the annual record of the company.

Yours very truly,

AUGUSTUS WHITTEMORE.

REV. WILLIAM LAWRENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., June 8, 1885.

My dear Sir, — In giving the company at their request a copy of my sermon for publication, I cannot but thank the members for the delightful day with them and for the kind consideration shown me in many ways.

With anticipations of other pleasant associations with them and with kind regards, I remain

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM LAWRENCE.

To Capt. AUGUSTUS WHITTEMORE,
Past Commander A. and H. A. Co.

REVERENCE FOR THE AUTHORITY OF LAW.

A Sermon

PREACHED AT THE NEW OLD SOUTH CHURCH ON THE

247th ANNIVERSARY OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY

JUNE 1, 1885.

BY

REV. WILLIAM LAWRENCE,

OF CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

SERMON.

FOR THE BUILDERS, EVERY ONE HAD HIS SWORD GIRDED BY HIS SIDE, AND SO BUILDED. — *Nehemiah* iv. 18.

THE walls of Jerusalem had fallen into ruins and her streets lay open to invasion. Warned by a strong leader, awakened to the danger, the whole city turned to the work of rebuilding. The corporations of goldsmiths, apothecaries, and merchants volunteered their services and were accepted, noblemen labored beside their slaves, and the priests took their share of the task; every citizen became a builder. But hostile tribes and marauders were encamped outside the walls, ready to harass the builders and throw down their work. With a wisdom equal to their enthusiasm, the same citizens, under Nehemiah, detailed a fraction of their number for military duty; "while half wrought in the work," so runs the history, "the other half of them held both the spears, the shields, and the bows and the habergeons. They which builded on the wall, and they that bare burdens, with those that laded, every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon. For the builders, every one had his sword girded by his side, and so builded." The citizens who were builders became also soldiers.

Such is the story of the upbuilding of the walls of Jerusalem. Such is the story also of the upbuilding of many a city and civilization since those days. Change the scene from Judea to the shores of New England, to the very spots where most of us were born. Settled in the valleys and on the hillsides, which are to-day clothed with verdure, and where the air is heavy with the fragrance of the blossoms, were companies and groups of families who had come here, not for conquest or wealth, not primarily to open a new country, but to find and make for themselves a home. They were the

founders of a new civilization. With Bible, axe, and plough, every citizen became one of the upbuilders of that civilization. Each one gave all that he had of spirit, mind, and strength to the work. If the love of conquest, the drama of an El Dorado beyond the wilderness, or the hope of military glory ever tempted any of their more romantic spirits, as it had those of Spanish, French, and even English blood in earlier days, the sober sense and earnest spirit of the community frowned it down.

How great that work of our fathers was, how enduring and far-reaching, we are only beginning even in these days to realize. Their plans were well drawn, their principles true, their foundations deep, and their work honest and well tried. Builders they were, and in the highest sense. But they were a border people, closely beset by savages who were ready to harass and plunder, quick to burn and murder.

Almost to the letter was the scene of Jerusalem repeated. The farmer with one of his hands wrought in the work and with the other held a weapon. For the builders, every one had, if not a sword, yet a musket by his side, and so builded. The message which once came from Andover, to the Honorable Council of Massachusetts, echoed the feeling of many a border town: "Wee fear greatly that wee shall not bee able to live in the towne to Improve our lands to raise a subsistence without some force be kept above us upon the river of Merrimack, to Concord River," we "thought if one third off the men of each towne did attend that service so the other might bee in sum reasonable safty about their work, for now we are so distressed to thinke that our men are liable to bee shot whenever we stirr from our houses, and our children taken by the cruell enemy." Though from the people a certain fraction were detailed as in Jesusalem for watch and garrison duty, yet every citizen became more or less a soldier, and stood ready to bear his part in the defence of the community.

It was from such needs and such a spirit that this your Ancient Company was formed. Every man first and always a citizen and an upbuilder in American civilization; every man also a soldier, sustaining the spirit of chivalry in the community and ready to act in its defence.

Those days of rougher work and ruder customs have passed; but the need for such an organization, and such a spirit as should inspire the organization, has not yet gone by. That small colony has now become a nation: how large, and with what possibilities, I need not tell you. Beneath that nation must lie a motive for its being.

If I mistake not, we, as a people, have not joined together in our government simply to create a big nation, develop an enormous country, gain untold wealth, and stand before the world as a great, unwieldy, characterless Goliath, boasting of our size and strength.

Again, if I mistake not, our nation is not a mere haphazard organization, a large crowd, who, happening to find themselves in the same country and with common interests, have, like any business concern, struck a bargain to work together, and to dissolve partnership when any of us are tired of remaining in the firm. But we exist as one Nation. God in his wisdom has given us this bountiful land. Without the limitations of older countries and ancient regimes, with an inheritance of deep and true religion, with traditions of liberty and love of reasonable freedom, we, as one people, are building up a new, and, as we believe, a higher form of civilization than the world has ever seen. And from that civilization is to develop a national character. We know what the Greek, or Roman, or French, or English character was and is in the different phases of their history. What the American character will be remains for this nation to decide. Based on the Christian religion, inspired by the spirit of liberty which springs from that religion, restrained by the same power that inspires, limiting its freedom from running to license by reasonable law, reaching out and embracing all the bounties which nature pours upon this land, industrious, earnest, honest, hopeful, patient, humble, the typical citizen of this nation should be the noblest man in history. If he is not, then our nation and civilization have failed of their highest purpose.

Some persons would sketch the ideal national character as one that lives for peace and peace alone, that would endure dishonor rather than strike. No! There is no true manhood that does not

have slumbering in it the passion of chivalry and the spirit of self-defence, that does not have muscles which are quick to harden and act in the face of insult or danger.

There is no true national character that does not have, beneath its hard industry and peaceful life, the soldier's spirit, which will meet danger with courage, defend its national life with arms, and, if need be, strike in behalf of a weak or down-trodden people.

An Ancient and Honorable Military Company is that spirit crystallized or rather organized, typical of that which lies in the heart of every citizen, and which the danger of '76 or the crisis of '61 brought forth. Better, far better, a spirit only partially organized than a great standing army, draining the wealth of a country, undoing what others build, watching for opportunities to test their strength, and tempting nations to go to war in order to keep them in exciting employment.

The Nation, the upbuilding civilization, has in the military spirit of her citizens a sword, sheathed we hope for many a year, but ready in time of need to leap from its scabbard and strike in her defence.

If the soldier is also the citizen, the spirit of the soldier moves in the spirit of the citizen. The citizen soldier has his work in the subtle dangers of peace no less than in the open risks of war. The question then rises for answer to-day, — into what particular lines should the work of the soldier-citizen be directed in these times?

Two or three characteristics are needed, it seems to me, in our people to-day, which it is your duty as well as that of all soldier-citizens to encourage. It is of these characteristics that I wish to speak this morning.

The first is, reverence for the authority of the law. History has shown us that what other peoples accomplish by wars and bloody revolutions, the Anglo-Saxon people accomplish by the tedious but safe and more reasonable process of discussion, gradual change of opinion, and then legislation. The growth of the British constitution, from the days when the Magna Charta stated the principles, has been, with but few exceptions, by steady,

peaceful, and rational development. The tidal wave of liberty, which swept thousands on thousands into their graves in France, and shattered nearly all her institutions and customs, passed over England, and slowly but without destruction reformed her opinions and institutions. Legislation then runs parallel with popular opinion; and because the existing law is not now and again rudely shaken and overthrown, it is held by the Anglo-Saxon people in reverent esteem. Such was the spirit that came over with the early settlers of New England. But separated by an ocean from the Old Country, New England had, like all youth, developed rapidly the spirit of liberty. She was loyal to the Old Country, and would stay so as long as the Old Country remained true to her constitution. But when England was recreant to her traditions, and attempted to accomplish by force what she usually did by reason, when she unrighteously annulled her agreements, violated the charter of Massachusetts, crossed her own deepest principles of government, and broke her own laws, then that English reverence for the authority of the law spoke from New England; and it was not first independence, or even first liberty, but first obedience to and reverence for her own laws that the sons of England in America demanded. Not because they were lawless, but because they were lawful, did our fathers first protest and then break from the mother-country. Said Pitt to the Parliament of 1766: "The colonies are equally entitled with yourselves to all the natural rights of mankind and the peculiar privileges of Englishmen; equally bound by the laws, and equally participating of the constitution of this free country. The Americans are the sons, not the bastards of England. As subjects they are entitled to the common right of representation, and cannot be bound to pay taxes without their consent." And the echo to this sentiment went back across the Atlantic from the lips of Samuel Adams, two years later: "We must not give up the constitution, which is fixed and stable."

Again, leap to the next great crisis, through which you yourselves passed, and in which some of you were active spirits. When the abolitionists first insisted that the higher law demanded the annulling of our agreements with the South, and the radical change

of the Constitution without the permission of the South, the body of American people (be it said to their honor) had too much reverence for their pledged word, and its expression in the Constitution, to yield. Reverence for that authority restrained them from violence. When, however, the South insisted that if she did not have her way, she would break her agreements, and when she did break her word, disregard the law and call force to her aid, then that same reverence for the authority of the law which once restrained from violence now demanded violence, and because we were a law-abiding people, like our fathers in 1776, we fought. That spirit of reverence for the law which gave them liberty gave us a Nation. Since those days of twenty-five years ago, great changes have come over the population of this country. Millions who, when the nation was emerging from the Civil War, were living under the old dynasties of Europe, have come among us. They have helped develop the land, build the railroads, work the mines, and till the fields; they are citizens, and the country by its Constitution is theirs as well as ours; but it is a fact that under the rule of kings and emperors, and the spirit of old civilizations, they did not have the same education in civil liberty that they would have had here, or that native Americans have had. Laws with them have been identified, not with the popular will or a people's legislation, not with freedom, but with constraint, and sometimes with tyranny. Naturally then and rightly they would not have that reverence for law which should prevail in a popular government.

And yet more, what reverence came from the sense of kingly authority there, is lost here. For the people themselves are in the place of the king; and when you and I and our neighbors meet and legislate, it demands education in civil liberty to reverence that legislation. Other influences combine to the same result; four millions of enfranchised blacks, the general drift away from old forms and methods, and the breaking-up of old ideas. And yet reverence for the authority of the law is and must be one of our strongest characteristics.

Are we living up to the spirit of our fathers? When a great body of the people like the Mormons live in open disregard

of our laws, while a large mass of our people seem indifferent to the fact, it is not that they are Mormons that should cause the keenest anxiety to loyal citizens, but it is that, by defying, and by being allowed to defy, the law, the law itself loses in esteem throughout the country.

When Indian reservations, pledged to them by treaty and our word of honor, are opened to settlers by those highest in authority, and in total disregard of law and righteousness, the first regret is, not that the Indian is cruelly cheated (that is bad enough), but that the law has been broken, and our word of honor has been brought into disgrace. When men who have shamelessly cheated the government out of millions are by some mysterious machinations and after a long trial set free, the country suffers, not for her loss of money, but for the loss of the dignity and authority of her law. When justice grades its severity to the social position or wealth of the criminal, and when, through a morbid sentimentality, murderers who are brought before judge and jury are continually set free and their acts applauded, while some poor petty thief is imprisoned, the danger is not from the murderers who are again let loose upon the community, but from the travesty of justice and the degradation of the law. When laws made for the protection of life from fire and disease and wretched buildings are methodically disregarded, what is the occasional slaughter of a few hundred lives to compare with the ominous fact that the people make these laws to break them? When the voter is frightened or cheated out of his vote, when the ballot is tampered with, when that lawless spirit which is aimed at the very heart of our institutions enters the council chambers of our cities, what respect, think you, can our children have for the authority of a law which may be so shamelessly broken?

When laws are made by the people for self-protection to check vice and restrict certain evils, and when in our cities a large body of men join together to defy those laws, and when those very vices and evils are rampant under the eyes of the executive of the people, one wonders if the spirit of those of old who fought and died in reverence for the law still holds in the people. I believe that it does, but that it slumbers. It remains for all citizens, and

especially for those who through this company trace their descent to the spirit of our fathers, to awaken amongst our people that spirit of reverence for the authority of the law.

Permit me now to suggest a second necessary characteristic, the courage of our convictions. Settle one hundred men throughout a rough and roadless country, and you will have no public opinion. Each man of the one hundred has his own opinions, and it requires no courage to hold them. Bring those one hundred men together, and after an hour's discussion, you have a public opinion. The majority give the tone, formulate the thought, organize and crystallize that opinion, and the small minority quickly find that their conviction calls upon them for what they had not expected, courage. Now multiply your hundred by thousands: press them into thickly settled communities, put them into close communication by the post, the telegraph, and the press, and the power of public opinion is increased to an enormous amount. When the division is nearly equal, a fight of giants ensues. But by our traditions and laws, the majority rules; the number of votes is the final test. Is it? Final it may be, and is for the time in political movement, but not final in individual conviction. No number of votes and no majority have in themselves the power or the right to change the conviction of any citizen, or to become any man's conscience. Putting faith in the people, and granting that the majority is more likely to be right than the minority, yet if history tells us anything, it is this: that from the day when a minority of twelve men faced the world with the truth of Jesus Christ, through the days of Savonarola and Galileo and Columbus and Luther and Wilberforce, it has not always been the majority that has been right, but every new truth has first been found in a very small minority of a few men of earnest and deep convictions and with the courage of their convictions.

The first martyr to the paramount power of the people, Sir Henry Vane, was, as he stood surrounded by the blood-thirsty people in whose behalf he was to die, a minority of one. "Blessed be God," said he, as he made ready for the axe, "I have kept a conscience void of offence to this day, and have not deserted the righteous

cause for which I suffer." "His blood has gained a voice," and popular government has followed.

The people of New England are sometimes laughed at for the individuality of their opinions; we are called a peculiar, a self-opinionated set. But it is that very trait, wisely exercised, that has made New England what we are proud that she is. It was that deep and strong courage of conviction which moved our fathers to brave the terrors of the sea and an unkind, rocky shore; it was that which inspired Samuel Adams and Otis and Thatcher and Mayhew, and which moved Boston in 1768 to stand alone against the whole power of Great Britain. That there are thousands in this country who are always on the lookout to see how the majority will move before they decide, that there are popular politicians who are not leaders but abject followers of the people, that there is an immense number who vote as they are told, is a call to every citizen soldier to show the courage of a soldier. Giving due weight to the opinions of others, regarding with respect the convictions of great numbers, realizing to the full the value of organization and political parties, the American citizen's conscience is bound by no number of votes and no power of organization, and he is recreant to his citizenship who allows popular opinion to force his will to the will of the majority, simply because it is the majority.

One more thought I would like to suggest. I have said that the great work of this country is to develop a national character. By that, and not by conquest and absorption of other countries, is its power to be felt; by lifting the minds of ancient civilizations and of coming generations to higher ideals and nobler aspirations. Now, if that be so, what effect should it have upon our public service, upon the men who represent the country in their public office? The ideal that seems to be set before the American people to-day is this, that if the office-holder will simply conduct the public business as he would his own, he has met all the requirements. Granted that this is an immense gain over the degraded and degrading idea of public service which obtained among us only a few years ago, giving all credit to the elevation of popular opinion in this respect, yet I submit it is far, very far below the ideal of

American public life. It was not because Washington or Lincoln or any of our high and revered officers conducted the public business on business principles, that their memories are cherished; but it was that, having acted on business principles, they also exemplified many of the noblest traits of American character, — dignity, honor, chivalry, modesty. When a man is to hold public office, his public record is of the first importance; but it is an idea unworthy of our heritage to say that, apart from his public duties, his character has nothing to do with his fitness for the office. Every man who in public office represents our government should represent also the highest features of the character of that people who make the government. Our ministers to foreign countries may have little business to conduct, but they have great interests to preserve, — the reputation of the American citizen for dignity, purity, and honor. Franklin in the court of France showed to that decaying monarchy what a plain but free-born citizen could be. An honored citizen of this Commonwealth, who will this month return after several years of public service, has given us an example. Other men could perhaps have conducted the business, and even the diplomatic duties, of the United States in England, as well as James Russell Lowell. But born with the blood of all that was best and strongest in New England in his veins, educated in the love of liberty, touched with the spirit of chivalry and courtesy, and the honor of our fathers, he has shown to England a true and loyal American character, and has done what no sharp diplomacy or business methods could do, in drawing the two countries into that closer sympathy and interest which you, descendants of the Honourable Artillery Company of London, so desire to sustain. But that ideal should run through all public positions. The representative of the government in the country towns should be, not the keen politician, not even the keen business man merely; but while a good business man, he must also be a man of strong, true, and, in the best sense, representative character.

And so in all our State and civic affairs. Our governors, Winthrop, Endicott, Strong, Davis, Andrew, and others, had ability and business capacity, but their names carry weight to-day, and give lustre to our history, because they were men of noble character.

But I have said enough, perhaps too much. The character of the public officer will, in the end, reflect the character of the people. We are the people. Look then to ourselves. This shore was settled by Christians in the name of Christ; our people have been nurtured in Christian ways. From the spirit of Christ, liberty, honor, purity, and chivalry have sprung; only through the spirit of Christ can they be maintained. By reverence for the authority of law, by courage, by high character, this people may, through your service, gain your title; for while the passing of generations will make this country ancient, it will remain for the people themselves to make and keep it honorable.

COMMANDERS

OF THE

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY,

AND

PREACHERS OF THE ELECTION SERMON,

FROM 1638 TO 1885.

CORRECTED BY A. A. FOLSOM.

The * denotes that the company have portraits in their possession.
The † dagger denotes that the sermon was printed.

	COMMANDER.	PREACHER.
1638.	Capt. Robert Keayne, Boston....	John Wilson, Boston.
1639.	Major-Gen. Edward Gibbons, Boston.	
1640.	Major-Gen. Robert Sedgwick, Charlestown.	
1641.	Major-Gen. Edward Gibbons, Boston.	
1642.	Lieut-Col. Israel Stoughton, Dorchester.	
1643.	Col. George Cooke, Cambridge.	
1644.	Capt. Thomas Hawkins, Dorchester.[1]	John Norton.
1645.	Major-Gen. Robert Sedgwick, Charlestown.	
1646.	Major-Gen. Edward Gibbons, Boston.	
1647.	Capt. Robert Keayne, Boston.	
1648.	Major-Gen. Robert Sedgwick, Charlestown.	
1649.	Capt. John Carnes, Boston.	
1650.	Major-Gen. Humphrey Atherton, Dorchester.	
1651.	*Major Thomas Savage, Boston..	John Cotton, Boston.
1652.	*Major-Gen. Sir John Leverett, Boston.	
1653.	Major Thomas Clarke, Boston.	
1654.	Major-Gen. Edward Gibbons, Boston.....	Thomas Thatcher, Weymouth.
1655.	Capt. Francis Norton, Charlestown.	Peter Hobart, Hingham.

[1] "The Records of the Colony of the Massachusetts Bay in New England," Vol. II., under date of May, 1644, says: "It is ordered the printer shall have leave to print the election sermon, with Mr. Mather's consent, the artillery sermon with Mr. Norton's consent." Therefore it is reasonable to assume that a sermon was preached in 1644.

	COMMANDER.	PREACHER.
1656.	Capt. James Oliver, Boston.....	Richard Mather, Dorchester.
1657.	Capt. Edward Hutchinson, Boston.	Henry Flint, Braintree.
1658.	Major-Gen. Humphrey Atherton, Dorchester.....	John Mayo, Boston.
1659.	*Major Thomas Savage, Boston...	John Norton, Boston.
1660.	Major-Gen. Daniel Dennison, Ipswich	†Samuel Whiting, Lynn.
1661.	Capt. William Hudson, Boston...	Samuel Ward, Ipswich.
1662.	Capt. Thomas Lake, Boston.....	John Higginson, Salem.
1663.	*Major-Gen. Sir John Leverett, Boston.....	Thomas Shepard, Charlestown.
1664.	Capt. William Davis, Boston....	James Allen, Boston.
1665.	Major Thomas Clarke, Boston...	Increase Mather, Boston.
1666.	Capt. James Oliver, Boston.....	Edmund Browne, Sudbury.
1667.	Capt. Isaac Johnson, Roxbury...	Samuel Danforth, Roxbury.
1668.	*Major Thomas Savage, Boston...	John Wilson, Medfield.
1669.	Capt. Peter Oliver, Boston.....	Samuel Torrey, Weymouth.
1670.	*Major-Gen. Sir John Leverett, Boston.....	John Oxenbridge, Boston.
1671.	Capt. John Hull, Boston	Thomas Thatcher, Boston.
1672.	Capt. William Davis, Boston.....	†Urian Oakes, Pres't Harvard College
1673.	Capt. Thomas Clarke, Jr., Boston.	Seaborn Cotton, Hampton.
1674.	Capt. Thomas Lake, Boston.....	†Joshua Moodey, Portsmouth.
1675.	*Major Thomas Savage, Boston..	Rev. Samuel Phillips, Rowley.
1676.	Col. Elisha Hutchinson, Boston..	†Samuel Willard, Boston.
1677.	Capt. Richard Woodde, Boston..	Josiah Flint, Dorchester.
1678.	Capt. John Hull, Boston.....	†Samuel Nowell.
1679.	*Lieut.-Gen. John Walley, Boston.	Edward Bulkley, Concord.
1680.	*Major Thomas Savage, Boston..	William Adams, Dedham.
1681.	Col. Penn Townsend, Boston....	John Richardson, Newbury.
1682.	Capt. Theophilus Frary, Boston..	Samuel Whiting, Jr., Billerica.
1683.	Capt. Ephraim Savage, Boston...	John Hale, Beverly.
1684.	Col. Elisha Hutchinson, Boston..	Samuel Cheever, Marblehead.
1685.	Col. John Phillips, Charlestown..	Joshua Moodey, Boston.
1686. 1687. 1688. 1689.	Meetings suppressed by government under Sir Edmund Andros.	No sermon.
1690.	Col. Elisha Hutchinson, Boston..	No sermon.
1691.	Col. Penn Townsend, Boston.....	†Cotton Mather, Boston.
1692.	*Major-Gen. Wait Winthrop, Boston.	John Bailey, Watertown.
1693.	Capt. John Wing, Boston.....	John Danforth, Dorchester.
1694.	*Col. Samuel Shrimpton, Boston..	[1]Moses Fiske, Braintree.
1695.	Col. Nicholas Paige, Chelsea.....	†Peter Thatcher, Milton.
1696.	Capt. Bozoun Allen, Boston.....	Michael Wigglesworth, Malden.
1697.	Col. Elisha Hutchinson, Boston..	Nehemiah Walter, Roxbury.
1698.	Col. Penn Townsend, Boston.....	†Joseph Belcher, Dedham.
1699.	*Lieut. Gen. John Walley, Boston .	†Samuel Willard, Boston.
1700.	Col. Samuel Checkley, Boston...	†Benjamin Wadsworth, Boston.
1701.	*Major Samuel Sewall, Boston...	†Ebenezer Pemberton, Boston.
1702.	*Col. Sir Charles Hobby, Boston..	†Benjamin Colman, Boston.
1703.	Col. John Ballentine, Boston.....	†Grindal Rawson. Mendon.
1704.	Col. Thomas Hutchinson, Boston.	† Henry Gibbs, Watertown.
1705.	Col. Thomas Savage, Jr., Boston.	† Thomas Bridge, Boston.
1706.	*Lieut.-Col. Adam Winthrop, Boston.....	Rowland Cotton, Sandwich.
1707.	*Lieut.-Gen. John Walley, Boston.	Cotton Mather, Boston.

[1] Manuscript at Massachusetts Historical Society. Company have voted to print.

	COMMANDER.	PREACHER.
1708.	*Col. Thomas Fitch, Boston	†Samuel Danforth, Taunton.
1709.	Col. Penn Townsend, Boston	Ebenezer Pemberton, Boston.
1710.	Col. John Ballentine, Boston	†Increase Mather, Boston.
1711.	Lieut.-Col. Habijah Savage, Boston	Nehemiah Walter, Roxbury.
1712.	Col. William Taylor, Dorchester	Peter Thatcher, Weymouth.
1713.	*Col. Sir Chas. Hobby, Boston	Sampson Stoddard, Chelmsford.
1714.	*Col Edward Winslow, Boston	Joseph Sewall, Boston.
1715.	Capt. Edwin Martyn, Boston	Joseph Stevens, Charlestown.
1716.	Capt. Samuel Keeling, Boston	Joseph Baxter, Medfield.
1717.	Col. Edward Hutchinson, Boston	Thomas Blowers, Beverly.
1718.	Col. Thomas Hutchinson, Boston	John Barnard, Marblehead.
1719.	*Hon. William Dummer, *Lieut.-Gov.*	John Webb, Boston.
1720.	*Col Thomas Fitch, Boston	†Thomas Symmes, Bradford.
1721.	Lieut.-Col. Habijah Savage, Boston	Thomas Prince, Boston.
1722.	Captain Thomas Smith, Boston	William Cooper, Boston.
1723.	Col. Penn Townsend, Boston	†Thomas Foxcroft, Boston.
1724.	Col. Edward Hutchinson	Ebenezer Thayer, Roxbury.
1725.	*Col. Thomas Fitch, Boston	Samuel Checkley, Boston.
1726.	Capt. John Greenough, Boston	John Swift, Framingham.
1727.	Lieut.-Col. Habijah Savage, Boston.	William Waldron, Boston.
1728.	*Col. Samuel Thaxter, Hingham	†Ebenezer Gay, Hingham.
1729.	*Col. Edward Winslow, Boston	William Welstead, Boston.
1730.	Col. Edward Hutchinson, Boston	John Hancock, Lexington.
1731.	*Capt. Nathaniel Cunningham, Boston	James Allin, Brookline.
1732.	Col. William Downe	†Oliver Peabody, Natick.
1733.	*Major-Gen. William Brattle, Cambridge	†Nathanel Appleton, Cambridge.
1734.	Major Samuel Sewall, 2d, Boston.	†Charles Chauncy, Boston.
1735.	*Col. Jacob Wendell, Boston	†Hull Abbot, Charlestown.
1736.	Col. John Chandler, Jr., Worcester.	†Peter Clark, Salem.
1737.	*Col. Richard Saltonstall, Haverhill.	†William Williams, Weston.
1738.	*Lieut.-Col. Daniel Henchman, Boston	†Benjamin Colman, D. D., Boston.
1739.	Capt. Caleb Lyman, Boston	†Samuel Mather, Boston.
1740.	Col. John Wendell, Boston	†Mather Byles, Boston.
1741.	Capt. Joshua Cheever, Boston	†Samuel Phillips, Andover.
1742.	Capt. Samuel Watts, Chelsea	John Taylor, Milton.
1743.	*Col. Joseph Dwight, Brookfield	William Hooper, Milton.
1744.	Col. William Downe, Boston	†Joseph Parsons, Bradford.
1745.	*Col. Jacob Wendell, Boston	Thomas Prentice, Charlestown.
1746.	*Lieut.-Col. Daniel Henchman, Boston	†Nathaniel Walter, Roxbury.
1747.	Col. John Phillips, Boston	†William Hobby, Reading.
1748.	*Lieut.-Col. John Carnes, Boston	†Samuel Dunbar, Stoughton.
1749.	*Capt. Ebenezer Storer, Boston	Ellis Gray, Boston.
1750.	Capt. Hugh McDaniel, Boston	Andrew Eliot, Boston.
1751.	Capt. Jonathan Williams, Jr., Boston	†Samuel Cooper, Boston.
1752.	*Col Joseph Jackson, Boston	†Ebenezer Bridge, Chelmsford.
1753.	Capt. Thomas Edwards, Boston	Samuel Cooke, Cambridge.
1754.	Captain Ralph Hart, Boston	Samuel Porter, Sherburne.
1755.	Lieut.-Col. John Symmes, Boston.	Thaddeus Maccarty, Worcester.
1756.	Capt. John Welch, Boston	†Ebenezer Pemberton, Boston.
1757.	Capt. Thomas Savage, Boston	Samuel Checkley, Boston.
1758.	Major Newman Greenough, Boston.	†Thomas Barnard, Salem.
1759.	Col. John Phillips, Boston	†Amos Adams, Roxbury.

	COMMANDER.	PREACHER.
1760.	*Col. William Taylor, Boston	Josiah Sherman, Woburn.
1761.	Lieut.-Col. John Symmes, Boston.	†Jason Haven, Dedham.
1762.	Capt. Onesiphorus Tilestone, Boston	Samuel Locke, Sherburne.
1763.	*Col. Thomas Marshall, Boston	†Thomas Balch, Dedham.
1764.	Capt William Holmes	Samuel Woodward, Weston.
1765.	*Major-Gen. John Winslow, Marshfield	†Gad Hitchcock, Pembroke.
1766.	*Col. Thomas Dawes, Jr., Boston	John Brown, Hingham.
1767.	*Col. Thomas Marshall, Boston	†Daniel Shute, Hingham.
1768.	*Major James Cunningham, Boston.	†Jonas Clark, Lexington.
1769.	Captain Josiah Waters, Boston	Phillips Payson, Chelsea.
1770.	*Major-Gen. William Heath, Roxbury	†Samuel Stillman, Boston.
1771.	*Capt. Samuel Barrett, Boston	†Eli Forbes, Brookfield.
1772.	*Capt. Martin Gay, Boston	†Nathaniel Robbins, Milton.
1773.	*Col. Thomas Dawes, Jr., Boston.	†Simeon Howard, Boston.
1774.	Major William Bell, Boston	†John Lathrop, Boston.
1775.	No meeting.	No sermon.
1776.	" "	" "
1777.	" "	" "
1778.	" "	" "
1779.	" "	" "
1780.	" "	" "
1781.	" "	" "
1782.	" "	" "
1783.	" "	" "
1784.	" "	" "
1785.	" "	" "
1786.	Major William Bell, Boston	" "
1787.	*Major-Gen. John Brooks, Medford.	John Clarke, Boston.
1788.	*Major-Gen. Benjamin Lincoln, Hingham	†David Osgood, Medford.
1789.	*Major-Gen. William Hull, Newton.	†Thomas Barnard, Salem.
1790.	Capt. Robert Jenkins, 3d, Boston.	†Jonathan Homer, Newton.
1791.	Col. Josiah Waters, Jr., Boston	Samuel Parker, D. D., Boston.
1792.	Brig.-Gen. John Winslow, Boston.	†Joseph Eckley, Boston.
1793.	*Major Andrew Cunningham, Boston	†Peter Thacher, D. D., Boston.
1794.	*Major-Gen. John Brooks, Medfield.	†Samuel West, D. D., Boston.
1795.	*Brig.-Gen. Amasa Davis, Boston.	†John T. Kirkland, D. D., Boston.
1796.	Capt. Thomas Clark, Boston	†William Bentley, D. D., Salem.
1797.	Capt. Samuel Todd, Boston	Henry Ware, Hingham.
1798.	Brig.-Gen. John Winslow, Boston.	†Nathaniel Thayer, Lancaster.
1799.	*Col. Robert Gardner, Boston	†William Emerson, Harvard.
1800.	Capt. Jonas S. Bass, Boston	David Kellogg, Framingham.
1801.	*Major Benjamin Russell, Boston.	John S. Popkin, Boston.
1802.	*Major James Phillips, Boston	†Abiel Abbot, Haverhill.
1803.	Capt. Lemuel Gardner, Boston	†Jedidiah Morse, D. D., Charlestown.
1804.	*Col. Daniel Messenger, Boston	†Joseph Tuckerman, Chelsea.
1805.	Major George Blanchard, Boston.	†Thaddeus M. Harris, Dorchester.
1806.	Capt. William Alexander, Boston.	†James Kendall, Plymouth.
1807.	Capt. Edmund Bowman, Boston.	†Thomas Baldwin, D. D., Boston.

1770. Samuel Stillman, Boston. The first instance of any other sect than Congregational who ever preached before the company.

1775. Rev. William Gordon, of Roxbury, was chosen, April 3, 1875, to preach the next election sermon; but, the war breaking out, sermon was not preached.

1791. Samuel Parker, Boston, is the first instance of an Episcopal clergyman preaching the sermon. He preached the General Court Election sermon in 1793.

	COMMANDER.	PREACHER.
1808.	Capt. Melzar Holmes, Charlestown.	†Leonard Woods, Newbury.
1809.	*Lieut.-Col. Peter Osgood, Boston.	†John Foster, Brighton.
1810.	*Col. Daniel Messenger, Boston.	†Charles Lowell, Boston.
1811.	*Brig.-Gen. Arnold Welles, Boston.[1]	Horace Holley, Boston.
1812.	*Major Benjamin Russell, Boston.	†Eliphalet Porter, D. D., Roxbury.
1813.	Col. Jonathan Whitney, Boston.	John Pierce, D. D., Brookline.
1814.	Capt. William Howe, Boston.	†Samuel Carey, Boston.
1815.	*Capt. John Roulstone, Boston.	[1]Francis Parkman, Boston.
1816.	*Brig.-Gen. H. A. S. Dearborn, Roxbury	†Paul Dean, Boston.
1817.	*Major-Gen. Ebenezer Mattoon, Amherst	†Daniel C. Sanders, D. D., Medfield.
1818.	*Col. Benjamin Loring, Boston.	†Henry Colman, Hingham.
1819.	Major Thomas Welles Dean, Boston	†Thomas Gray, Roxbury.
1820.	*Capt. George Wells, Boston.	†John Codman, A. M. Dorchester.
1821.	*Brig.-Gen. William H. Sumner, Boston	[1]Edward Everett, Prof., Harvard Coll.
1822.	*Brig.-Gen. Theodore Lyman, Jr., Boston	[1]John G. Palfrey, Boston.
1823.	Major Alexander Hamilton Gibbs, Roxbury	†John S. J. Gardiner, D. D., Boston.
1824.	*Col. Daniel L. Gibbens, Boston.	[1]James Walker, Charlestown.
1825.	Brig.-Gen. John T. Winthrop, Boston	†Nathaniel L. Frothingham, Boston.
1826.	*Major Martin Brimmer, Boston.	†Francis W. P. Greenwood, Boston.
1827.	*Col. Thomas Hunting, Boston.	†John Brazer, Salem.
1828.	Col. Samuel Learned, Watertown	†John Pierpont, Boston.
1829.	*Lieut.-Col. Josiah Quincy, Jr., Boston	†Bernard Whitman, Waltham.
1830.	*Capt. Parker H. Pierce, Boston.	†Caleb Stetson, Medford.
1831.	Col. William B. Adams, Marblehead.	†Samuel Barrett, Boston.
1832.	*Brig.-Gen. John S. Tyler, Boston.	†Charles W. Upham, Salem.
1833.	*Col. Edward Gordon Prescott, Boston	†James W. Thompson, Salem.
1834.	Brig.-Gen. Grenville T. Winthrop, Boston	†Fred. H. Hedge, West Cambridge.
1835.	*Brig.-Gen. Thomas Davis, Boston.	†John G. Palfrey, Prof., Harvard Coll.
1836.	*Major-Gen. Samuel Chandler, Lexington	†Chandler Robbins, Boston.
1837.	*Col. Amasa G. Smith, Boston.	†Artemas B. Muzzey, Cambridge.
1838.	*Major Louis Dennis, Boston.	†Samuel K. Lothrop, Boston.
1839.	*Col. Charles A. Macomber, Boston.	†Otis A. Skinner, Boston.
1840.	*Major-Gen. Appleton Howe, Weymouth	†Daniel Sharp, Boston.
1841.	*Col. Ebenezer W. Stone, Roxbury.	†Calvin Hitchcock, Randolph.
1842.	*Major Abraham Edwards, Cambridge	†J. S. C. Abbott, Nantucket.
1843.	*Lieut.-Col. Newell A. Thompson, Boston	†Henry A. Miles, Lowell.
1844.	*Brig.-Gen. John S. Tyler, Boston.	†George Putnam, Roxbury.
1845.	*Adj.-Gen. Henry K. Oliver, Salem.	†Alexander H. Vinton.
1846.	*Col. George Tyler Bigelow, Boston	†George E. Ellis, Charlestown.
1847.	*Brig.-Gen. John S. Tyler, Boston.	†William P. Lunt, Quincy.
1848.	*Major Francis Brinley, Boston.	†Thomas P. Tyler, Fredonia, N. Y.
1849.	*Col. Joseph Andrews, Salem.	†Thomas M. Clark, Boston.
1850.	*Col. Isaac Hull Wright, Boston.	†John Woart, Boston.
1851.	*Brig.-Gen. Caleb Cushing, Newburyport	†Thomas Starr King, Boston.

[1] Manuscript not in existence.

	COMMANDER.	PREACHER.
1852.	*Major Francis Brinley, Boston.	†William A. Stearns, Cambridge.
1853.	*Major John C. Park, Boston.	†Hubbard Winslow, Boston.
1854.	*Lieut.-Col. Geo. P. Sanger, Charlestown	†Geo. W. Burnap, D. D., Baltimore.
1855.	*Major Moses G. Cobb, Dorchester.	†Geo. D. Wilde, Brookline.
1856.	*Col. Marshall P. Wilder, Dorchester	†William R. Alger, Roxbury.
1857.	*Col. Thomas E. Chickering, Boston.	†James H. Means, Dorchester.
1858.	*Major Francis Brinley, Tyngsboro'.	†John Cotton Smith, Boston.
1859.	*Brig.-Gen. Joseph Andrews, Salem.	†George H. Hepworth, Boston.
1860.	*Brig.-Gen. John S. Tyler, Boston.	†A. S. Nickerson, Chelsea.
1861.	*Lieut.-Col. Jonas H. French, Boston.	†S. K. Lothrop, D. D., Boston.
1862.	*Lieut. Edwin C. Bailey, Boston.	†Francis Vinton, D. D., New York.
1863.	*Brig.-Gen. Robert Cowdin, Boston.	†Thomas J. Greenwood, Malden.
1864.	*Capt. James A. Fox, Boston	†T. B. Thayer, Boston.
1865.	*Major Joseph L. Henshaw, Boston.	†Geo. M. Randall, D. D., Boston.
1866.	*Brig.-Gen. John H. Reed, Boston.	†E. B. Webb, D. D., Boston.
1867.	*Major-Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks, Waltham	†Samuel Osgood, D. D., New York.
1868.	*Major Geo. O. Carpenter, Boston.	†Richard S. Storrs, D. D., New York.
1869.	*Brig.-Gen. Samuel C. Lawrence, Medford	†Augustus Woodbury, Providence.
1870.	*Brig.-Gen. George H. Peirson, Salem	†W. H. H. Murray, Boston.
1871.	*Capt. E. C. Bailey, Boston	†M. K. Schermerhorn, Boston.
1872.	*Col. Edward Wyman, Newton.	†Phillips Brooks, D. D., Boston.
1873.	*Major Ben: Perley Poore, Newbury.	†John F. W. Ware, Boston.
1874.	*Major D. H. Follett, Boston.	†Geo. D. Johnson, Newburyport.
1875.	*Gen. N. P. Banks, Waltham.	†Minot J. Savage, Boston.
1876.	*Capt. Albert A. Folsom, Boston.	†William H. Ryder, Malden.
1877.	*Capt. John L. Stevenson, Boston.	†L. T. Townsend, D. D., Watertown.
1878.	*Col. A. P. Martin, Boston.	†R. Laird Collier, D. D., Boston.
1879.	*Col. Charles W. Wilder, Boston.	†E. A. Horton, Hingham.
1880.	*Major Charles W. Stevens, Boston.	†Edward E. Hale, Boston.
1881.	*Capt. William H. Cundy, Boston.	†Robert Collyer, New York.
1882.	*Capt. John Mack, Boston.	†Edwin C. Bolles, Salem.
1883.	*Major Geo. S. Merrill, Lawrence.	†H. Bernard Carpenter, Boston.
1884.	*Capt. Augustus Whittemore, Boston	†A. H. Quint, Dover, N. H.
1885.	*Col. Ezra J. Trull, Boston.	†William Lawrence, Cambridge.

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY SERMONS.

On the first Monday of June, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company celebrated its two hundred and forty-seventh anniversary, and the usual sermon was preached. Up to June, 1885, two hundred and eighteen sermons have been delivered (for thirty years they were omitted), and the records show that one hundred and thirty-seven of them were printed.

For some time there has been a growing interest manifested by many people to collect these sermons, and for the information of such we give the following list of what the several libraries mentioned lack, or are in want of.

Z. G. Whitman, Historian of the Corps, is the authority for saying that the sermons of 1660, 1695, 1705, and 1765 were printed. It will be noticed that sermons of above-mentioned years are not to be found in the collections as mentioned below.

General Samuel C. Lawrence has all the printed sermons except 1660, 1678, 1695, 1699, 1702, 1703, 1704, 1705, 1710, 1765, 1794.

The Massachusetts State Library contains all except 1660, 1672, 1674, 1676, 1678, 1691, 1695, 1698, 1699, 1700, 1701, 1702, 1703, 1704, 1705, 1708, 1710, 1720, 1728, 1732, 1733, 1734, 1735, 1736, 1737, 1739, 1740, 1744, 1746, 1747, 1748, 1756, 1758, 1759, 1763, 1765, 1772, 1774, 1788, 1790, 1792, 1793, 1794, 1795, 1796, 1802, 1805, 1809, 1812, 1816, 1823, 1836.

The Massachusetts Historical Society has all except 1660, 1674, 1676, 1691, 1695, 1701, 1702, 1703, 1704, 1705, 1708, 1765, 1792, 1794.

Harvard College has all except 1660, 1672, 1674, 1678, 1691, 1695, 1699, 1700, 1701, 1702, 1703, 1704, 1705, 1708, 1710, 1720, 1736, 1737, 1738, 1739, 1740, 1744, 1746, 1747, 1748, 1751, 1756, 1758, 1765, 1767, 1768, 1770, 1771, 1774, 1792, 1793, 1794, 1802, 1805, 1807, 1816, 1851.

The American Antiquarian Society has all except 1660, 1676, 1691, 1695, 1698, 1700, 1701, 1702, 1704, 1705, 1708, 1720, 1737, 1748, 1765, 1788, 1795, 1830, 1851.

The Boston Public Library has all except 1660, 1674, 1676, 1691, 1695, 1698, 1700, 1701, 1702, 1703, 1704, 1705, 1708, 1710, 1734, 1748, 1765, 1772, 1788, 1790, 1792, 1793, 1804, 1820, 1851, 1863.

The Essex Institute has all except 1660, 1672, 1674, 1676, 1678, 1691, 1695, 1698, 1699, 1700, 1702, 1703, 1704, 1705, 1708, 1710, 1720, 1728, 1732, 1734, 1735, 1736, 1737, 1740, 1744, 1746, 1747, 1748, 1756,

1761, 1763, 1765, 1768, 1771, 1772, 1774, 1790, 1793, 1794, 1798, 1799, 1804, 1805, 1808, 1809, 1812, 1816, 1820, 1825, 1826, 1830, 1831, 1834, 1835, 1837, 1839, 1851.

The New England Historic, Genealogical Society has all except 1660, 1672, 1674, 1676, 1678, 1695, 1698, 1699, 1700, 1701, 1702, 1703, 1704, 1705, 1708, 1710, 1720, 1728, 1732, 1734, 1735, 1736, 1737, 1738, 1739, 1740, 1741, 1746, 1747, 1752, 1756, 1758, 1759, 1763, 1765, 1768, 1770, 1771, 1772, 1788, 1790, 1792, 1796, 1816, 1834, 1836, 1855.

The Rhode Island Historical Society has all except 1660, 1672, 1674, 1676, 1678, 1691, 1695, 1698, 1699, 1700, 1701, 1702, 1703, 1704, 1705, 1708, 1710, 1720, 1728, 1732, 1733, 1734, 1735, 1736, 1737, 1738, 1739, 1741, 1746, 1747, 1748, 1751, 1752, 1756, 1758, 1759, 1761, 1763, 1765, 1767, 1768, 1770, 1772, 1773, 1788, 1789, 1792, 1793, 1794, 1795, 1796, 1798, 1799, 1802, 1803, 1804, 1805, 1806, 1808, 1809, 1812, 1814, 1816, 1817, 1818, 1823, 1825, 1826, 1832, 1836, 1863.

Brown University has all except 1660, 1672, 1674, 1676, 1678, 1691, 1695, 1698, 1699, 1700, 1701, 1702, 1703, 1704, 1705, 1708, 1710, 1720, 1728, 1733, 1734, 1735, 1736, 1737, 1738, 1739, 1740, 1741, 1746, 1747, 1748, 1751, 1752, 1756, 1758, 1759, 1765, 1767, 1771, 1773, 1774, 1788, 1789, 1790, 1794, 1796, 1799, 1818, 1830, 1832, 1836, 1839, 1851, 1858, 1862, 1863.

The Boston Athenæum has all except 1660, 1672, 1676, 1666, 1678, 1691, 1695, 1699, 1704, 1705, 1728, 1759, 1765.

The Congregational Library has all except 1660, 1672, 1674, 1676, 1678, 1691, 1695, 1698, 1701, 1702, 1703, 1705, 1708, 1710, 1765, 1772, 1789, 1793, 1804, 1830, 1834, 1836.

The British Museum Library has all except 1660, 1672, 1674, 1676, 1678, 1691, 1695, 1698, 1699, 1700, 1701, 1702, 1703, 1704, 1705, 1708, 1710, 1720, 1732, 1733, 1734, 1736, 1737, 1739, 1740, 1744, 1748, 1751, 1756, 1765, 1767, 1768, 1771, 1772, 1778, 1793, 1794, 1795, 1796, 1798, 1809, 1814, 1817, 1834, 1851, 1855, 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, 1862, 1863, 1866.

General Lawrence has the largest collection. His list numbers one hundred and twenty-six, — lacks but *eleven* of the whole number recorded as printed.

A. A. F.